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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER
1942

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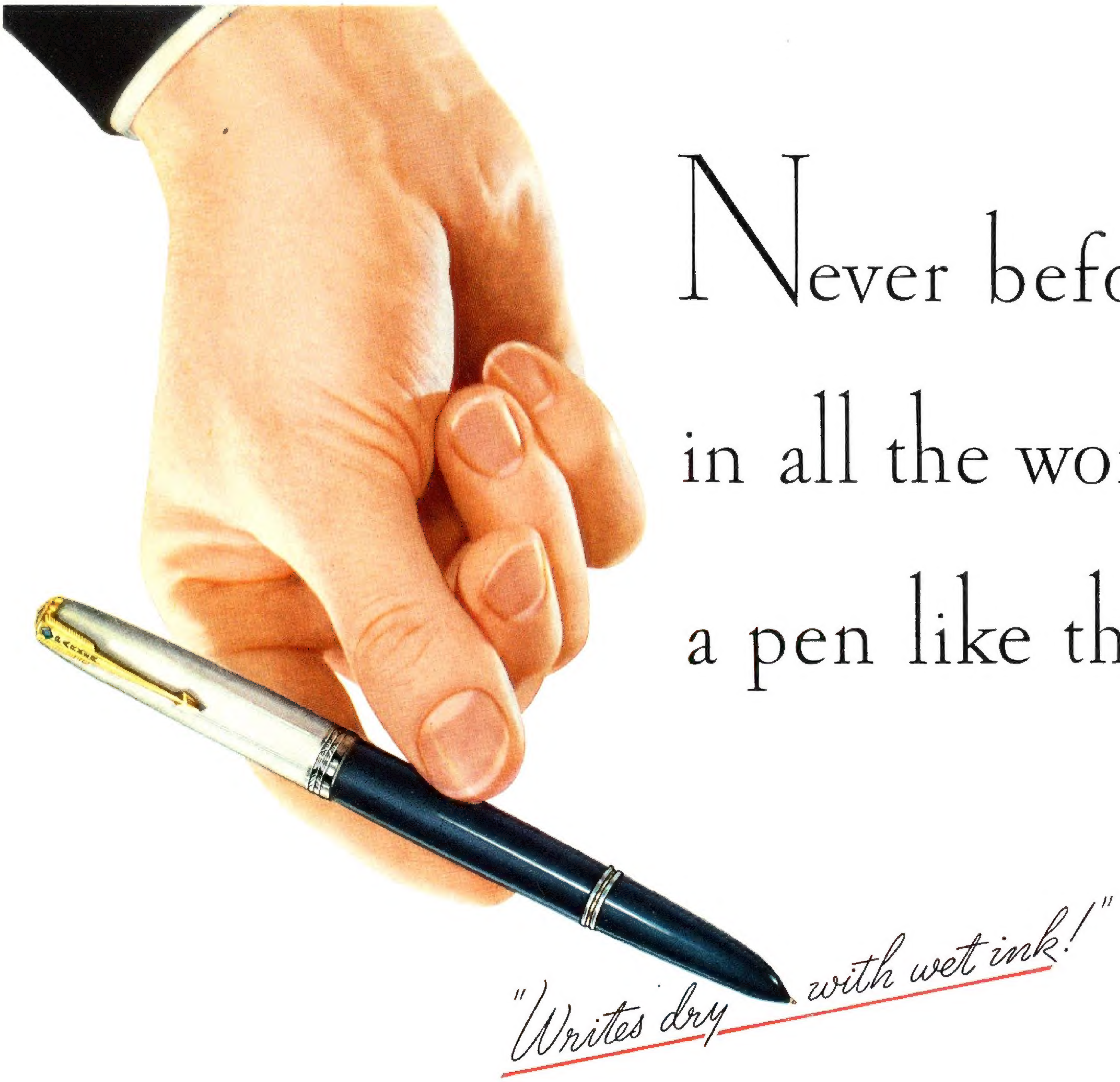
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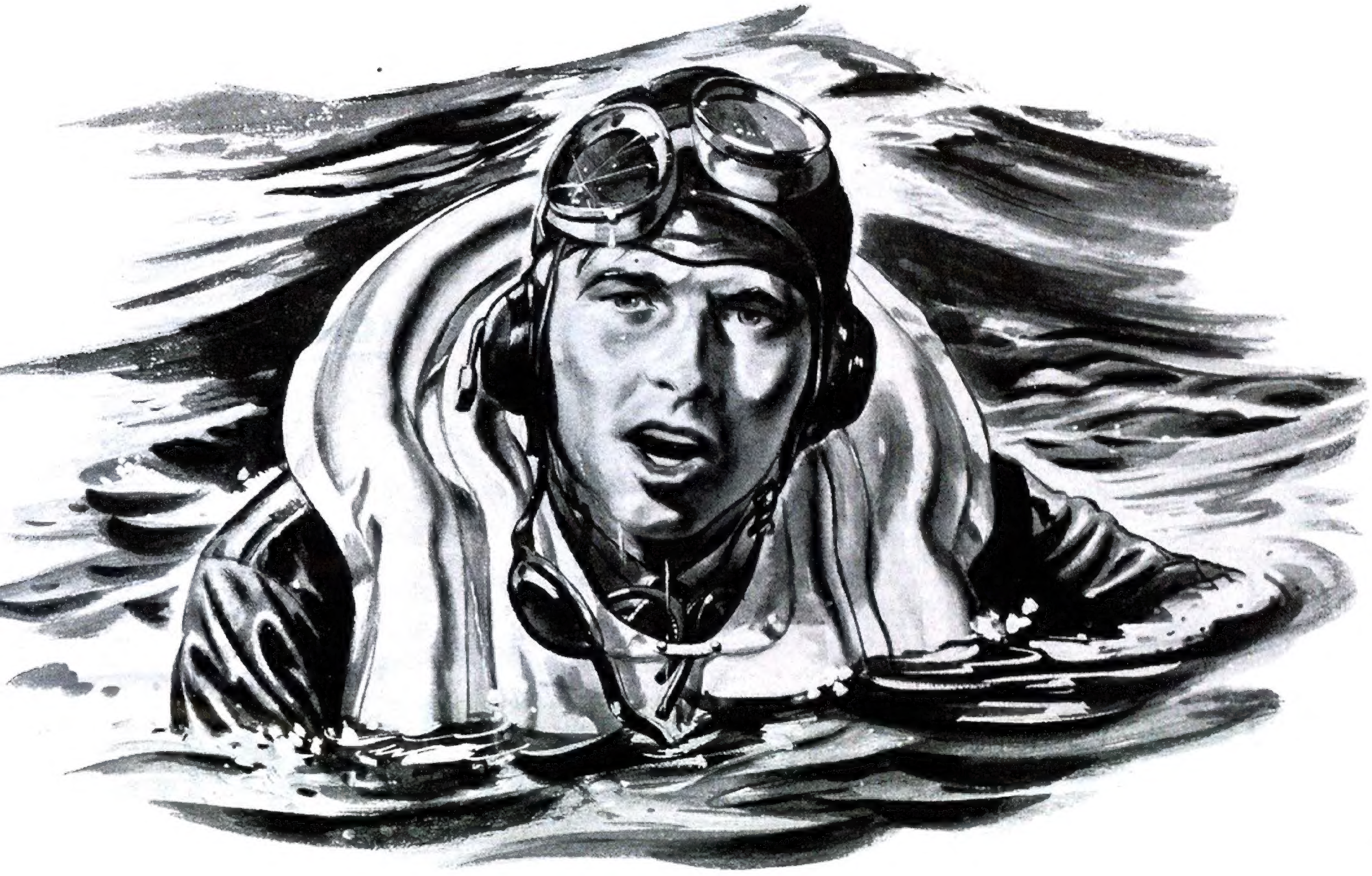

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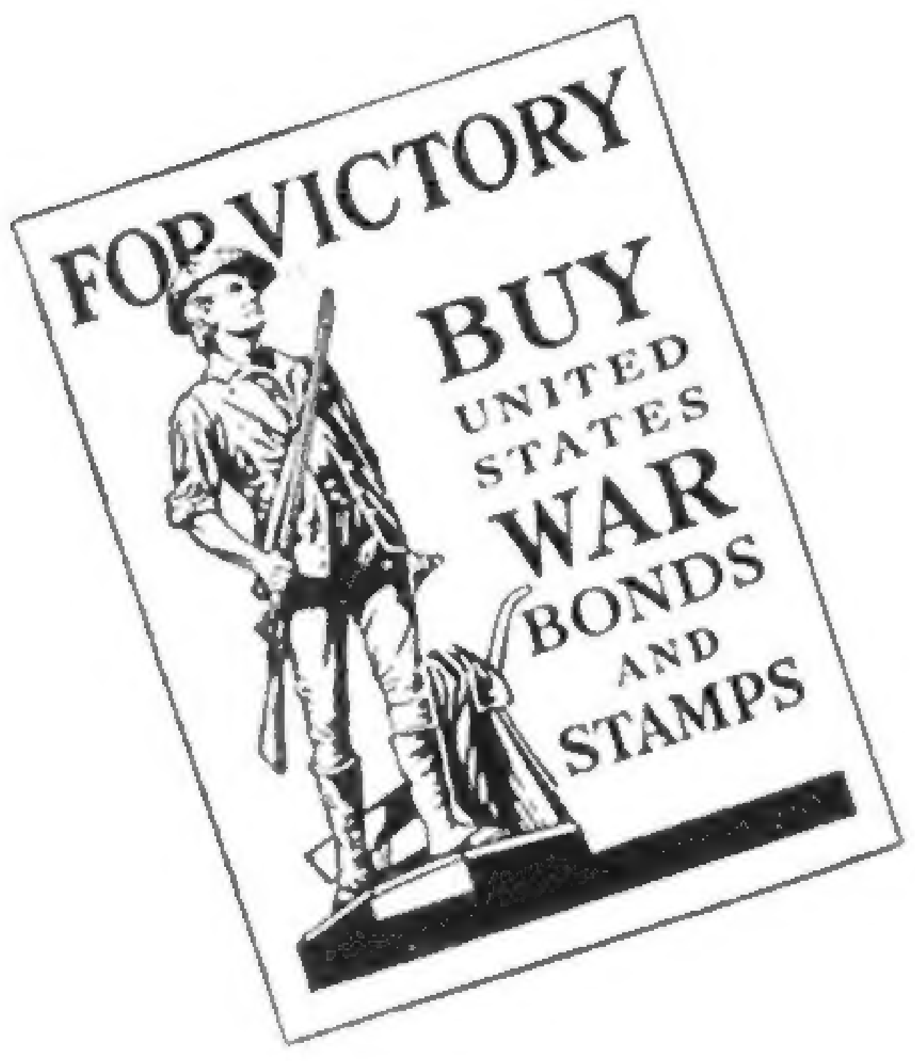
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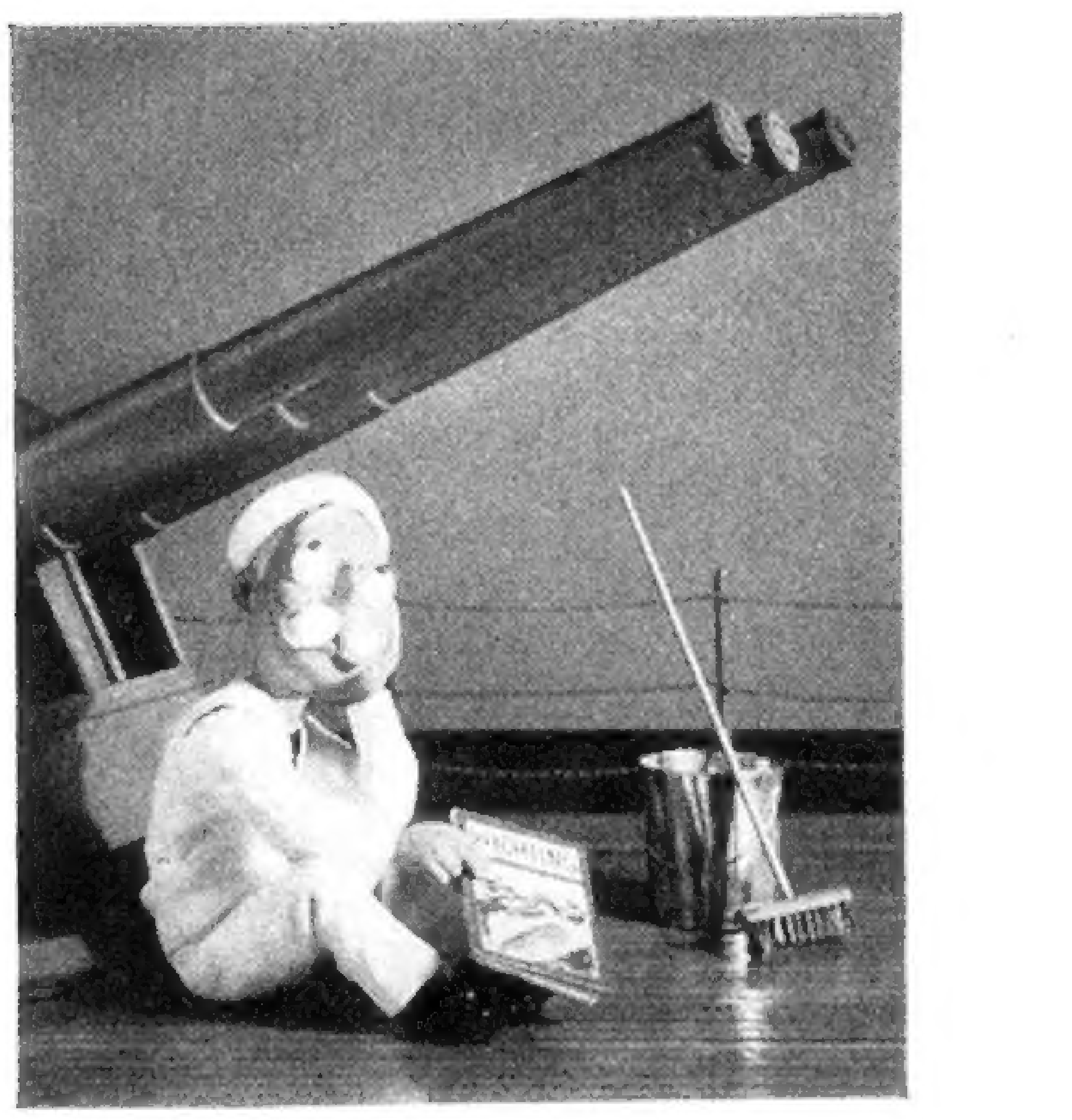

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EDITORIAL: Sustained drumbeat for Seversky and Ziff

This is written by candlelight, during a severe electric storm, in a farmhouse which is totally dependent upon electric power, not only for its lights but even for its heating, its cooking and its very water supply. The storm is one of the worst in years and probably compares, simply on the score of sound effects, with a first class bombing action. But the bolt of lightning which has so completely crippled all the essential facilities of this modern farmhouse, and the milking machinery and milk-cooling equipment of its adjacent dairy buildings, was probably a pretty puny thing compared to just one present-day incendiary bomb, to say nothing of how far short it would fall of comparison to the present bombs of the demolition or even the fragmentation types.

But the din outside, and the flickering candlelight inside, this trembling house, have been our most forcible reminders, to date, of the truth of one of the many memorable passages in Major de Seversky's *Victory Through Air Power*, the one where he points out that the most highly industrialized nation is the most exposed to the ravages of aerial attack. "Backward and primitive peoples can take to the woods and the caves and there survive a rain of air bombs. But Americans, proud heirs of the most advanced machine-age civilization, depend on their industry and their power resources and their urban population centers—all of which are of necessity highly centralized and crowded into comparatively small congested areas, offering ideal targets for the raiders of the skies. A few well-placed bombs blot out public utilities, cut off water supplies, bury a million city dwellers under the debris of their skyscrapers, disrupt industrial life, and interrupt the flow of food and supplies."

That passage comes from the terrific first chapter of Seversky's book in which he projects, as well as words can do it, a rough idea of what the enemy air power may soon or later do to us, unless our air power does it first to them. That first chapter of the Seversky book, and the sixth chapter of the Ziff book, *The Coming Battle of Germany*, ought to be read and re-read by every adult American, over and over almost to the point of word for word memorization, because between them they form the Alpha and Omega of the new gospel that, whether we like it or not, we may either strongly live by or miserably die by, in 1942 and 1943.

Even by this wretched light, so beautiful to dine by and so ugly to read by, we have just peered through these two chapters of these two books for perhaps the dozenth time, and in urging you to do likewise, we can only hope that you will never need any reminder more forceful than a few hours' loss of reading light, shower water, and cooked food, to impress upon you the truth of the ominous message that looms up out of these two books—the message that only air power can defeat air power.

Both authors contend, as did Billy Mitchell long ago, that air power is the key to victory in modern war. All three, the sainted prophet Mitchell, the impassioned preacher Seversky and the tough-minded civilian William B. Ziff, could conceivably be wrong in the belief that air power alone can win this war. It may be, as their opposition continues to insist, that proof has not yet been furnished that air power alone can win a war like this. But certainly nobody can any longer argue that proof is still unavailable that lack of air power can lose a war like this one. The R.A.F. and the French Air Force, over two years ago, at least proved half of the contention, when France lost the war, and England was kept from losing it, by air power alone.

That's why these two books are such urgently required reading right now. We may not yet be ready for any books on how to win the war, but we certainly can't afford, at this stage of the game, to overlook any books that may at least show how to keep from losing it.

* * *

Esquire readers have been urged for months, in our advertising columns, to read Seversky's *Victory Through Air Power*. At this writing we understand that *Reader's Digest*, which never more richly justified its huge circulation than by its "digesting" of Seversky's book, has arranged to do a similar service for the dissemination of Ziff's message in *The Coming Battle of Germany*. With all due respect to the *Reader's Digest*, and our already great respect for it was vastly enhanced by its decision to bring these two books to its enormous audience, we still feel that Seversky and Ziff should be read, not only in a condensed and streamlined version, but straight through, word for word, and more than once. Both books have three chapters that should be "digested," in the sense that they should be taken in, and chewed thoroughly, word for word, and then reflected upon at length. These are the Seversky first chapter, *Challenge to America*, the ninth, *Ordeal of American Air Power*, and the twelfth, *Victory Through Air Power*, and the Ziff first chapter, *Invade Where, How?* and sixth, *The Battle of Germany*, and seventh, *Organization for War*. Reading those six chapters will bring you more truly up to date on the war than six weeks of reading the newspapers or listening to the radio (save for listening to Major de Seversky himself, on Saturday evenings at 7:45 E.W.T. on the Blue Network).

So we urge you, as urgently and earnestly as we know how, to read both these books. Seversky's is published by Simon & Schuster, Ziff's by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. You can undoubtedly get them both at your nearest bookstore or at a library if you're willing to wait your turn for them.

But meanwhile, against the chance that you won't get around to reading both of them, let us give you here and now just a quick, conducted tour of their basic tenets, a sort of short catechism of the gospel of air power according to Seversky and Ziff.

Here is the Seversky credo, reduced to its simplest terms:

1. Expanding range and striking power of planes makes it a predictable certainty that the U. S. will be as exposed to air attack as Britain is now.

2. Those who don't believe that are still humming themselves the Maginot Line Lullaby.

3. This means that the war will soon become interhemispheric, not merely over this or that locality, but all over the uninterrupted "air ocean," requiring new military organization and new strategic concepts.

4. We still have the time and the ability—the "know-how" and the "can-do"—plus the God-given advantage of location—to win that impending interhemispheric war.

Now here is the gospel of air power, according to Seversky:

1 *No land or sea operations are possible without first assuming control of the air above*

2 *Navies have lost their function of strategic offensive*

3 *The blockade of an enemy nation has become a function of air power*

4 *Only air power can defeat air power*

5 *Land-based aviation is always superior to ship-borne aviation*

6 *The striking radius of air power must be equal to the maximum dimensions of the theatre of operations*

7 *In aerial warfare the factor of quality is relatively more decisive than the factor of quantity*

8 *Aircraft types must be specialized to fit not only the general strategy but the tactical problems of a specific campaign*

9 *Destruction of enemy morale from the air can be accomplished only by precision bombing*

10 *The principle of unity of command, long recognized on land and on sea, applies with no less force to the air*

11 *Air power must have its own transport*

And here is the gospel of Action Now, according to William B. Ziff.

1 *Sitting back on our hind sides waiting for an accumulation of strength can only end in the deterioration of our war effort and our eventual defeat*

2. *We should have a unification of all fighting elements: Army, Navy, and Air Force, under the sole command of some great powerful strategist and tactician, who in turn will be accountable only to the President and the Congress of the United States. An indisputable unity of command should also exist in reference to the forces of the twenty-eight United Nations.* (And here Ziff makes a brilliant and inspired nomination, one with overtones of "manifest destiny": Gen. Charles de Gaulle.)

3. *Organization and strategy outmoded by the events of the past three years should be discarded, together with the leaders who insist on adhering to them. Our first priority mission is to destroy the Third Reich by vertical investment of her cities while she is still securely locked in a death struggle on the Russian prairies.*

4. *What cannot be attained by an attack in force should be secured by splitting the enemy's morale, by rotting his strength from the inside, systematically sapping his belief in his leaders and the power of his arms, promoting fear, hysteria, bewilderment and revolution. This great new adjunct to our armed bodies, psychological warfare, should be given its proper place in the task force we are creating and should be considered one of the primary elements in our offensive strength.*

5. *Our resolution, strength and powers will finally be put to the acid test in one of two struggles—the coming Battle of America or the coming Battle of Germany. Either would be the crucial battle of 5,000 years of written history. If we fight the Battle of Germany now, the Battle of America will never be.*

* * *

So read these two books. Both of these men, Seversky and Ziff, are right even if they're wrong. Their tactics may not be enough to end this war overnight in our favor. But certainly there is nothing that either of them suggests that could do anything but help to keep it from ending, meanwhile, in favor of the faceless men lined up against us.

For as Mussolini said, in those days of the "little wars" that so few people recognized as the opening rounds of this big war, it's a case of "We or They."

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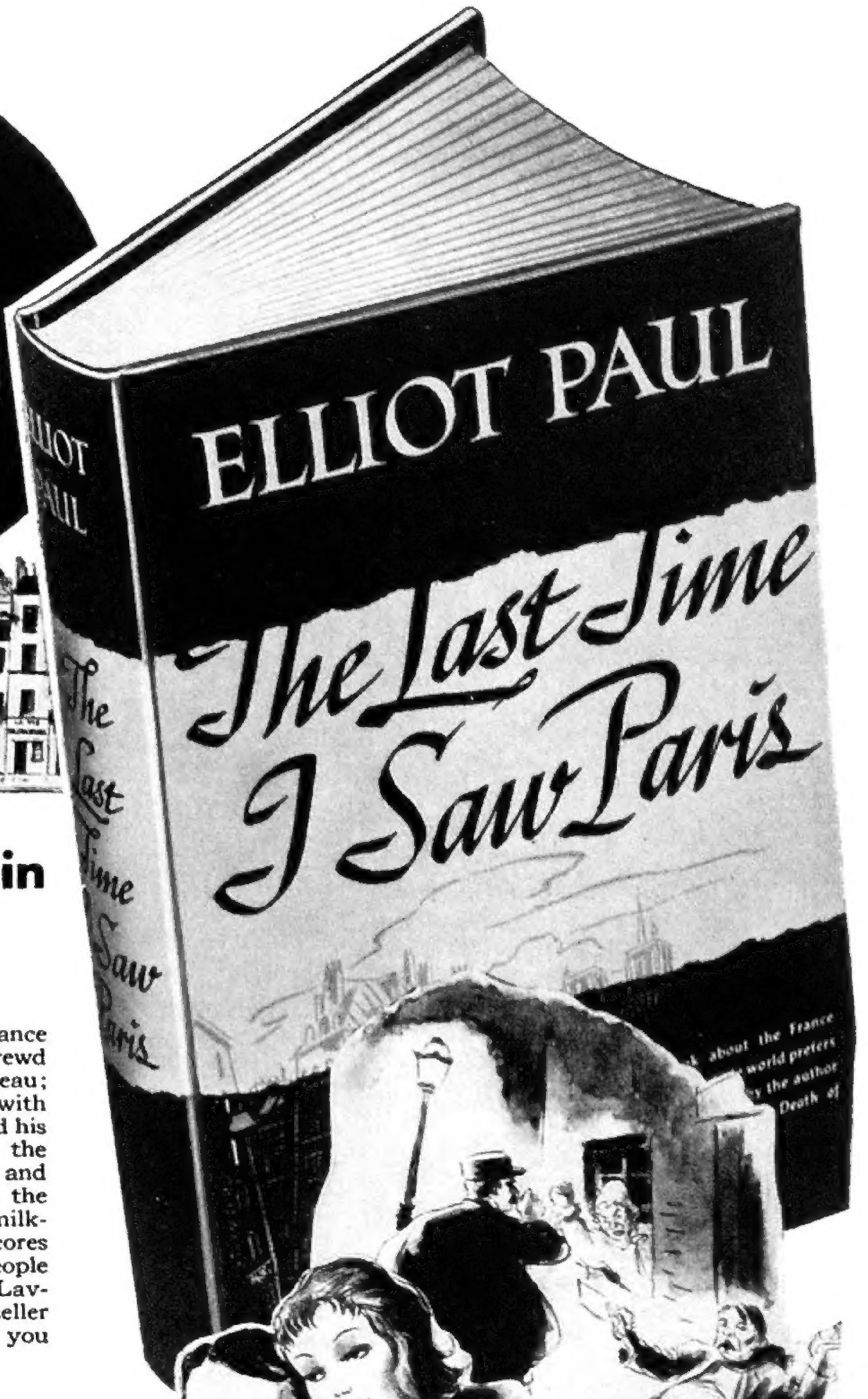
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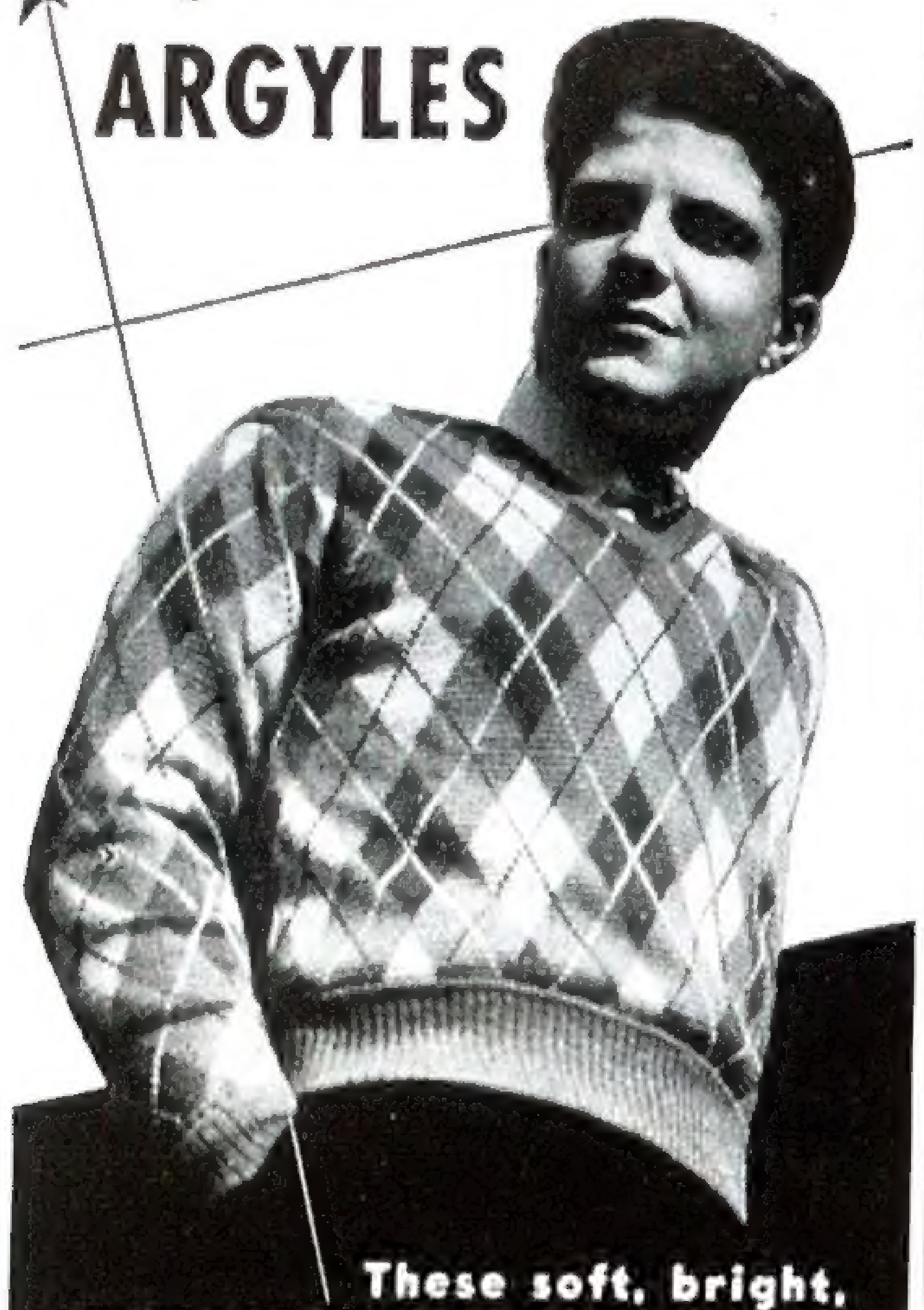

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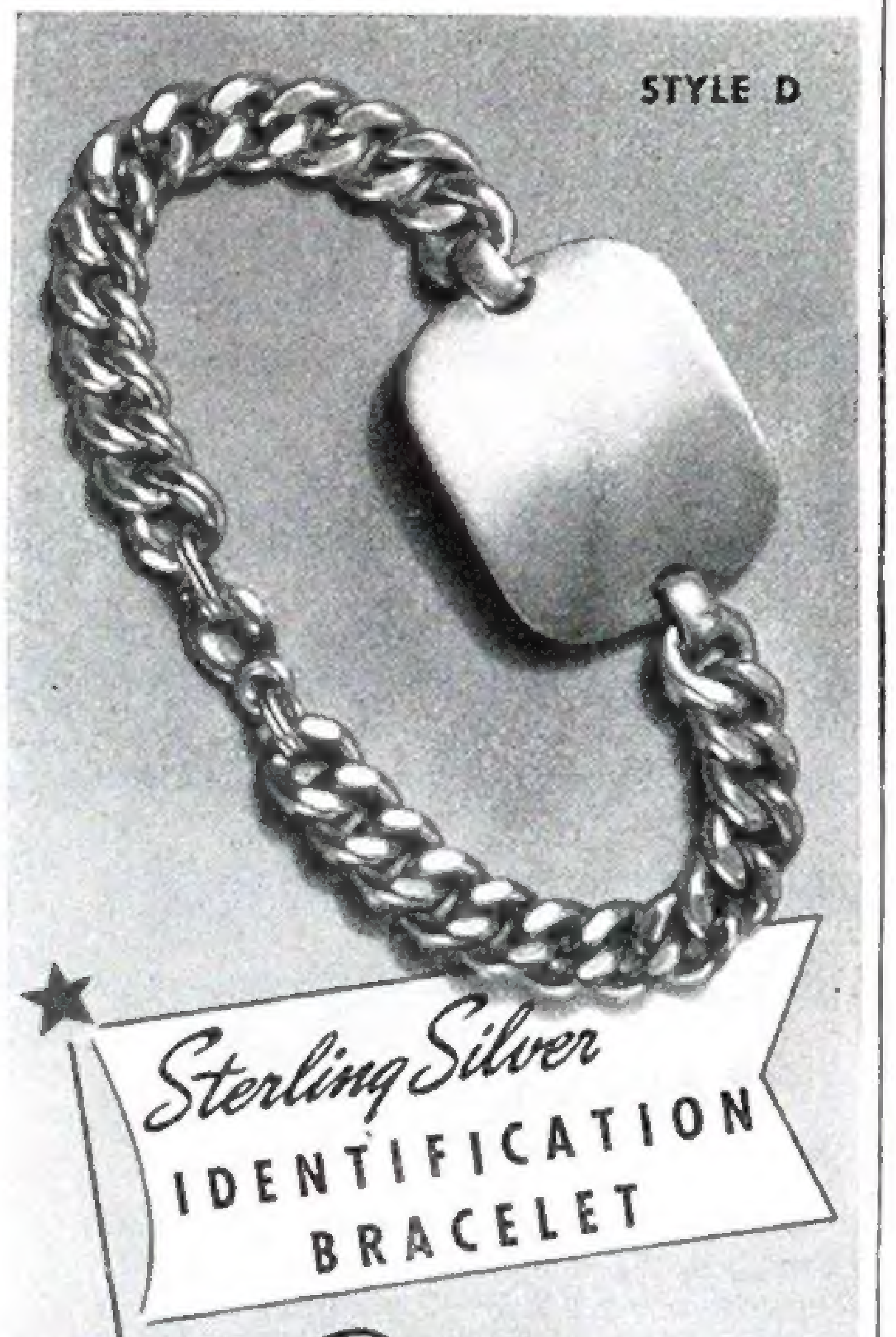

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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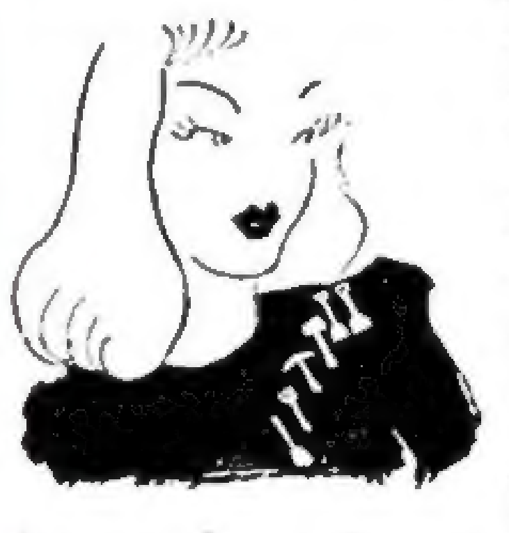
B.A.A.C. TO THE SOIL. Tying in with the fashion trend among the ladies to string pins in a series across their bibs is the British and American Ambulance Corps' current offering. They are six implements of toil—two shovels, a pickaxe, an axe, pitchfork, and mop — in sterling silver; all, we hasten to add, extremely miniature. These "weppins," although their reduced size takes them out of the manual labor class, are engraved with appropriately tough sentiments that the ladies seem to enjoy: "Mop up Japan" on the mop, "Pitch for the Allies" on the pitchfork, "Axe the Axis" on the axe, and so forth. Profits, of course, benefit the meritorious cause of B.A.A.C.



HIGHLIGHTS ON SUITS. Gleaming surfaces are a fine sight except on a woman's nose or the seat of your pants. A powderpuff is always a sure, quick remedy for the first tragedy, but up to now the second has meant that another good suit has bitten the dust. We have recently been pleasured to see the fine results accomplished by a firm that devotes its efforts to the successful removal of shininess from those portions of wearing apparel susceptible to that glassy look. Not only is shine eliminated, but the original nap of the fabric is brought up and color restored. You'd never believe that your suit had ever been afflicted with highlights.

Ranger

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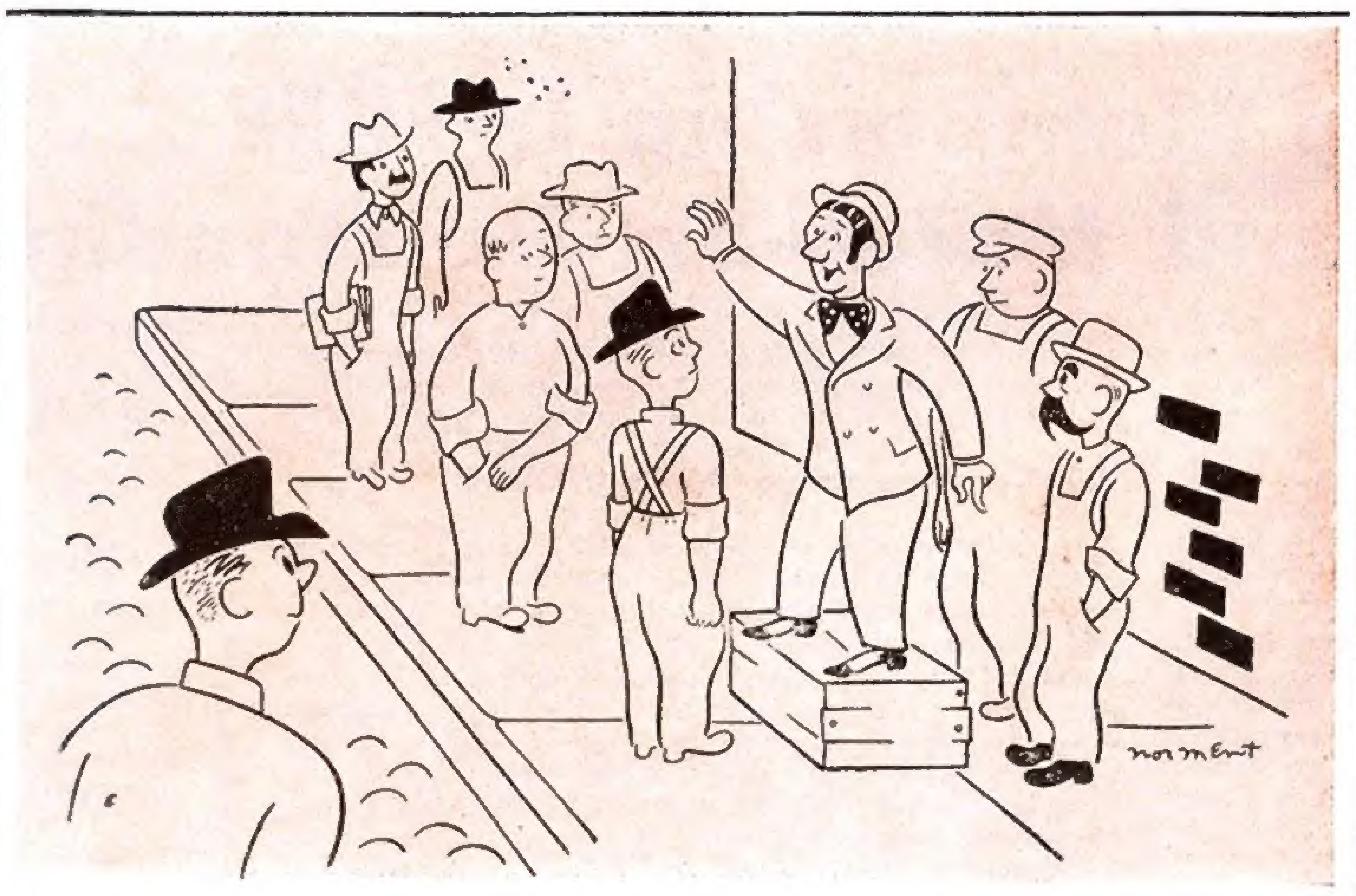

"You men know I'm telling the truth when I say that every one of you spend most of your life wondering why you're nothing but common working stiffs. You wonder why your wife sometimes acts cold and distant. You worry because your life isn't one long and happy bed of roses the way it is with the rich folks. Today I'm asking you to take advantage of an opportunity to earn all the money you want. Earn as much as $500 a day for easy, pleasant outdoor work. The total cost to you is only $20. You pay me $20 for initiation and license fees and I deputize you as certified assistant field representatives. Each man that you, in turn, persuade to become part of our organization will pay you $20 for initiation and license fees. This $20 goes into your own pocket and stays there. That's all there is to it, gents. Hard times are over. You can have anything and everything you want. Just get your money ready . . . and the line forms on the right."

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Victory Through Air Power

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

and

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

BY FRANZ WERFEL

In a recent month, the Club's judges had intended to send out only one book—Franz Werfel's distinguished novel, *The Song of Bernadette.* But at the last minute a book came up for consideration that, in the unanimous opinion of the Editorial Committee, demanded immediate distribution. This book was *Victory Through Air Power,* and it was accordingly decided to send it to the Club's members along with *The Song of Bernadette.*

"*Victory Through Air Power* is the most fascinating war book that I have read, and in my opinion a more important book for Americans than all the other war books put together," says Charles Beard. That is the comment of pretty nearly every thoughtful reader about this book. "No informed person reading it will ever again read the morning's news the same way."

The Song of Bernadette was written by Franz Werfel after he visited the grotto at Lourdes, where the peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, had once seen a vision whose legend was to circle the world. His book is the story of the miracle of Lourdes.

The two books together may be obtained from the Club—by its members only—for $3.00, a considerable saving over their combined retail price.

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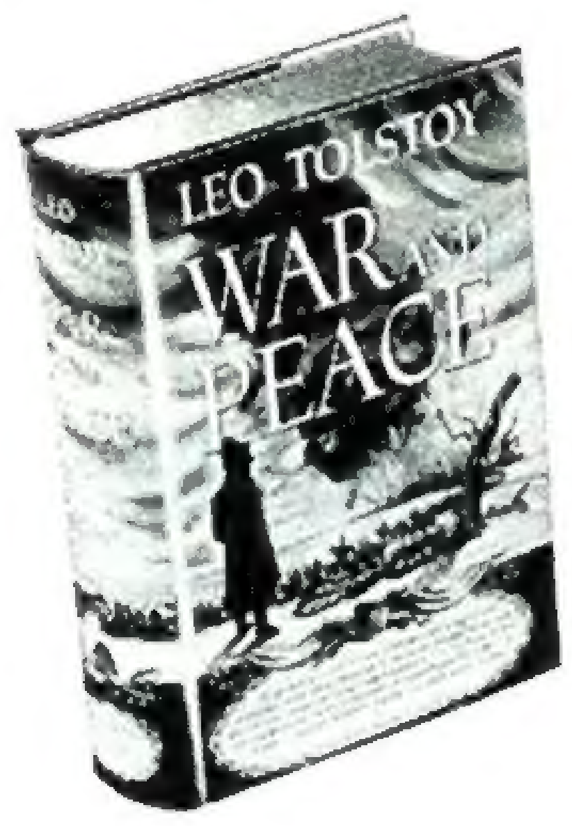

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War and Peace deals with the Napoleonic invasion of Russia in 1812, but it contains many amazing parallels with Hitler's invasion of today. This easy-to-read edition has a long introduction by Clifton Fadiman, and includes maps which strikingly illustrate the similarity between the Napoleonic and Nazi invasions.

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With the words and music of ninety-three songs from eleven operettas, arranged by Dr. Albert Sirmay; full page color illustrations and black-and-white drawings by Lucille Corcos; and 20,000 words of text by the noted music critic, Deems Taylor, this handsome book deserves its wide popularity.

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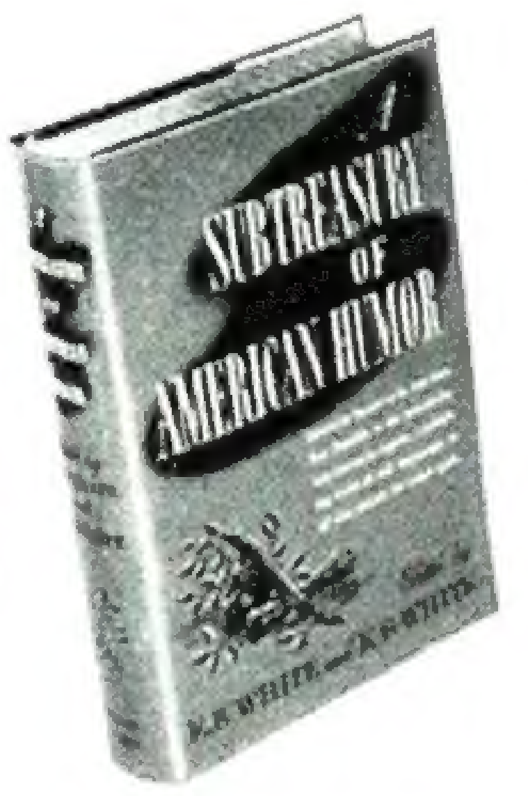
A SUBTREASURY OF AMERICAN HUMOR Edited by Katharine and E. B. White..........$3.00

Unquestionably one of the finest anthologies of American humor ever assembled. Here is humor at its best from Ben Franklin to the present day—not old stand-bys but personal selections of the two brilliant editors who were formerly on the staff of *The New Yorker.*



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These books can be given because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers. During 1941 over $5,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were given to Club's members—given, not sold!

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☐ **IMPORTANT:** Please check here if you do NOT want us to begin your subscription with *Victory Through Air Power* and *The Song of Bernadette.* The price of the two books, to members only, is $3.00.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

GIVING GRANT HIS OVER-DUES

Your Victory Issue stacked up fine; and Kent Sagendorph's article on Goldbricks was solid stuff. But one paragraph of Sagendorph's piece gave further circulation to a fable so vicious and so lacking in fact foundation that I think he, you, and all the other guys who repeat the fable variously ought to be ashamed.

"Once upon a time, many years ago, a farmer named Jesse Grant who lived down by the Ohio River got his problem child appointed to West Point." *Fact easily verified:* Young Grant was hard-working, studious, well-behaved, and the only possible source for the canard that he was a dull and problemish child was the quotes dug up by anti-Administration newspapers long after Grant was a General commanding.

"He said: 'The boy ain't good for anything else and at least he'll have a steady job in the Army.'" *Fact, easy to verify:* Old Jesse and young Hiram both wanted the boy to have a college education, couldn't afford tuition, and worked together for a West Point appointment—where the boy was not only an outstanding horseman and tactician but so excellent at mathematics that he was offered professorial positions before he graduated.

"Ulysses Grant dawdled and drank himself stiff in the peacetime Army for fifteen years before he gave his superiors enough ammunition to demand his resignation." Dawdled—hell! He was cited repeatedly for meritorious conduct and bravery under fire during the hottest scraps in the Mexican War; he was so good a quartermaster officer that payroll-padding fellow officers tried to frame him out of the Army—and when he eventually resigned, under charges of drunkenness, in California, the fact is that not even his commanding officer (who hated him for personal reasons) ever produced any proof of actual drunkenness. I think it's time a few investigators realized that the principal sources for charges of swilling liquor made against Grant then and later were envious fellow officers of exactly the Goldbrick breed about which Mr. Sagendorph wrote his article.

I am no worshipper of U. S. Grant. He was sometimes a fool and frequently a failure; and he was probably the worst President we ever had. But I can't help resenting vague, sloppy and inexcusably erroneous over-the-shoulder summations of his career, like Mr. Sagendorph's.

Do your correspondents still end their letters "I dare you to print this"?

Culver City, Cal. Bob D. Andrews

SURE CURE FOR KANTOR'S DISEASE

Mr. Joseph Kantor, in the letter columns of your esteemed periodical, asserts that "when I read the intellectual gems of Louis Paul, my ever sunny nature becomes beclouded and my inherent faith in humanity suffers severe shock." He adds, "Can you or your readers suggest a remedy?"

Mr. Kantor begs the question and I believe I can offer him the perfect remedy. I myself am an old subscriber to a certain magazine in which a monthly department appears which used to fill me with the same sort of melancholy Sgt. Smoot & Company does Mr. Kantor. I was at my wits' end for a solution to this knotty problem until one day the answer struck me with the force of a blinding inspiration. I simply stopped reading that department! Now I eat better, I sleep better, and my wife tells me I have become easier to live with.

I offer this advice to Mr. Kantor for what it may be worth. I am of course reluctant to admit it, but even if he does not read the stories of Louis Paul in Esquire the magazine is still probably worth fifty cents.

Sincerely,

Palo Alto, Calif. Louis Paul

FOUND: A NAZI IN A SCOTTY'S NOSE

Shame on you, Esky—letting that awful "Saliva-drool" Dali pull your leg like that! ! ! Those pictures are child's play to us old addicts of "See How Many Faces You Can Find in This Picture" contests. I once found a thousand faces in one picture, when there were only supposed to be ten. I thought I had won by a walk-away, but they wrote and told me I had to sell magazine subscriptions to compete for the grand award. I was only six at the time (but with the mind of a mature Dali) and I realized I couldn't get to first base selling subscriptions, because people would know darned well I was too young to be working my way through college.

Dali reminds me of the old hillybilly who finally went to the city for a visit. Stumbling around his hotel room in the dark because he could find no candles, he accidentally grabbed a light cord, flooding the room with beautiful yellow light. Ten years later he died, still believing he had discovered electricity.

If "Saliva-drool" Dali had been born and raised in America he would have more respect for Abraham Lincoln than to perpetrate that atrocity of his called *The Seated Woman.* And how about the profile of a gentleman on the other horse in *The Crusades*? Is he going to tell us about that next month, or is that one that Dali the Infallible missed, himself?

And now, dear Esky, how can we be sure Dali didn't sell his magnificent discovery to the enemy first? Turn to page 107 of the very same issue (August) and see if you can find that nasty looking Nazi spy right under the nose of that Scotch Terrier!

Bless you, Esquire, for being leary of this fellow yourself and giving us Grant Wood's *Midnight Ride of Paul Revere* instead of Dali's *Victory* gatefold.

In spite of this outburst, I still love you, Esky; just a little disappointed in you, that's all, and I just don't like Dali.

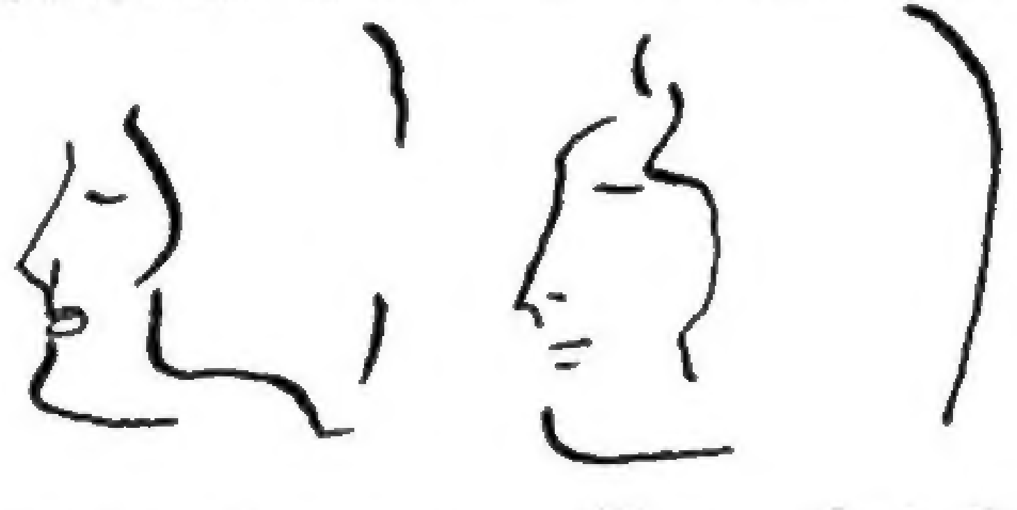
Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Rose Darley Goss

West Stayton, Oregon

ADD THINGS TO DRIVE DALI DAFFY

In your August article by Salvador Dali—p. 130, The Crusader is shown as the head of a woman. With the crude



outline above you will see that the second Crusader is the head of a nun, profile. Using the same eye as a focal point you can also see a partial front view of a nun.

We enjoyed this article very much. Let's have more of its kind, also more mathematical problem puzzles in the Sound & Fury.

Chicago, Ill. Franklin Gillespie

ON THE FRONTIERS OF MAN'S VISION

The article by Dali was one of the most lucid things that self-styled "paranoic" has ever given the gentle public. It seems not entwined with his usual magnificent effort to confuse and confound. I enjoyed it for content rather than for tricks of expression. The subject he hinted at is vast and intriguing. More successful camouflage is a small fraction of what will come from a better understanding of the psychology of seeing.

There is a world that we must make when this present great effort is through. Its new forms in art, architecture, industrial design and city planning must be *psychologically* designed to carry our message to the future. New forms might be created that could so orient man within his environment that the desire to kill might be sublimated. Our greatest amount of learning effort is visual effort. Our whole emotional life is shaped by what we see. Psychologically controlled color and form in application is in its infancy. Only imaginative boundaries and these are infinite, can circumscribe the vision of such a world. The slightest thought upon this new world transcends all of our concepts of "streamline" and "functionalism" and takes you mesmerized into a world of things designed for a new humanism. It, this world, allows for the basic truth that people will probably always be beloved and bungling "homo sapiens".

The things to come after may be given only to a few to see now. Possibly the "paranoia" of which Dali boasts may yet lead him to some practical construction in this new-time effort to come.

At least sir, you have opened your pages a pinch to one of the world's most fascinating subjects—the exploration of the psychological frontiers of sight. I found the article an interesting addition to recent studies of illusions, optics and optical abberations. I enjoyed it immensely.

Sincerely,

Lombard, Ill. Arnold W. Ryan

STALLED ON THE HORNS OF THE DALI DILEMMA

Fools, simpletons that you are. Can you not see that you have unwittingly been made the tool of a most diabolical plot to undermine the health and efficiency of the brains of our nation (Esquire readers.) Can you not see that this Dali, pretending to be a United Nation sympathizer has really concocted a devilish ingenious plot to wreak havoc with our war efforts. Just as surely as if he had planted a time bomb under our most precious possessions, so has he distilled a most subtle poison which has penetrated the very foundations of our most precious bulwark of defense—the delicate cells of our cerebral cortices.

At this very moment, 5 a.m. in the morning, 5 hours after starting to peruse what appeared to be an innocent little article entitled "Total Camouflage for Total War"—I find myself dazed, exhausted, my delicate cortical cells crying out for sleep—yet determined to solve by myself the image of *The Seated Woman.*

Oh that Dali is clever (one must give the devil his due). He knows full well the variability of the human mind. He has made some easier ones, not too easy, but definitely easier to crack, luring us on (we probably all differ in the one that stumps us) knowing full well that men of our caliber do not give up easily. For it comes down to a matter of intellectual integrity, that we would not refuse the challenge and rest until we had them all solved. And now vision the potential destruction that awaits us.

Let us assume that 1x106 readers are involved. Using myself as a basis 1x106 multiplied by five hours (5,000,000 hours) will have been consumed in the attempt to solve the images without help (without help goes without saying as Esquire readers are the tops in intellectual honesty, are they not?). Most of this cerebrating is undoubtedly carried on into the fine hours of the morning, time that should have been spent resting or sleeping, in order to be refreshed for the morrow's task of speeding the war efforts of our nation.

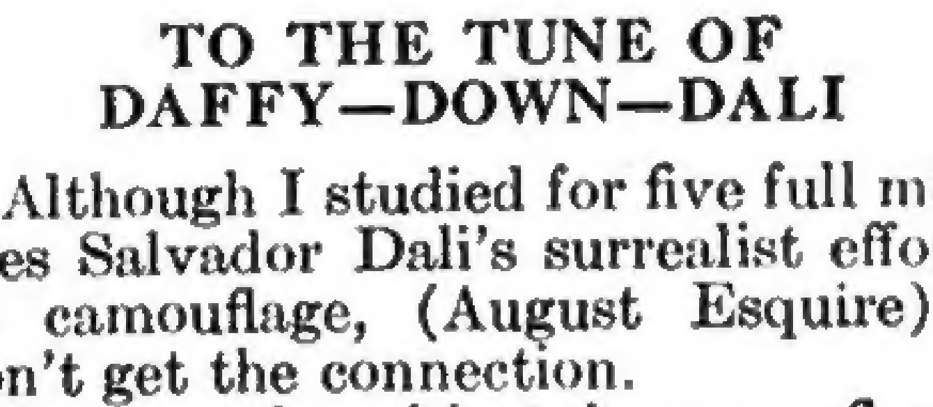
Does that augur well for the efficiency and quality of the work that will have to be done the next day? No, it does not. And I venture that millions of invaluable man-hours of constructive work will be periled.

Does my flawless logic begin to seep thru that dense fog of unsuspecting smugness, academically (charitably I'm afraid) referred to as your brains. Ah—you pale perceptibly, you shudder audibly, you shrink visibly as the full import of your unwitting role of fatuous tool is brought home to you. Mercy you cry, mercy, I shall consign you to the—.

Ah, what is the use, the damage has already been done. I can only hope and pray that more such sabotage shall never raise it's ugly head in your publication again.

Chicago, Ill. Lucian Bauman

P.S. I am enclosing my own image of the *Open-Mouthed Dog*, or rather images. When I first solved it, certain that I had the correct solution, imagine my surprise to find that apparently the rest of you see a *Reclining Female.* Au contraire, if you will look more closely you will see that Dali has been having his own little joke with you—for on close inspection with the head of the "woman" decapitated you see your own pop-eyed, ever-present cover man, in a French-Canadian woodsman's woolen cap.



Also, in hand which is grasping the leash you can easily see another pooch.

TO THE TUNE OF DAFFY—DOWN—DALI

Although I studied for five full minutes Salvador Dali's surrealist efforts at camouflage, (August Esquire) I don't get the connection.

Among other objects he camouflaged a portrait of Lincoln, a nude woman and a wooden horse like the one used at Troy to hide soldiers in years ago.

What have any of those things got to do with today's war? He surely doesn't think we're going to try to pull that wooden horse trick does he? My goodness! Everybody's on to that one! !

And try as I might I can't see how camouflaging a portrait of Lincoln and a nude woman is going to help win the war.

The five minutes I spent studying Dali's work haven't driven me completely nuts but you can tell the gentleman he's got a good start.

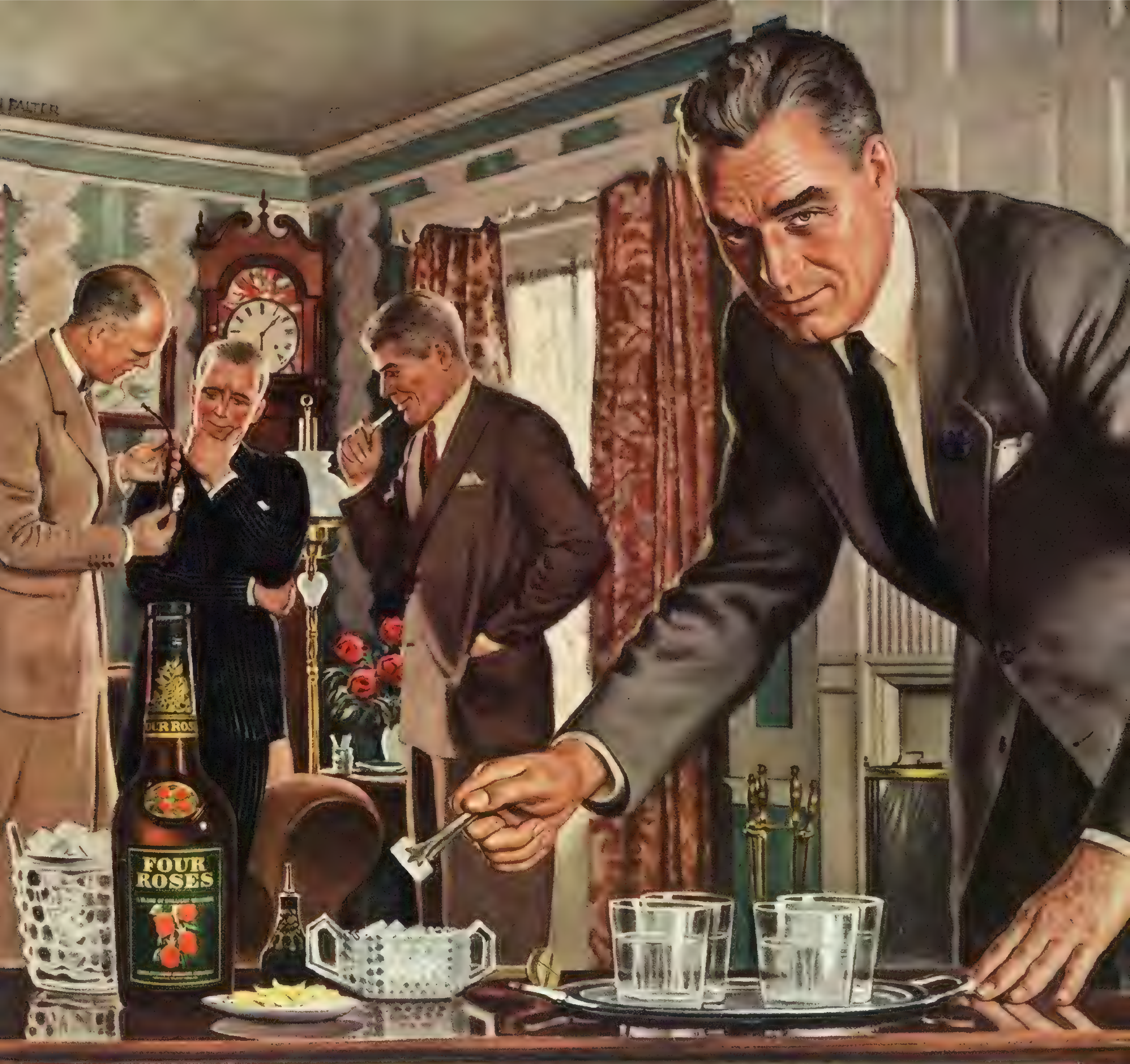
All he has to do now is read me one chapter from Gertrude Stein and sing me five bars from "There'll be Blue-oo-oo-oo-birds ov-ver the white cliffs of Dov-ver."

St. Joe, Mo. Bill Burton

DILLY ON DALI

I found the hidden objeks in Dali pichurs. Please send my Shetlin Ponie rit away and I don't want to sell no papers ether. Yours truly,

Wautoma, Wis. Jimmy Dilly



Wait! Are you sure you want sugar in your Old Fashioneds?

MAN: Sorry. For a moment I forgot we all have to be sugar-misers now.

US: True enough, but that's only *one* of the reasons we asked that question.

MAN: I don't get it. What's the other reason?

US: Well, lately, more and more people have been telling us that it seems a shame to dim the noble flavor of a whiskey as magnificent as today's Four Roses with even a particle of sweetness.

MAN: Say—that certainly makes sense. In fact, when I found what wonderful things had happened to today's Four Roses, I started leaving all the fruit except a twist of lemon peel out of my Old Fashioneds. Man—what a glorious cocktail that makes!

US: Then we think you'll like a Four Roses Old Fashioned even better without any sugar at all.

MAN: O.K., then—I'll leave out the sugar.

US: But whether or not you find you like it better that way, we promise you one thing: You'll still have the most princely Old Fashioned a man could ask for—as long as it's made with today's Four Roses!

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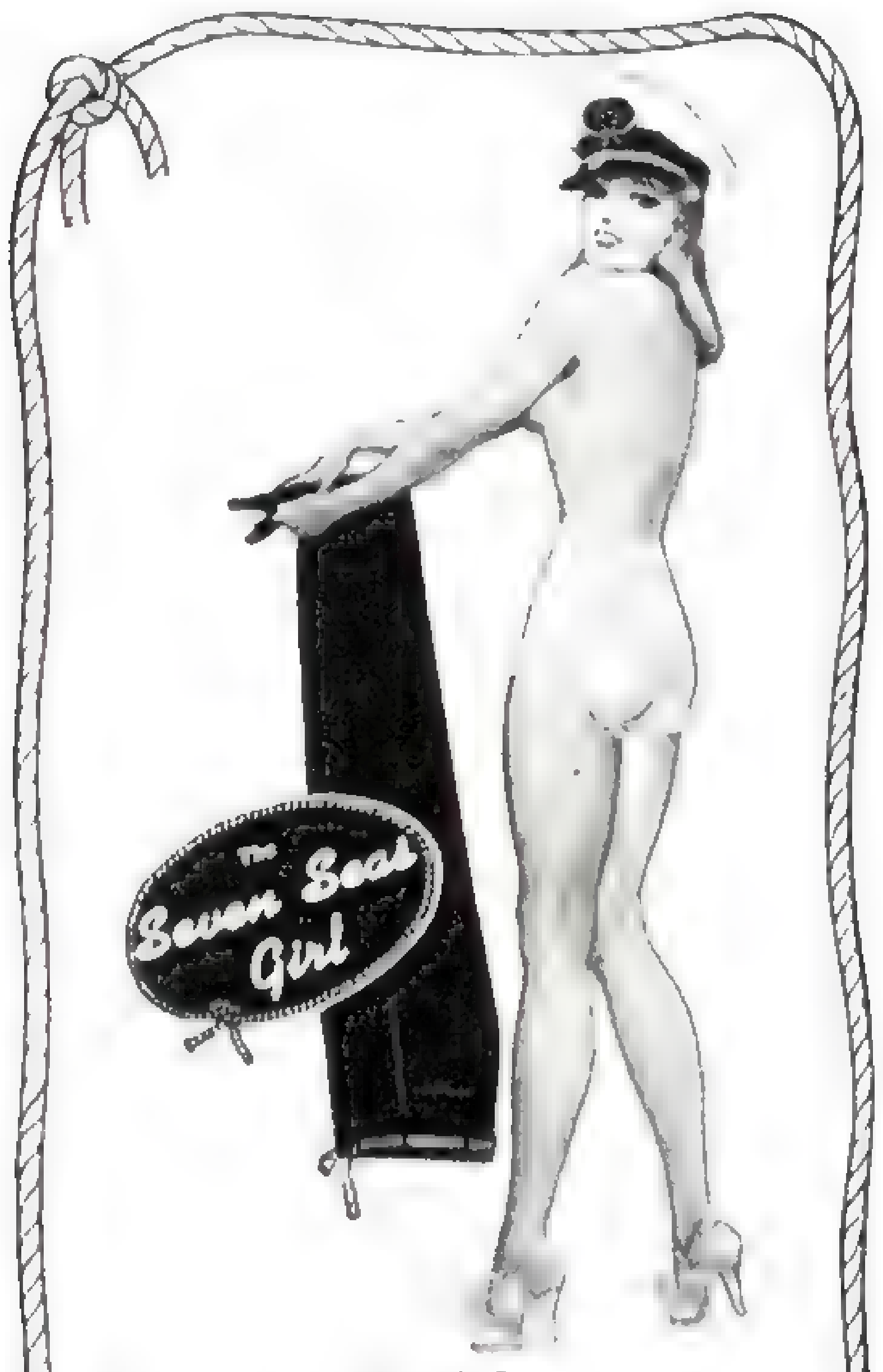

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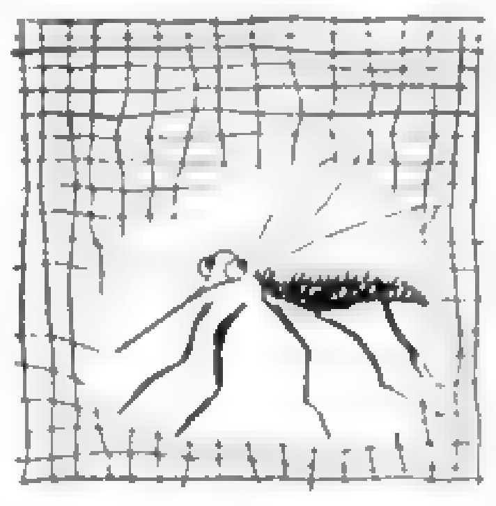
Talking Shop with Esquire

SO LONG AS YOU'RE HEALTHY. You may have been suspecting lately that your legal wedded has been plying you with vitamins thinly disguised as food. Well, you should eat your lettuce and like it. Good for you, see? But if this aggressive eating for health is beginning to make with a slight rankle in your epicurean mind, make your wife a present of a set of three special herb mixtures; one to put the proper esthetic punctuation in meats, another in poultry, and the third in egg dishes and salads. *That*'ll make those vitamins sit up and take notice. We might also add that the same house puts out an herb flavored mustard sauce that is, take it from us, out of this world.

ALERT SIGNAL. It will be fine with us if none of the civilian defense merchandise being designed for protective purposes ever has to be used. But—just in case—we don't want to be caught unprepared. One idea to keep in mind should one of the Truculent Triumvirate make the mistake of touring our shores in their flying machines, is an alarm device that will let you know immediately of a possible air raid. This is attached to your radio, and when you have finished listening to your favorite broadcasts, you turn the dial to the broadcast band of any local twenty-four hour station. At an alert signal, in which case the station will be ordered off the air, the alarm will set off its voice in full cry.

SCREENO! We hope we have caught you at the proper psychological time as you contemplate storing your window screens for the Fall. Think how good you'd feel if they were put away all nicely mended, without holes or rents for next year's flies and mosquitoes to muscle in through. We are not trying to put you to work, either, for you can buy yourself a set of small square patches that mend screens with such little effort that it's a shame to tell you about it. Small as they are, they are scientifically designed to mesh evenly with the screen you are mending. The result is a tidy patch with a perfectly smooth, non-jagged edge.



Ranger

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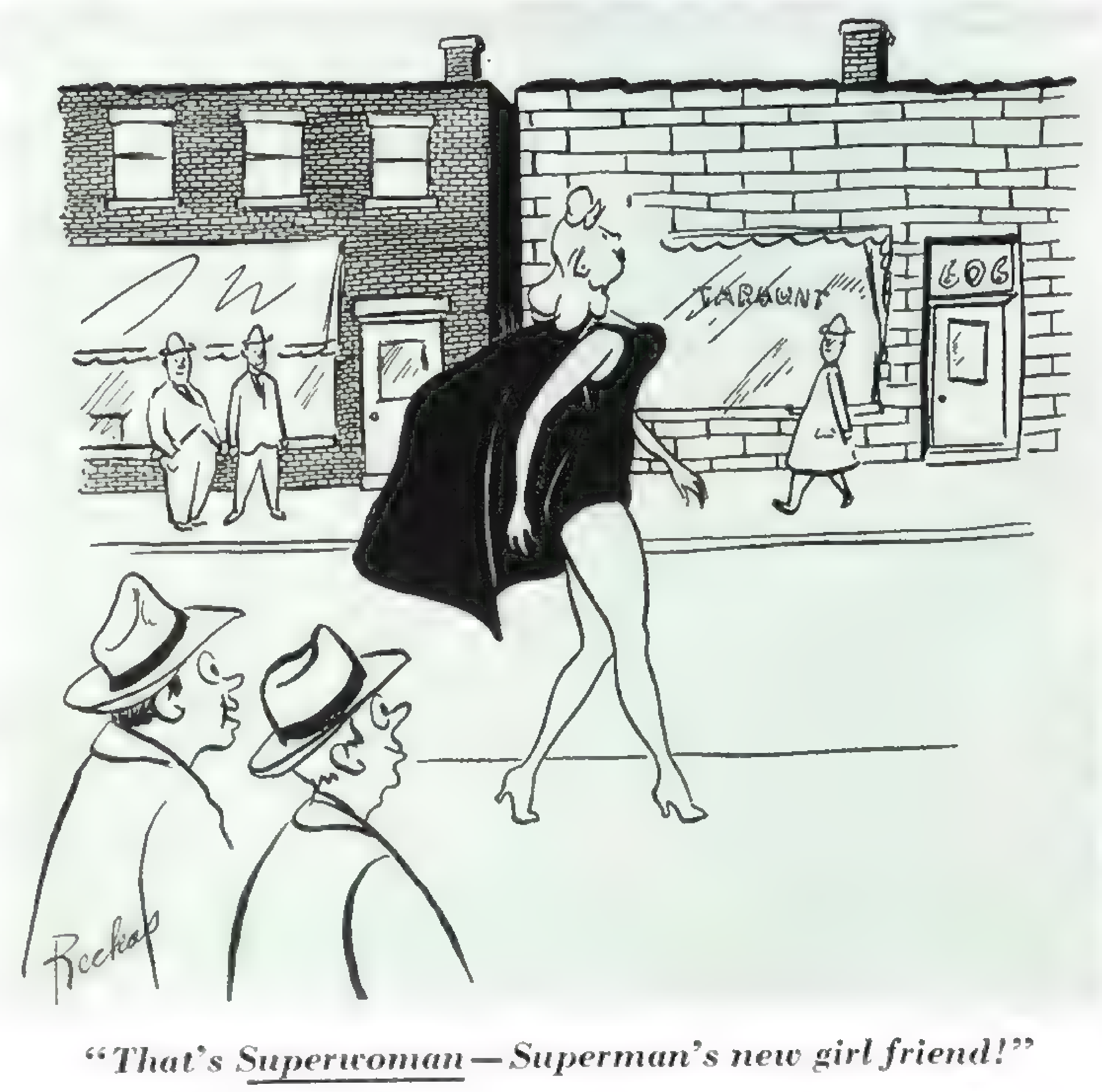

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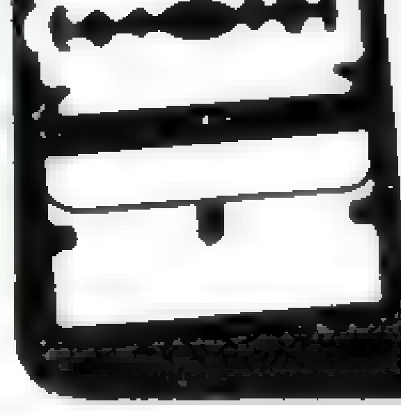

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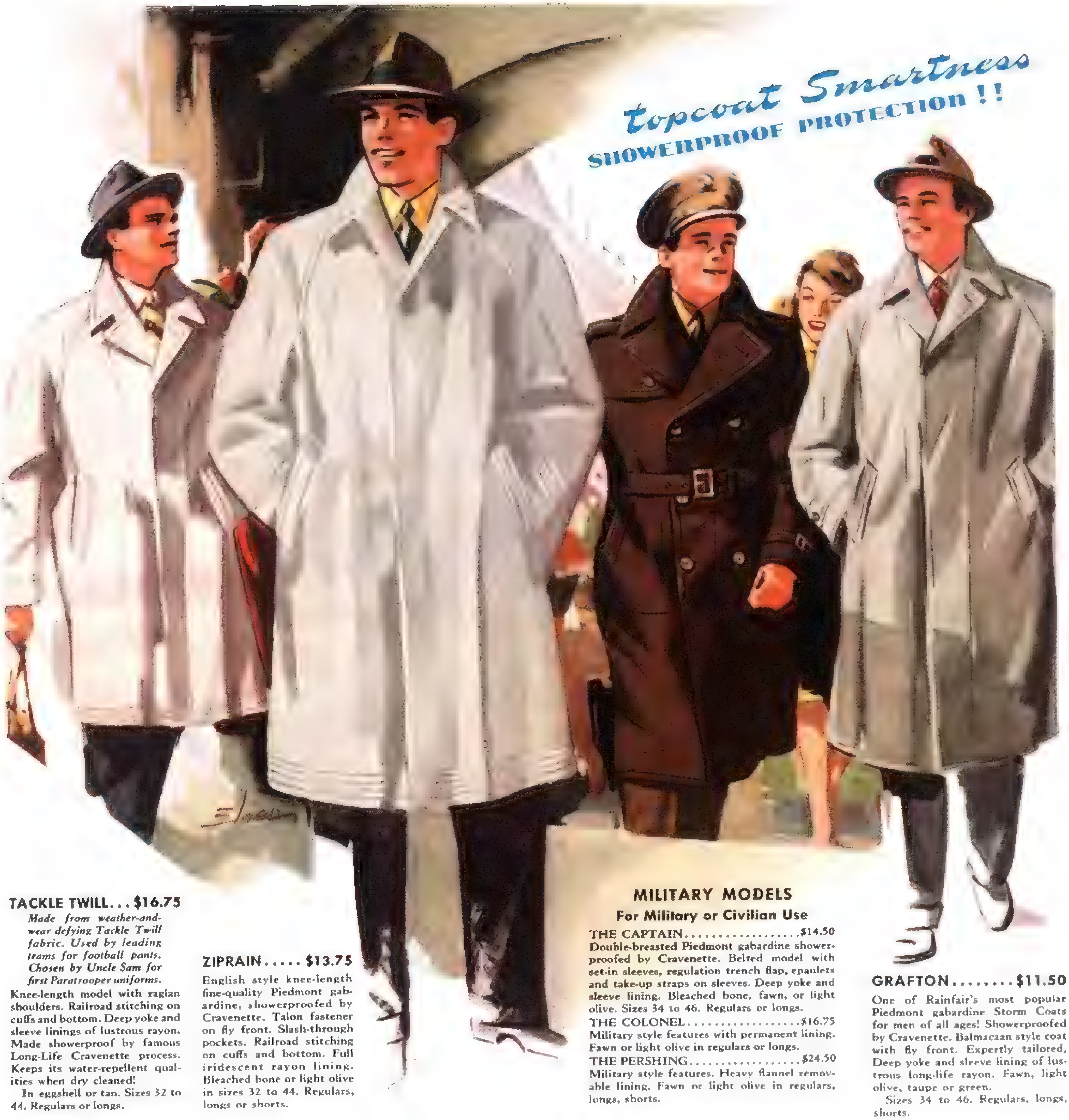

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Page to Old Boston Tradition...

Gazette,
JOURNAL.
Foreign and Domeſtic.
March 1770.
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BOURBON WHISKEY
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Mr. BOSTON'S
"SPOT BOTTLE"
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
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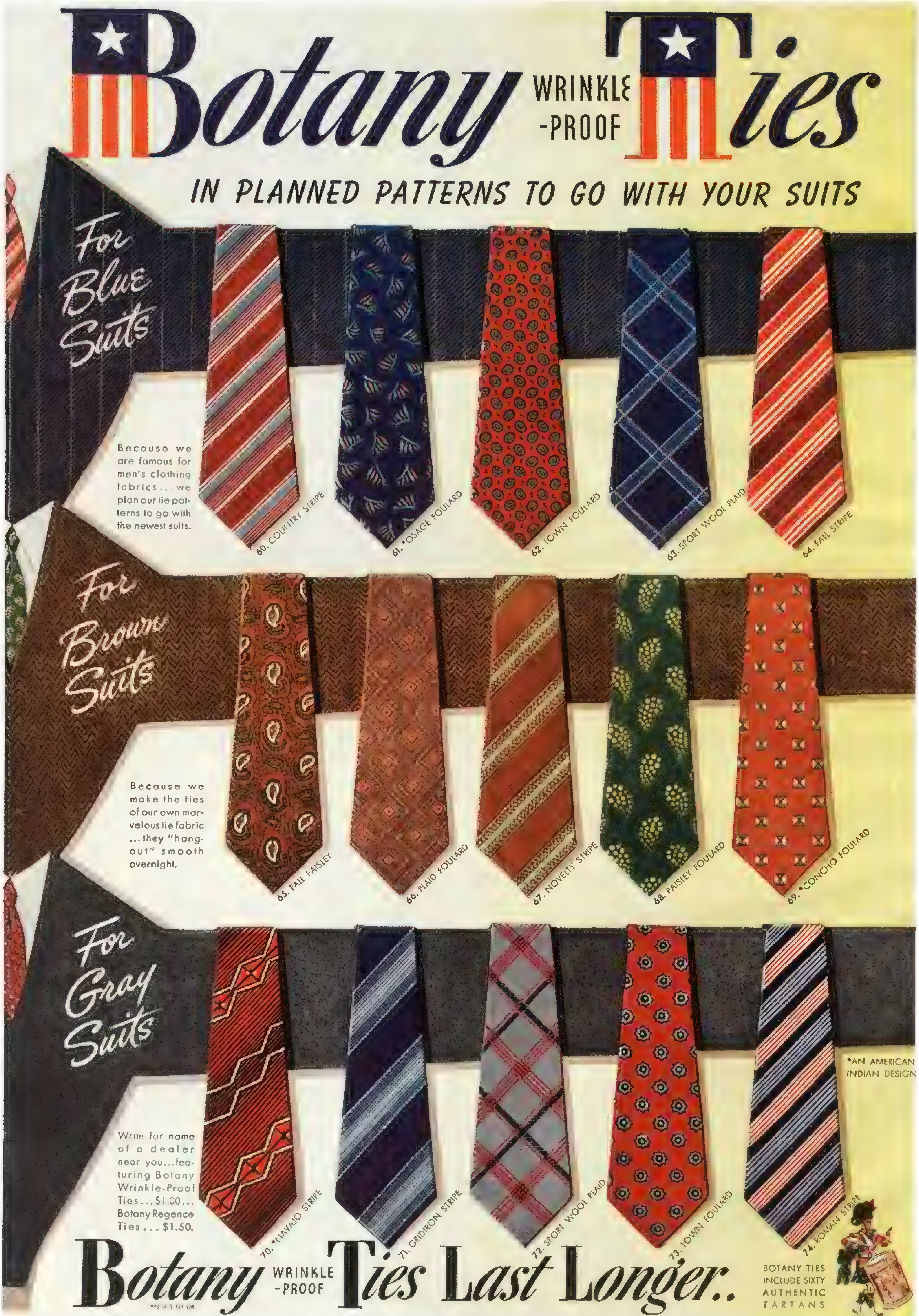

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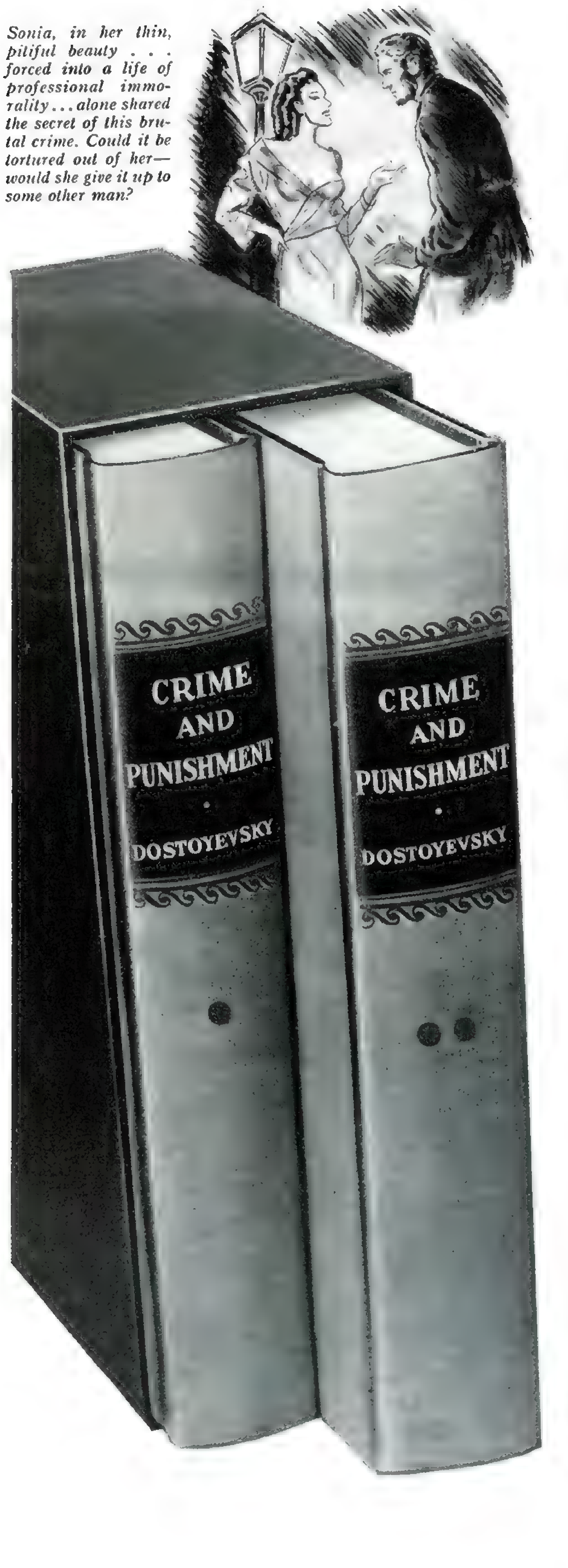

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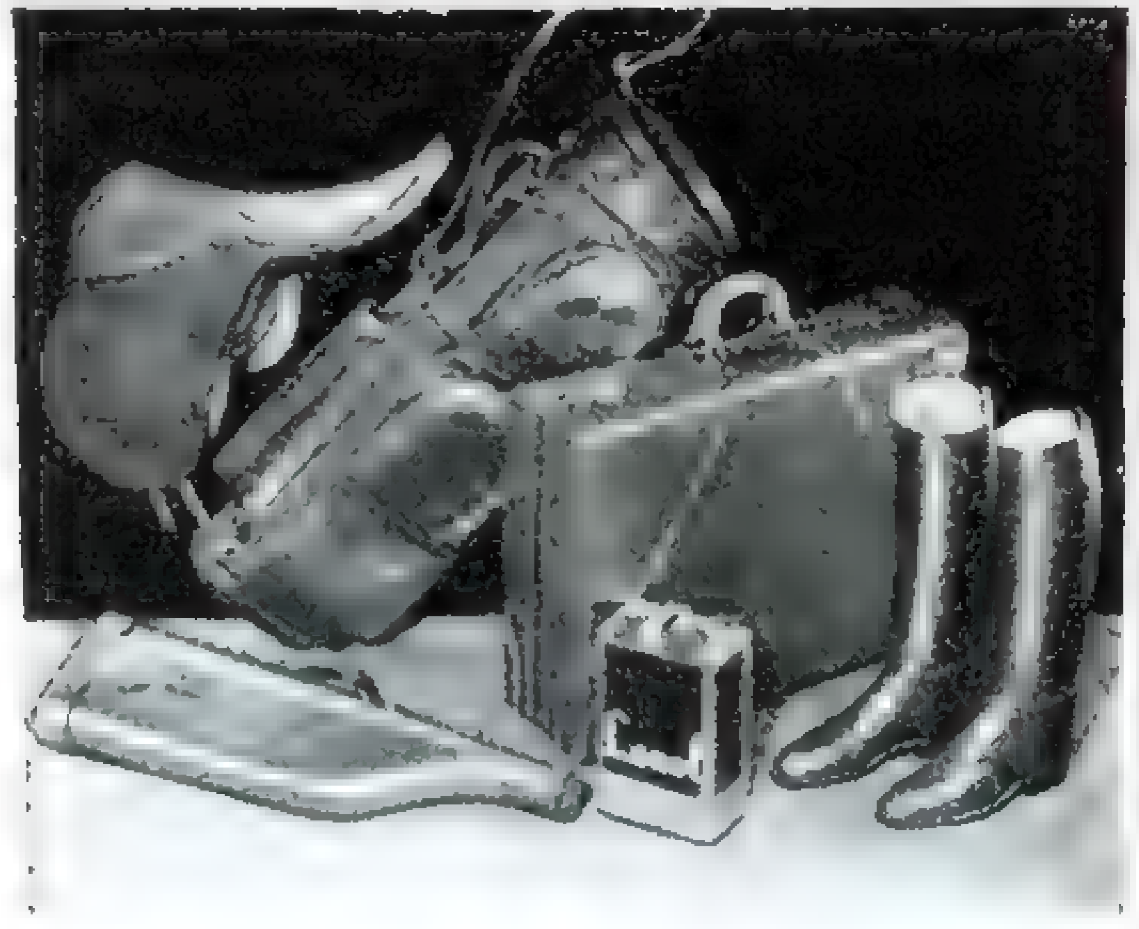

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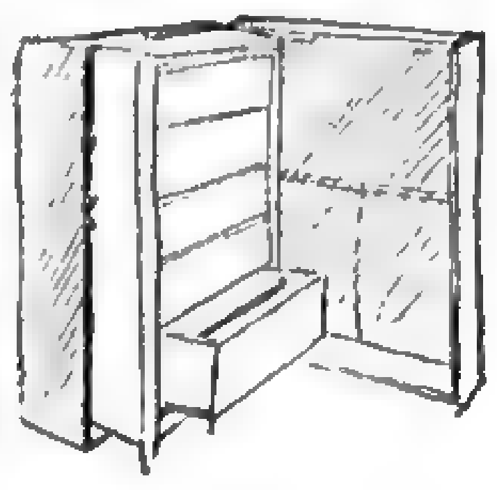

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Ranger

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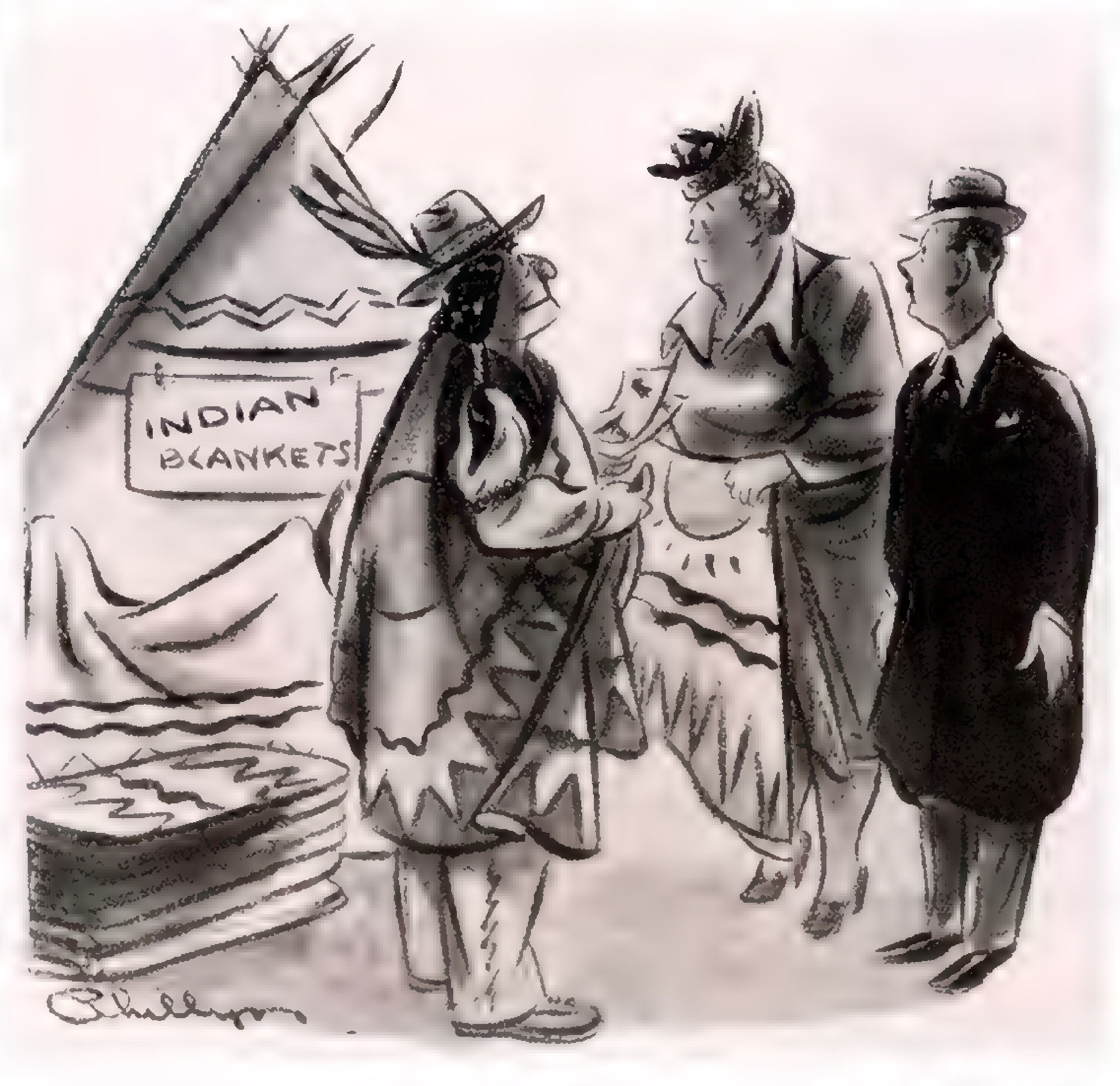

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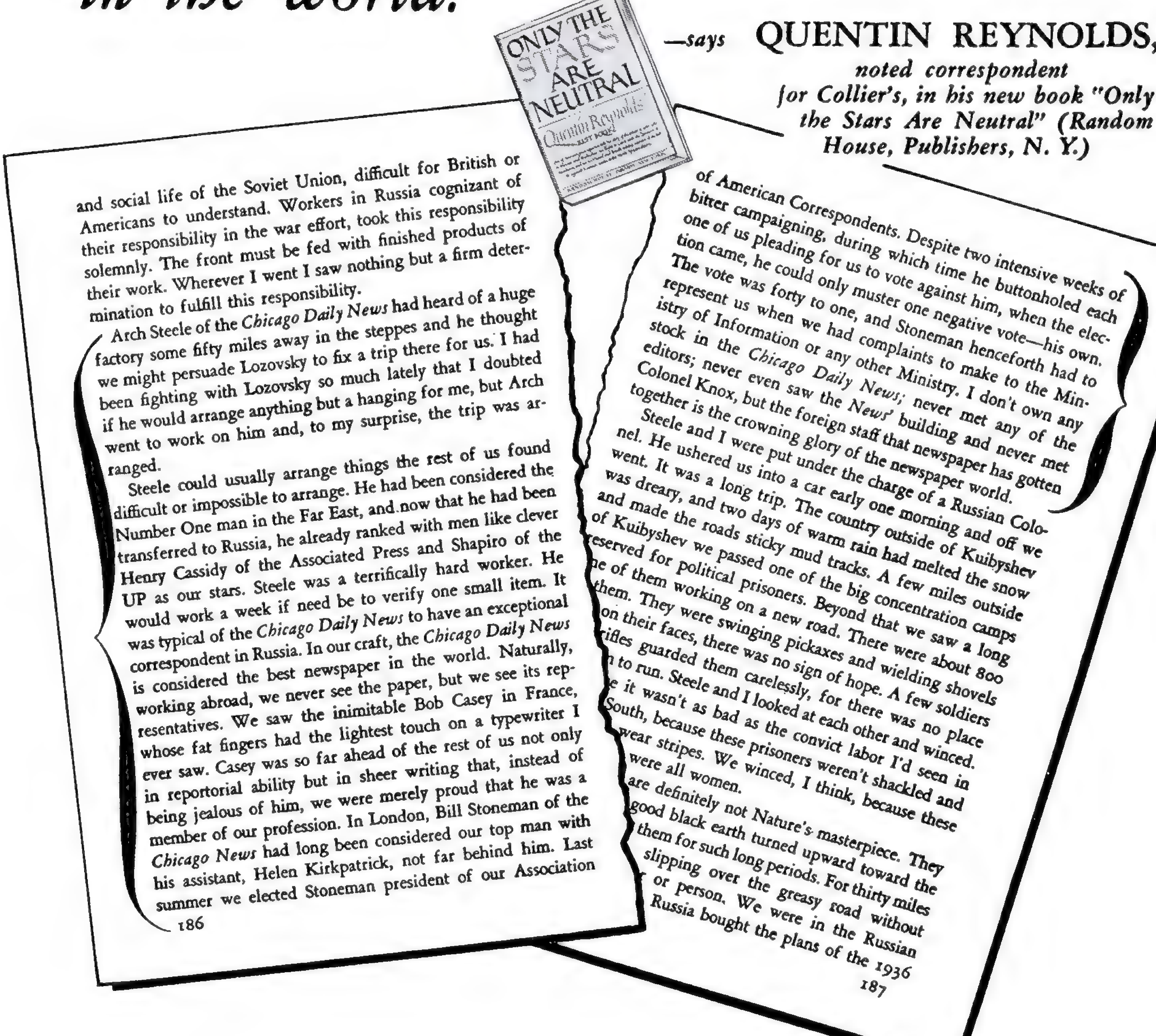
ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL
Quentin Reynolds

and social life of the Soviet Union, difficult for British or
Americans to understand. Workers in Russia cognizant of
their responsibility in the war effort, took this responsibility
solemnly. The front must be fed with finished products of
their work. Wherever I went I saw nothing but a firm deter-
mination to fulfill this responsibility.
Arch Steele of the *Chicago Daily News* had heard of a huge
factory some fifty miles away in the steppes and he thought
we might persuade Lozovsky to fix a trip there for us. I had
been fighting with Lozovsky so much lately that I doubted
if he would arrange anything but a hanging for me, but Arch
went to work on him and, to my surprise, the trip was ar-
ranged.
Steele could usually arrange things the rest of us found
difficult or impossible to arrange. He had been considered the
Number One man in the Far East, and now that he had been
transferred to Russia, he already ranked with men like clever
Henry Cassidy of the Associated Press and Shapiro of the
UP as our stars. Steele was a terrifically hard worker. He
would work a week if need be to verify one small item. It
was typical of the *Chicago Daily News* to have an exceptional
correspondent in Russia. In our craft, the *Chicago Daily News*
is considered the best newspaper in the world. Naturally,
working abroad, we never see the paper, but we see its rep-
resentatives. We saw the inimitable Bob Casey in France,
whose fat fingers had the lightest touch on a typewriter I
ever saw. Casey was so far ahead of the rest of us not only
in reportorial ability but in sheer writing that, instead of
being jealous of him, we were merely proud that he was a
member of our profession. In London, Bill Stoneman of the
Chicago News had long been considered our top man with
his assistant, Helen Kirkpatrick, not far behind him. Last
summer we elected Stoneman president of our Association
186

of American Correspondents. Despite two intensive weeks of
bitter campaigning, during which time he buttonholed each
one of us pleading for us to vote against him, when the elec-
tion came, he could only muster one negative vote—his own.
The vote was forty to one, and Stoneman henceforth had to
represent us when we had complaints to make to the Min-
istry of Information or any other Ministry. I don't own any
stock in the *Chicago Daily News;* never met any of the
editors; never even saw the *News'* building and never met
Colonel Knox, but the foreign staff that newspaper has gotten
together is the crowning glory of the newspaper world.
Steele and I were put under the charge of a Russian Colo-
nel. He ushered us into a car early one morning and off we
went. It was a long trip. The country outside of Kuibyshev
was dreary, and two days of warm rain had melted the snow
and made the roads sticky mud tracks. A few miles outside
of Kuibyshev we passed one of the big concentration camps
eserved for political prisoners. Beyond that we saw a long
e of them working on a new road. There were about 800
them. They were swinging pickaxes and wielding shovels
on their faces, there was no sign of hope. A few soldiers
ifles guarded them carelessly, for there was no place
n to run. Steele and I looked at each other and winced.
e it wasn't as bad as the convict labor I'd seen in
South, because these prisoners weren't shackled and
wear stripes. We winced, I think, because these
were all women.
are definitely not Nature's masterpiece. They
good black earth turned upward toward the
them for such long periods. For thirty miles
slipping over the greasy road without
r or person. We were in the Russian
Russia bought the plans of the 1936
187

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You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

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Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

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Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

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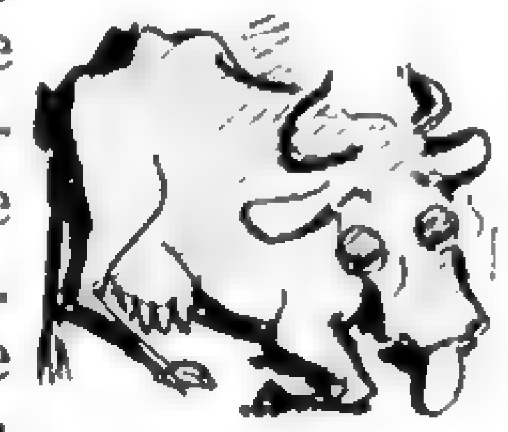
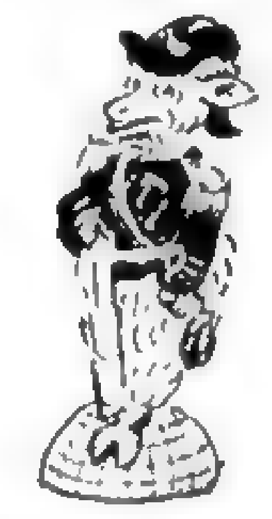
Talking Shop with Esquire

NEW LIFE IN LEATHER. Be a good citizen and have a care for those summer shoes you have been wearing—in fact, let protective thoughts encompass your entire shoe wardrobe. Leather can be made to last you much longer if you treat it with a substance especially created to infiltrate itself into the internal fibres of the leather, keeping it soft and pliable. This preparation, which is no trouble at all to apply even when you make a habit of it every few weeks, doesn't interfere with the shoe polish or whitener you use.



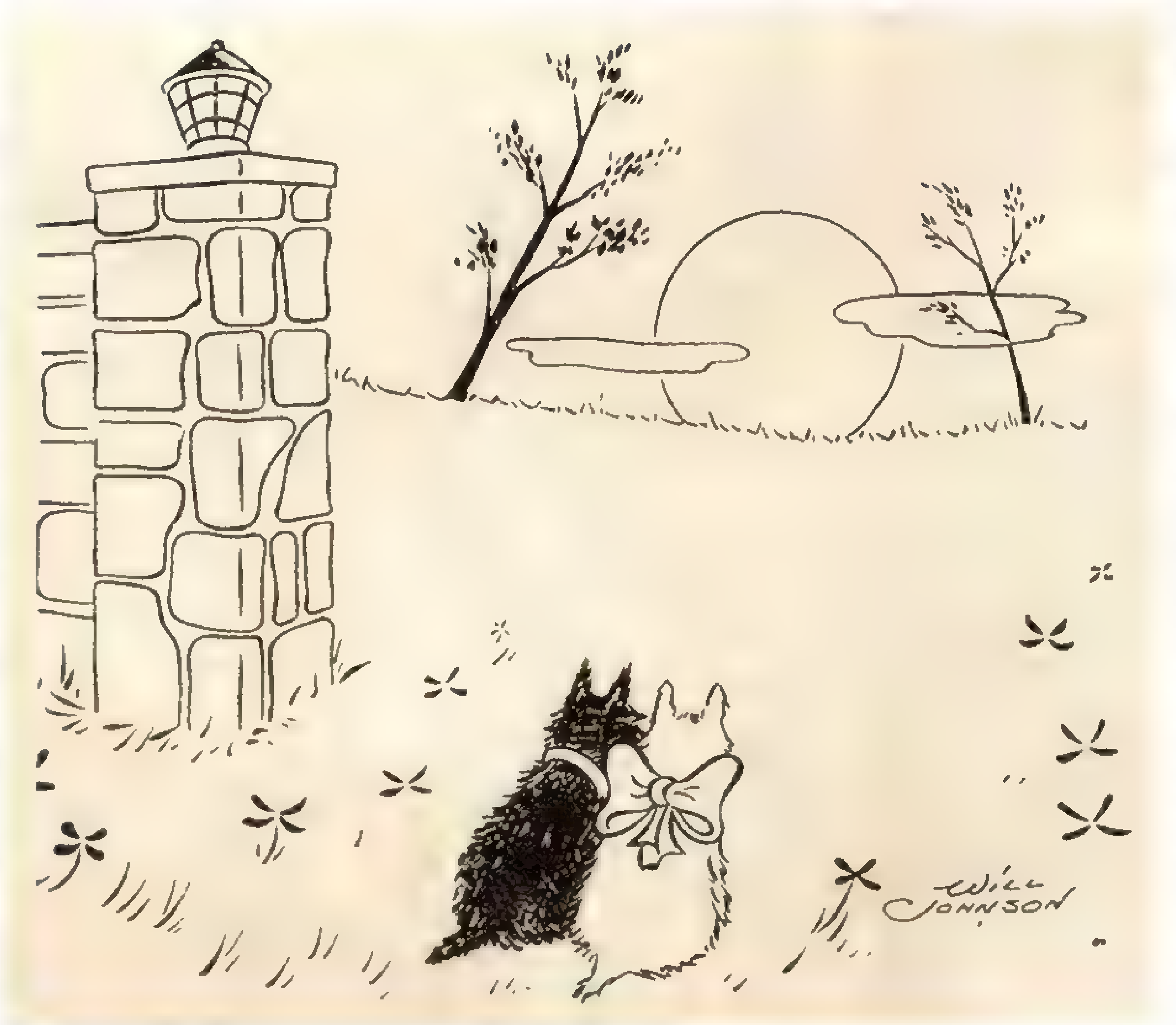
STRATEGY WITH STEAK. No one would have ever suspected that the innocent doily could be tied in with current events, until these came along. They come in sets of eight, each printed with a map of a strategic locality. A few of the areas currently featured are Australia, India, Japan, Russia, the Panama Canal, and Alaska. Each map indicates mileage between important spots and the locations of raw materials and air bases. The mats are paper and can be thrown away after dining-table generals have gotten through with them.

BIRTHDAY STARS. Birthday gift technique doesn't necessarily improve with the years; there's always that "What to give?" issue coming up. Maybe this idea will help, thanks to the good old Zodiac. Pick out one of a series of twelve little glazed pottery statuettes, depending upon the month in which your victim was born. Each is based, not so much on the accepted astrological symbol for the sign, but on the general type of character assumed to be the most representative. So Leo the Lion (July 22 to August 21) is dressed up as a general, aggressiveness and leadership presumably being characteristic traits. Aries (March 21 to April 19) is still a ram, but he's done up as a professor of the absent-minded variety. Even if you can't make out what in tunket these and the other ten of the series mean, they're decorative enough to go on the mantel of your most skeptical friend.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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WILLIE HOWARD
IN A RIOTOUS ALBUM OF
COMEDY & SONG

A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, the Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."

Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.75 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

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A magic grooved record complete with Mutual Board and Odds Indicator. Exciting and absorbing...different finishes every time. Ideal for party fun. $1.00 Add 25c for packing and postage in U.S.A.

Write for FREE *Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST

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Save on Cigarettes

$1.24 a carton, 1 carton minimum for Luckies, Chesterfields, Camels, Kools, Raleigh, Fatima, Dunhill, Viceroy, Old Golds, (carton of 10). For $1.29, carton of 10, Tareyton, Pall Mall, Regents, Philip Morris. Add 9c postage up to 300 miles. Add 1c for each additional carton. Shipped on receipt of check or money order.

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Gives your shoes a rich custom-looking finish, featured in shoes offered by America's leading stores. Hollywood polish is available in following shades: Antique, Antique Redwood, dark brown, tan, and black. On sale at Flagg Bros. (stores in principal cities), other leading shoe and department stores. If not at dealer, send us $1.50 for a complete set of Hollywood Polishes, 5 shades. Unconditionally guaranteed

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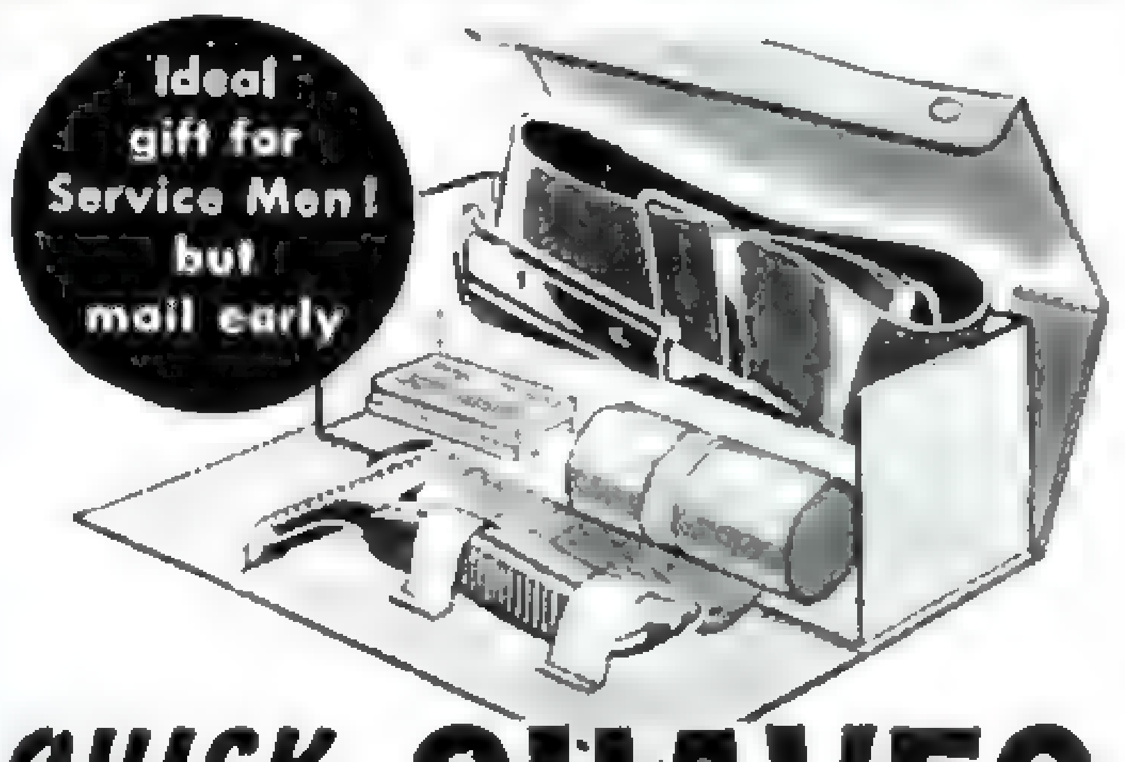

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3 times as many

Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:
1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.
2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.
3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, smart case.
COMPLETE—$2.50 postpaid. Special—only $2 if sent to men in Armed Service. Order today!

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ENDERS SPEED SHAVER
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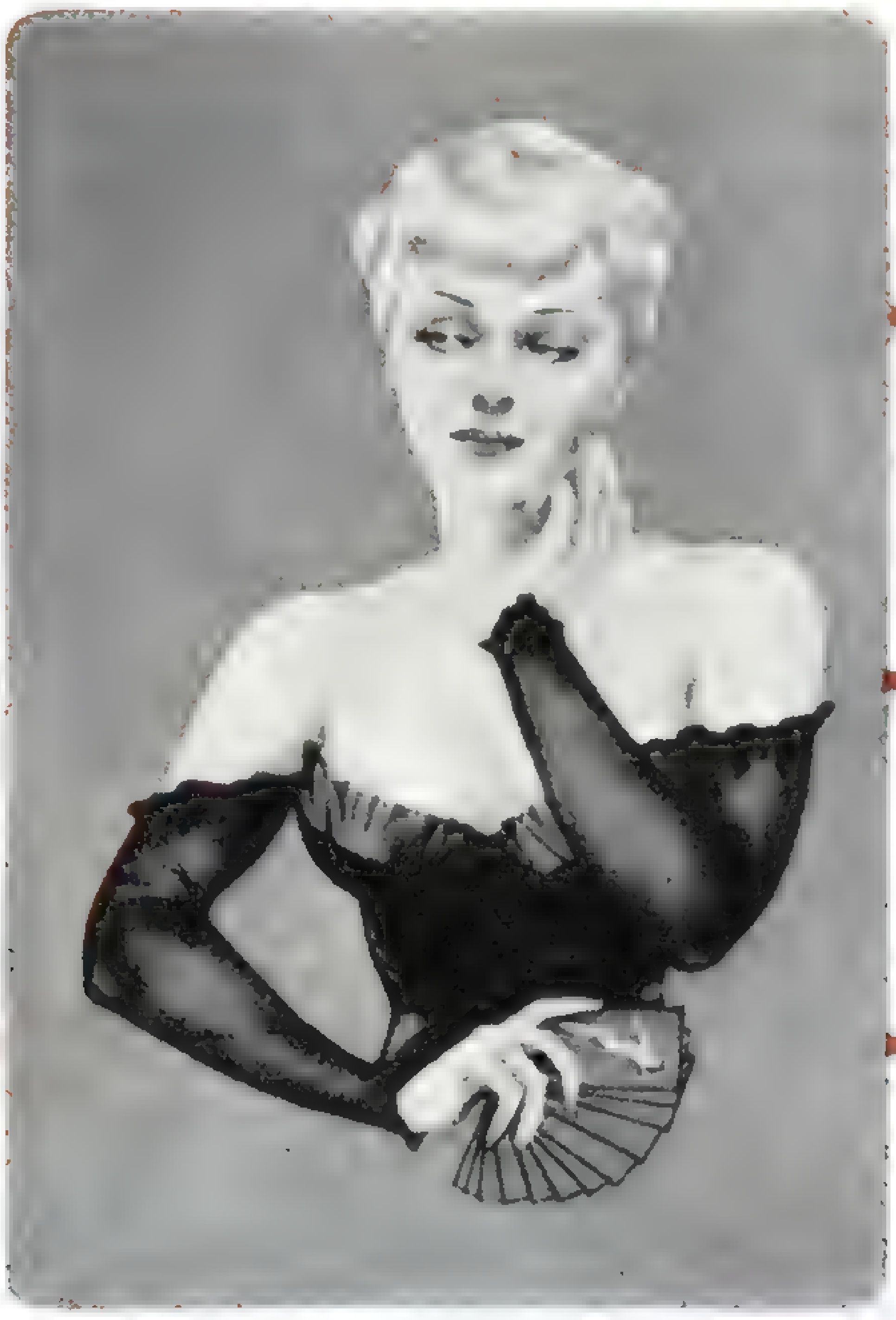
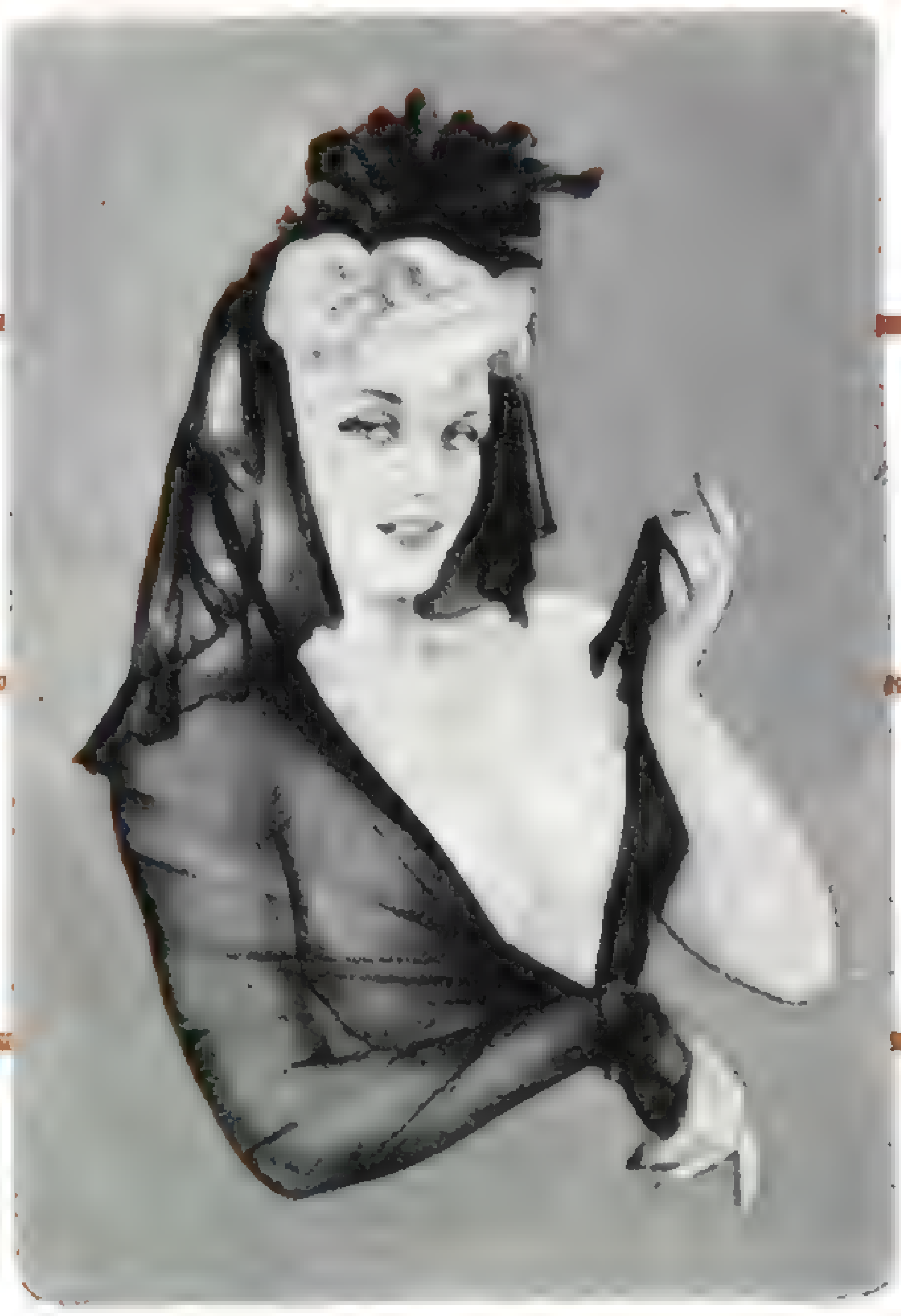
O. K.
SO YOU
WON'T PLAY!



"A" DECK
(in full color)

"B" DECK
(in full color)



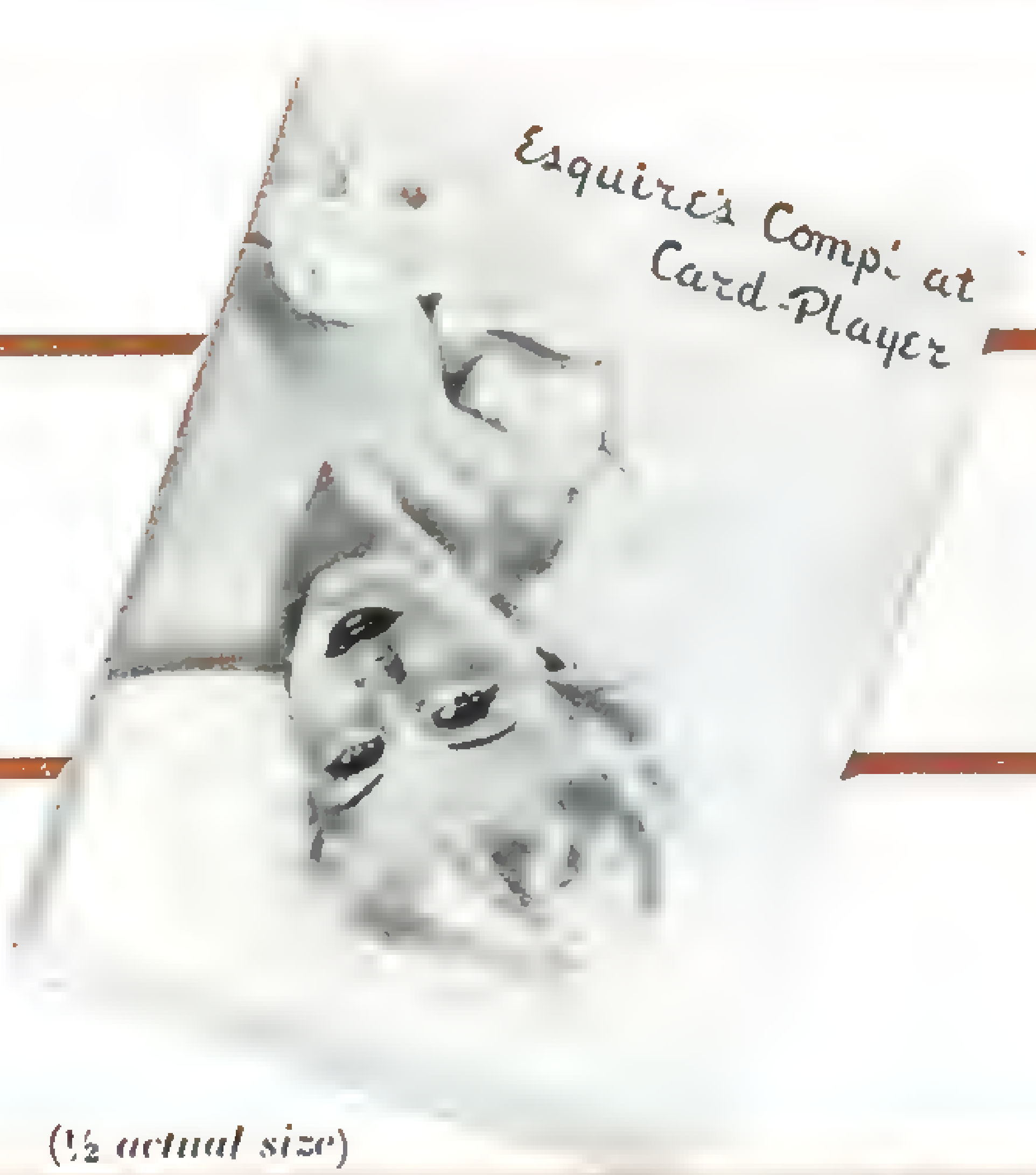
So you don't like gin rummy, you hate bridge, poker paralyzes you, the mere thought of blackjack gives you the clanks? Card-playing, to put it bluntly, leaves you cold?

And . . . you think pretty girls are pitiful, blondes a bore, colorful queens strictly corn? When it comes to loveliness and love, you leave?

To top it off, you *like* to pay top prices for quality? When you see a chance to get a give-away buy, you sniff?

OK, then . . . the Varga Girl Dollar Decks are not for you. They're breathtakingly beautiful, with the unequalled feminine beauty of the famous Varga Girl printed colorfully and indelibly on their glass-like faces. They're the buy of buys, at a dollar a deck, with their money-back guarantee of top quality, guaranteed to outlast several decks of ordinary playing cards, guaranteed to be easily cleanable with the whisk of a damp cloth. And The Compleat Card Player booklet which "comes with" (absolutely free, though it would be a steal at 50 cents) is a godsend for host and hermit, with its rules for play of the nation's most popular card games.

But none of that interests you? You don't even know a service man who'd like to have one of these popular deck-sets to while away his time off duty? Then, by all means, pass this coupon by . . . it's meant only to make ordering easy for the guys who like wine, women, song . . . and cards!



(½ actual size)

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719 • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hey, waitaminute! You've got me wrong! Rush me this order for the new Varga Dollar Decks of playing cards—moisture-resistant and cleanable. And with every pair of decks, send a copy of the 62-page Compleat Card Player, absolutely *free!*

I understand that if I'm not completely satisfied with these cards I can return them and get my entire purchase price refunded.

NAME...
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS...

CITY.......................................STATE..........................

If this is a gift, and you'd like to have our special service-man's gift card included with the order, indicate here how gift-card should read:

....
(U. S. orders only—no stamps please.)

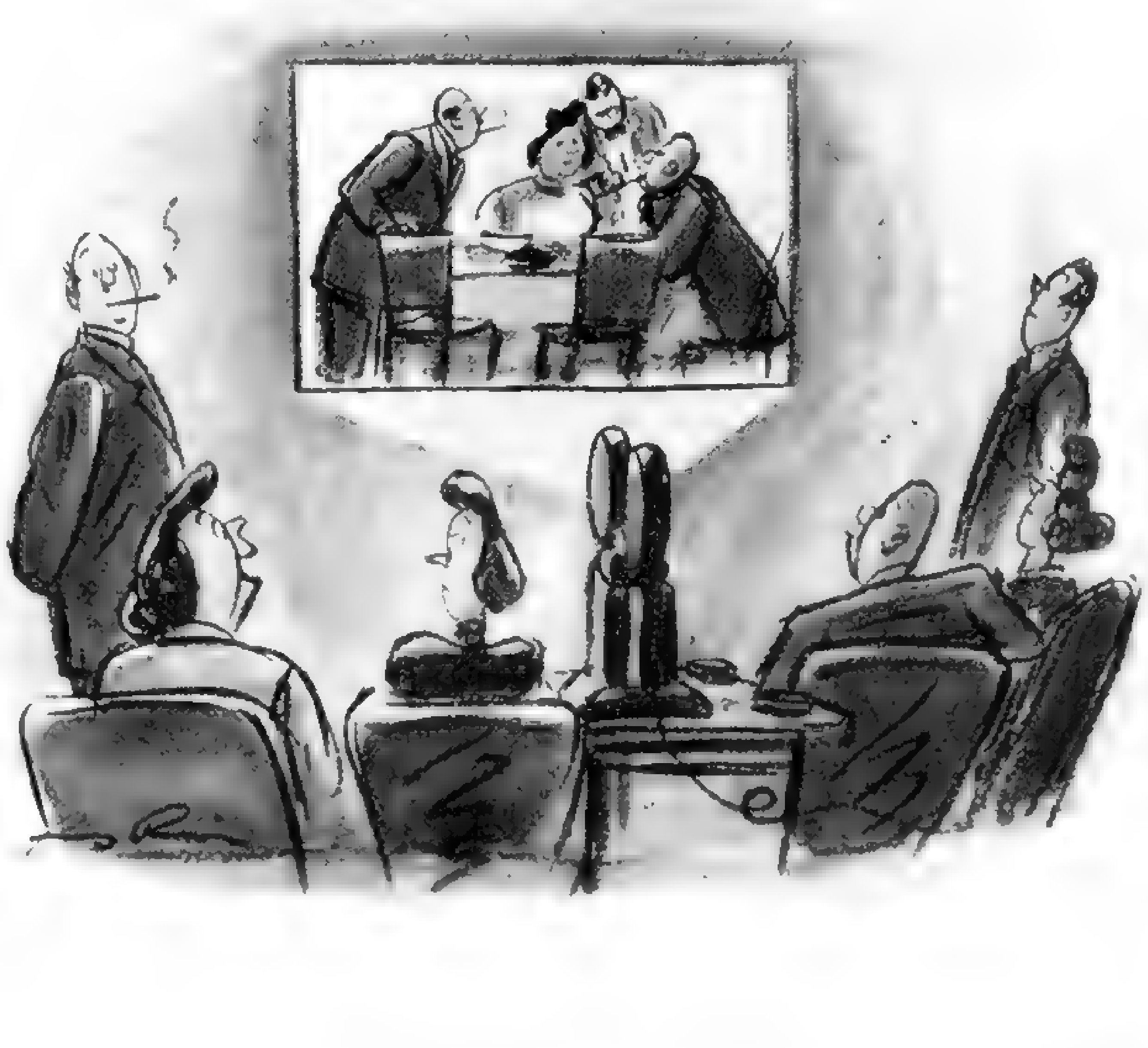
Painting the Town with Esquire

GLOBAL-experienced Leonard M. Holland, Lord High Cellarer of the Waldorf-Astoria, has unveiled, to much cheering, a gala pitcher proposition entitled Waldorf-Astoria Cup which is indeed the quintessence of quench, and you don't have to pawn your etchings to obtain it either. Ingredients are 1 quart well-known California white Chateau wine, 1 pony Claristine liqueur, 1 pony Triple Sec, 1 pony California Brandy, 1 bottle club soda, ice, orange slices, pineapple, maraschino cherries, clump of fresh mint. Feeds six; half-size feeds three.

THE APERITIF-MINDED Restaurant Chateaubriand (148 East 56th) lubricates the human reassembly line with Vermouth Cassis (Dry Vermouth, syrup of black currants, ice, seltzer) which partner Alex Hounie says only the erroneous call *Pompier*. A *Pompier* (French fireman) uses strawberry syrup in place of the Cassis. This establishment also serves a useful vinous number fondly called a *Rince-Cochon* (pig rinser), designed for head repair . . . Treasured George of the Little Bar of the Ritz-Carlton answers the cry of the thirsty for a Ritz-American. Into a goblet glass he stows a half slice of orange, ice cube, and fills ¾ full of a classic Finger Lakes Champagne, applying American Claret as a tidy lid. Does it gratify! . . . Toothsome examples of the Sherry Cobbler (good American Sherry fruited up in a glass of crushed ice) are under attack at the Hotel New Yorker as assuagers after the throat-drying thrills of the Ice Revue . . . White-coated Albert, chairman of the board of moistenment at Theodore's (4 East 56th, dapper hosted by Anthony Mele) has made himself a lot of work by devising the California Jewel: ⅔ White wine, ⅓ gin, lemon peel; served in wine glass.

WALL-BENCHED greedies diving into viands at the Divan Parisien (17 East 45th) cast a lip over Red Plush (12-ouncer comprising ¼ lemon and ¼ orange thinly sliced, sliced fresh peach, 1 jigger B & B, dash maraschino, maraschino cherries, filled with select California Red, sparkled with spot of fizz; mint posy) as a build-up for bonfired French pancakes . . . As theme drink of the Charley Rochester radiated Hotel Lexington's Paul Revere Room, the Midnight Rider (White wine, Brandy, Triple Sec, sweetened lemon juice; ice shooken) is rousing quite a countryside.

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"*It's not slow motion—it's George reaching for the check*"

Here's to AMERICA
with
BRITAIN'S BEST!

The Original Dark Jamaica Rum

When you sample a Planters' Punch, as made on the Island of Jamaica with Myers's Rum, you have a special treat in store. For wealth of flavour—

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100% Fine Mellow Jamaica—97 Proof

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Are you that *one* man who recognizes that in pipe smoking *it's the quality of the tobacco that counts?* Exacting smokers gladly pay a little more for the much greater pleasure they enjoy in John Middleton's WALNUT. The exclusive Middleton blending of the world's 7 finest tobaccos makes WALNUT *naturally* aromatic...delightfully fragrant...amazingly mild...truly different from any other pipe tobacco. WALNUT is the overwhelming choice of the discriminating. Ask your dealer for a trial size or send 10c for a sample package. John Middleton, 1211 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PIPE TOBACCO

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CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN
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FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
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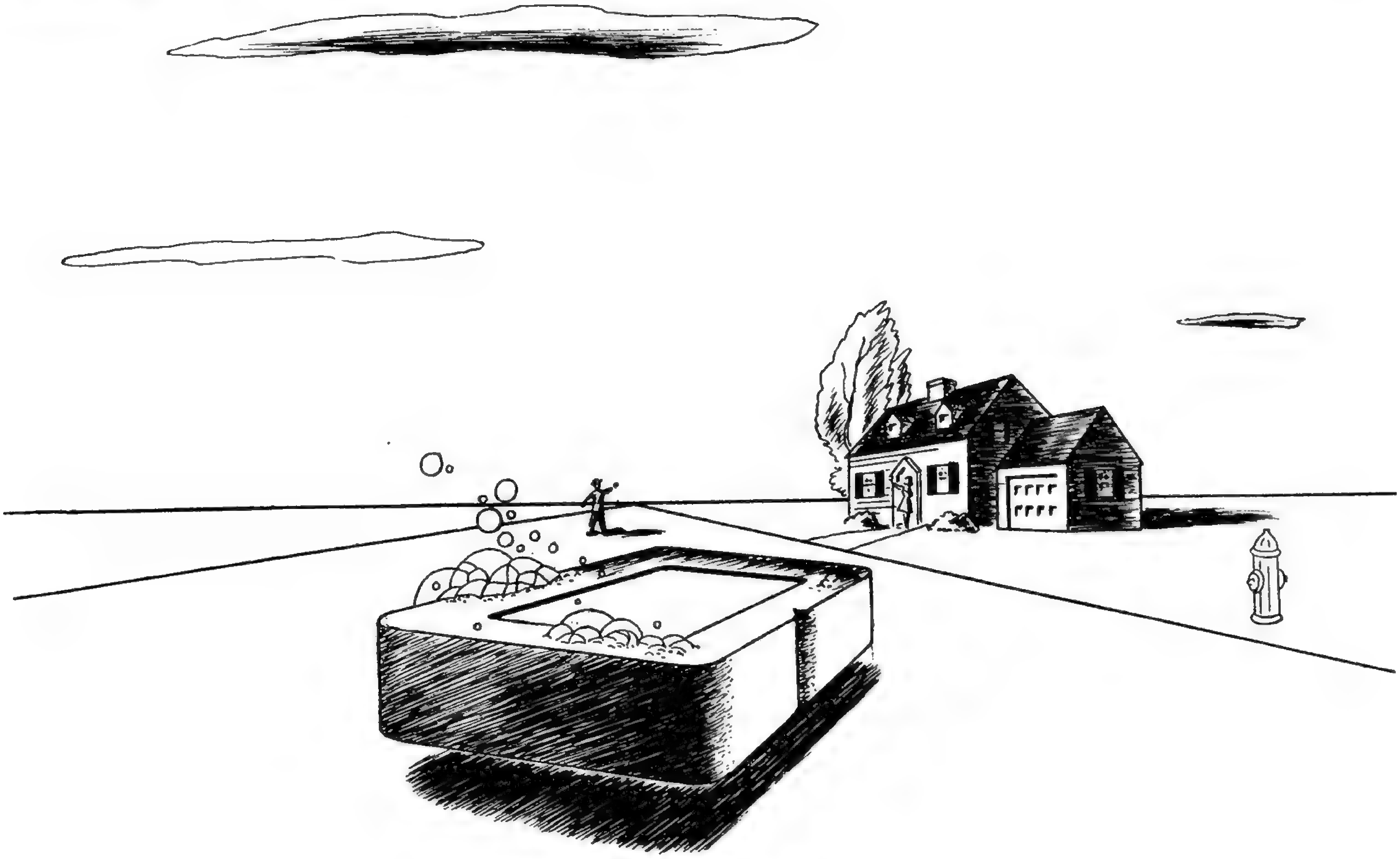


soapsuds or security

Is your sales program a reasonable facsimile of your former promotion? Or did it have to be completely revised to fit one of those modern miracles of wartime conversion?

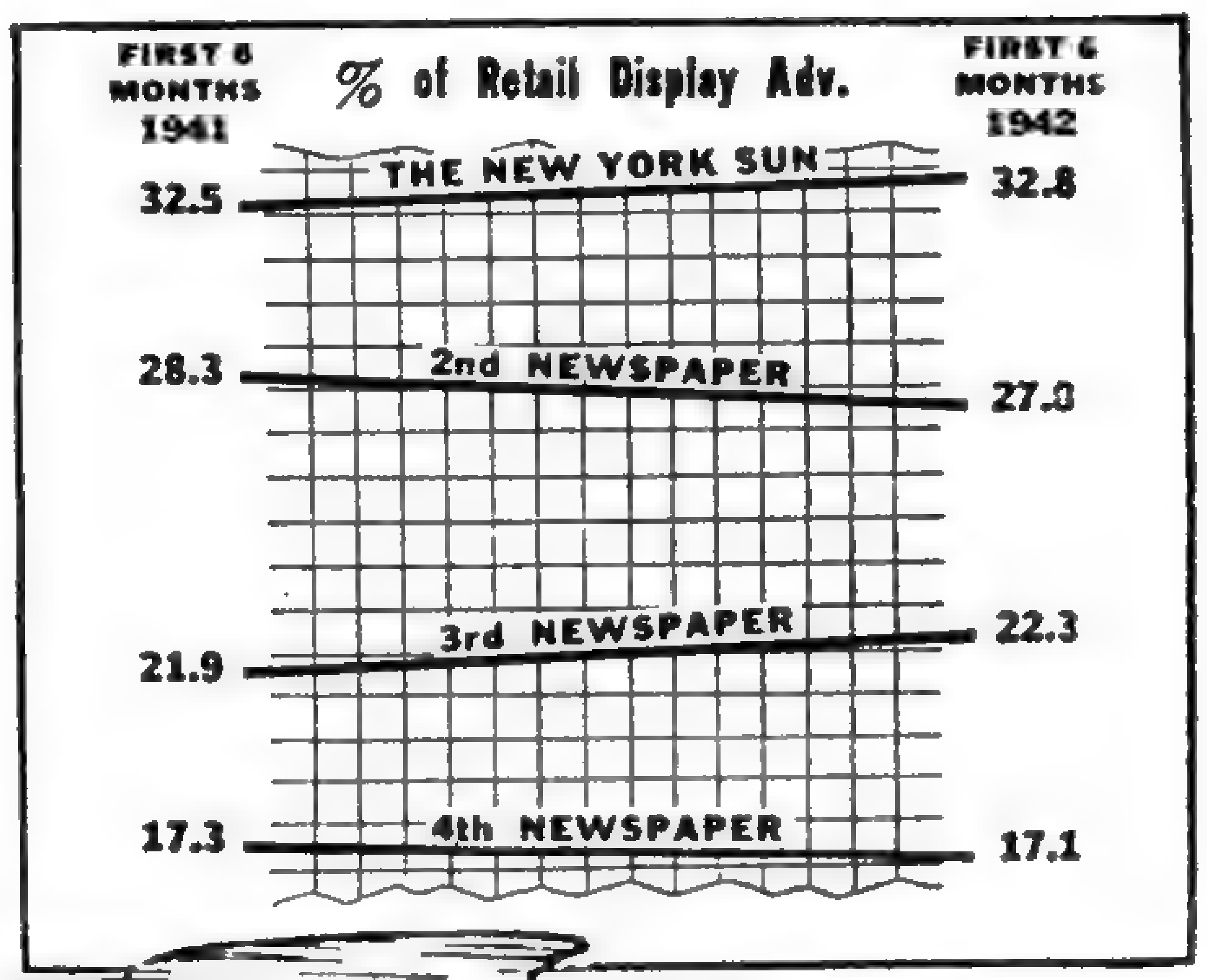
It's a matter of record that the American people want to be informed about the things still being produced for their use. They also want to find out how to make their old equipment serve them longer. And they want to keep abreast of the wartime activities and peacetime planning of business and industry.

Today more than yesterday, tomorrow more than today, your business is their business. Tell them about it, whether your product makes soapsuds or makes for the security of the American way. And tell them regularly to maintain sales for the present, as well as to strengthen your position for the future.

Readership is what it takes—Readership like a PT boat on the target—the kind you get with The New York Sun.

The Sun is one of the best read metropolitan dailies in America, with one of the highest ratings in readership of advertising among a representative group of the nation's leading newspapers.

This vital factor pays off in results. That's why in Retail Display advertising, The Sun for 16 years has led every New York weekday newspaper appealing to middle and better income groups. And why advertisers increased the Sun's share of this linage during the first 6 months of 1942.



The Sun
NEW YORK

LEADERSHIP BECAUSE OF READERSHIP

REPRESENTED IN CHICAGO, DETROIT, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES BY WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE & CRESMER CO.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

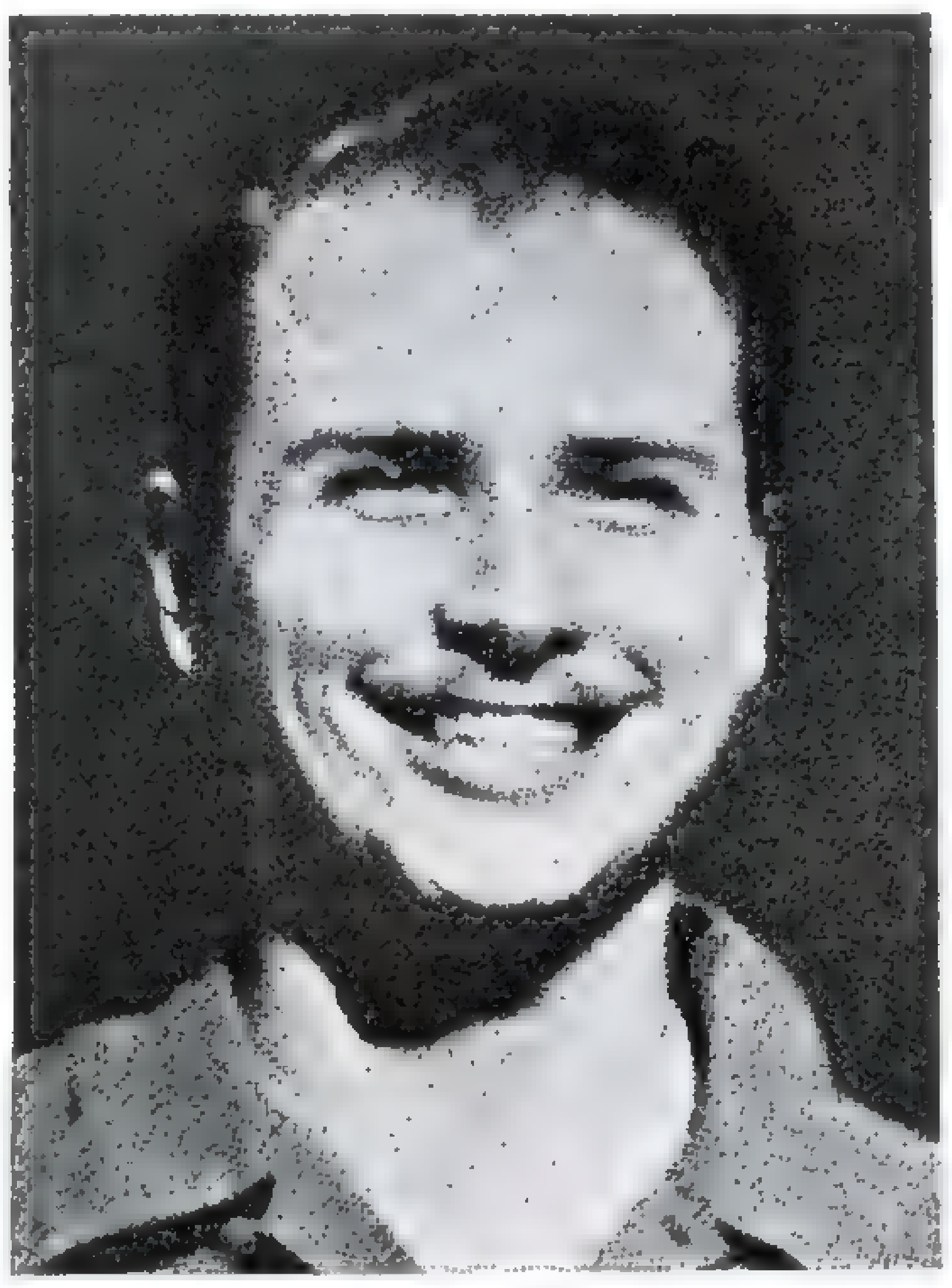
Ben Hecht

Once associated with the famous "Chicago School" of literature, **Ben Hecht** launched his newspaper career with the *Chicago Journal*, then wrote for the *Chicago Daily News* those human-interest sketches later collected as *1001 Afternoons in Chicago*. Concluding a year as Berlin Correspondent for the *Daily News*, he published his first novel, *Erik Dorn*. In '23 he founded the *Chicago Literary Times* and wrote in rapid succession, *The Egotist*, *Humpty Dumpty*, *The Kindom of Evil*, *Count Bruga* and *Broken Necks* and later, *A Jew in Love*. With Charles MacArthur he wrote the smash hit, *The Front Page* and together they produced several movies from a Long Island studio, including *The Scoundrel*. Following a three-year stretch as one of those fabulously-salaried Hollywood writers, he went to New York to toss off some more human-interest stuff for *PM* (later collected as *1001 Afternoons in New York*). After another Hollywood interlude he returned to the marts of literature with *A Book of Miracles*, seven novels in one volume, which Viking published in June.

•

At the time of writing, **Tom Harmon**, Michigan's famed halfback, is taking his primary training as an aviation cadet at Gardner Field, in California. He says: "Don't worry about the War. These boys in this outfit are tougher than Minnesota and as soon as we get a chance we'll take care of the Japs." He was born in Rensselaer, Indiana, attended grade and high school in Gary, where, in 1937, he was classified as the greatest high school athlete of the year. At Michigan he played varsity basketball as well as football (he was high scorer in 1938) and his football honors include his selection as All Conference halfback, All American, and a flock of trophies, ranging from the Walter Camp to the Kate Smith. In 1940 he broke Red Grange's scoring record, which had stood in the Big Ten for sixteen years, making 33 touchdowns to Grange's 31. He majored in radio work at the university, and after he got his B.S. degree in '41, starred in a football movie called *Harmon of Michigan*, then went to work for WJR in Detroit as Sports Director, until his enlistment in the Army Air Corps.

Tom Harmon



Robert J. Kuhn

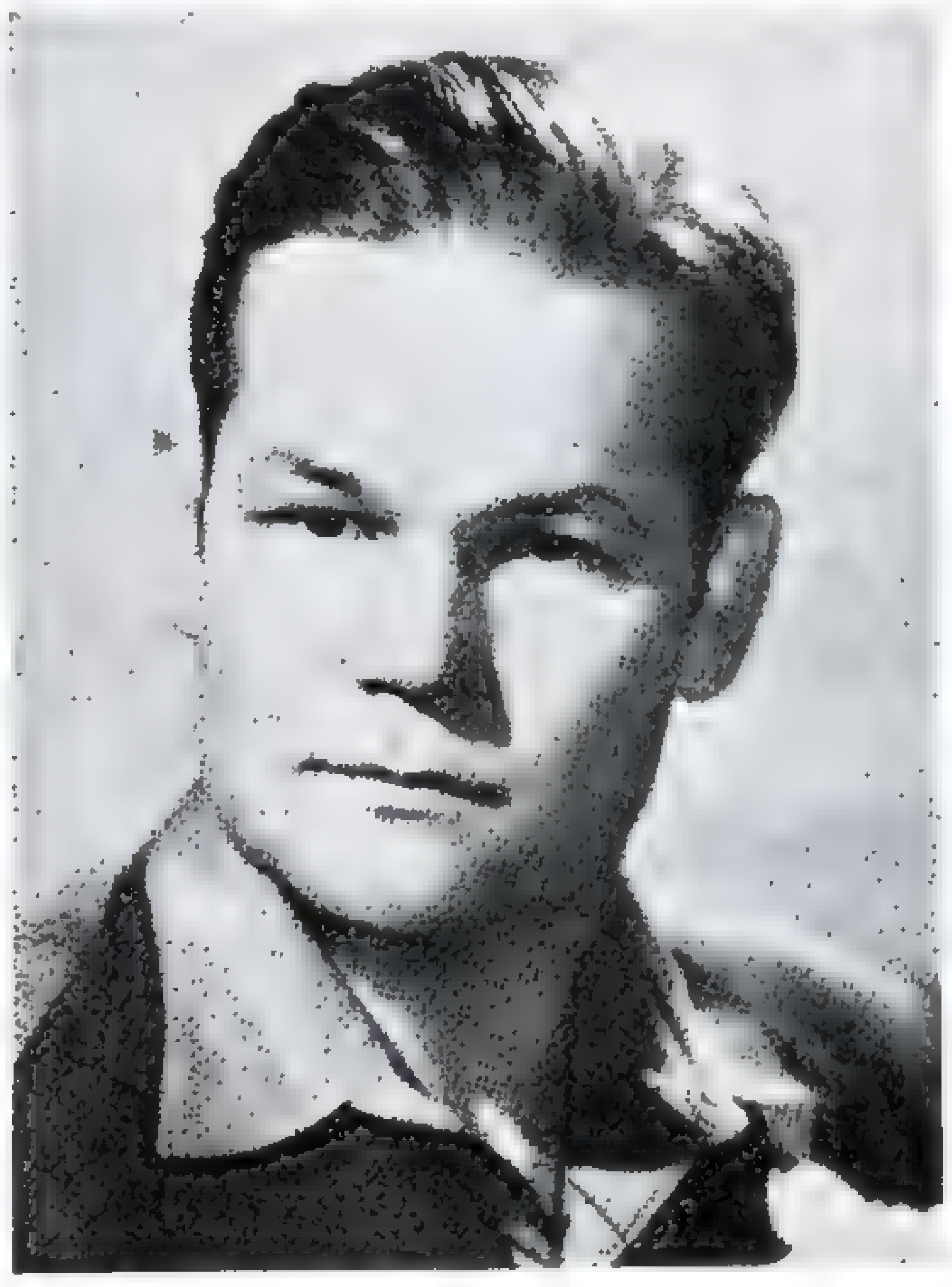
Our Discovery of the Month is **Robert J. Kuhn**, who describes himself as a fugitive from radio advertising. He says: "I recently left a hack staff job at Station WIOD, Miami, to launch a free-lance career in New York." He was previously associated with Ruthrauff & Ryan, Inc.

•

C. E. Packer, who has always been interested in things mechanical, joined the Navy during World War I and served in the Naval Aviation in Panama. On leaving the Service he joined the Ford Motor Company as a mechanic and was sent to Detroit to study. He says: "Years later when serving as Lubrication Engineer with the Vacuum Oil Company I was still studying, but this time at night. I had found by now I was usually lucky enough to be where things were happening and I had the urge to record these happenings. So I tried to catch up on some of the schooling that hadn't impressed me as important in my younger years. That I picked up a couple of college degrees in the process was purely coincidental. For several years I covered the Indianapolis Race for some Eastern publications. Recently I offered my services as an airplane pilot to the Civil Air Patrol in the hope that I may be lucky enough to lend the government a hand either photographically or in some other way in the air."

•

Ted Robinson has been "Ted" to his column fans of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* for more than thirty years, and has signed his novels and books of verse, Edward Meade Robinson. A Hoosier by birth and education, he has worked for newspapers in Indianapolis, Denver and Cleveland and has written for most American magazines at some time or other. He is married, with one son, Ted, Jr., who is one of *Time's* editorial staff, and four grandchildren. For fifteen years he has been a lecturer in Etymology and Phonetics at Cleveland College of Western Reserve University.



Ed Woodhead

Ed Woodhead says: "I hail from Titusville, on the East Coast of Florida and was raised on fish, grits and the finest oranges in the world. For the past three years I have been eating these and similar words in Hollywood, where I was a struggling actor when The Beard put the finger on me. I volunteered for the Field Artillery and was sent to the Second Air Force and stationed at Geiger Field, near Spokane, Washington. Spokane is a city of wonderful people and fine hospitality and I have a girl here who scores 485 on the text contained in my article."

•

As Executive Secretary of the Research Institute of America, **Leo M. Cherne** plows through the mass of government laws and regulations and comes up with pertinent facts for business executives. His books on economic problems, *Adjusting Your Business to War*, *M-Day and What It Means to You* and, most recently, *Your Business Goes to War* are eagerly read by unsettled tycoons. Once a New York "dead end kid" Leo Cherne sang at the Met at twelve, was a stevedore at fifteen, a seaman at seventeen, a boxer at twenty and a lawyer soon after. Before he was twenty, he received the Harvard Club Prize and the Bossom Award for co-operation in government. The businessman's Orson Welles, he lectures at universities on wartime economics, is occasionally heard on the radio, and while he rests, dashes off popular songs, among which *I'll Never Forget* is so far the biggest hit.

Leo M. Cherne

•

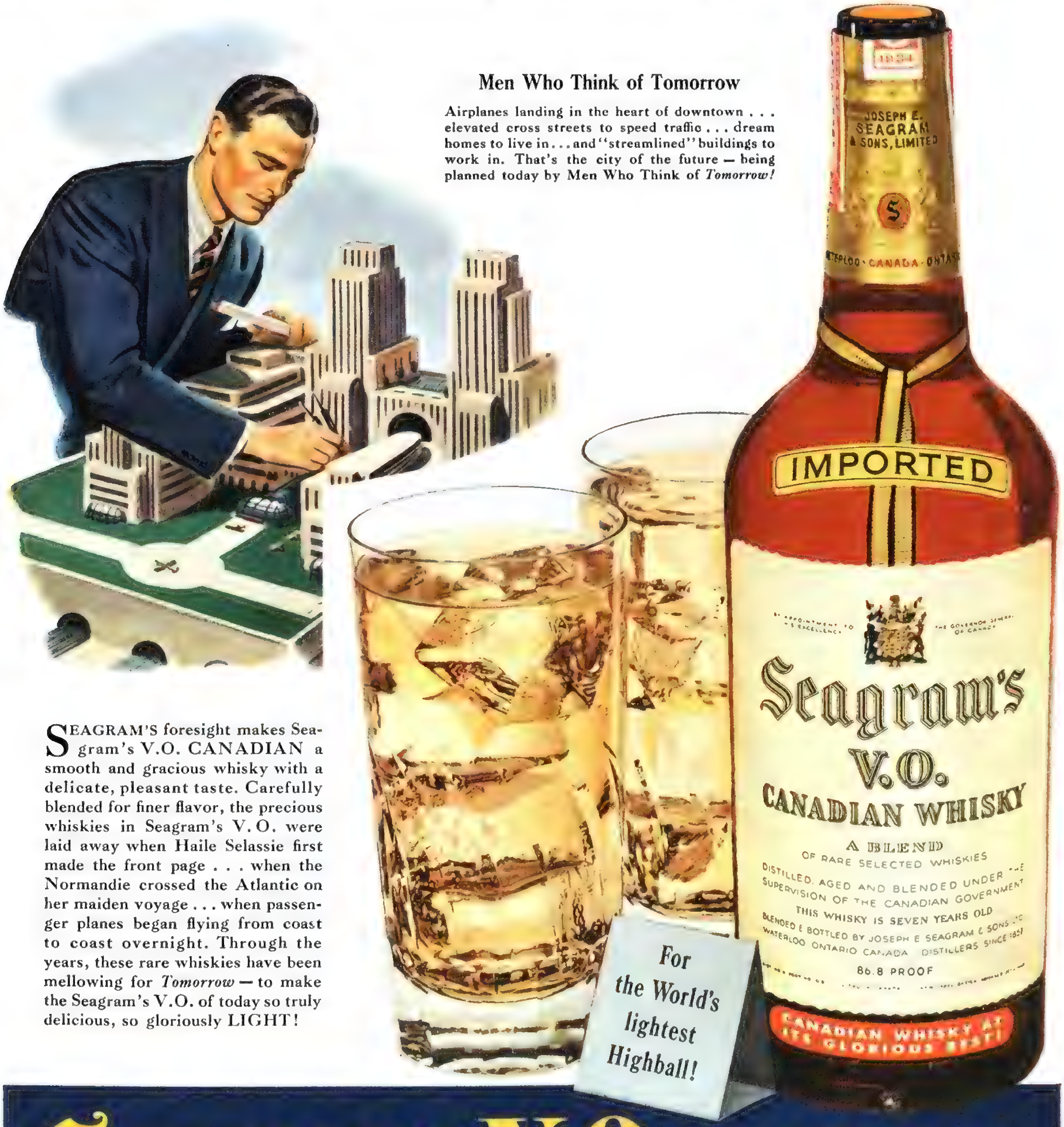
William J. Schaldach spends most of his time painting farm and woodland landscapes around his home in West Hartford, Vermont. During late August and early September, Dartmouth College held a one-man show of his prints, watercolors and drawings.

•

Gus Edson began his newspaper career as a sports cartoonist for the *New York Evening Graphic*, worked a year for the Paul Block chain of newspapers, and another for the *New York Evening Post*. There followed a hitch with King Features, four years with the *New York Daily News* during which he created "Streaky" and since 1935 he has authored The Gumps for the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*.

Gus Edson

Men Who Think of Tomorrow Prefer CANADIAN Whisky at its glorious best!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WATERLOO · CANADA · ONTARIO
IMPORTED
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V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SEVEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LTD WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!
For the World's lightest Highball!

Men Who Think of Tomorrow

Airplanes landing in the heart of downtown . . . elevated cross streets to speed traffic . . . dream homes to live in . . . and "streamlined" buildings to work in. That's the city of the future — being planned today by Men Who Think of *Tomorrow!*

SEAGRAM'S foresight makes Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN a smooth and gracious whisky with a delicate, pleasant taste. Carefully blended for finer flavor, the precious whiskies in Seagram's V.O. were laid away when Haile Selassie first made the front page . . . when the Normandie crossed the Atlantic on her maiden voyage . . . when passenger planes began flying from coast to coast overnight. Through the years, these rare whiskies have been mellowing for *Tomorrow* — to make the Seagram's V.O. of today so truly delicious, so gloriously LIGHT!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Seven Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

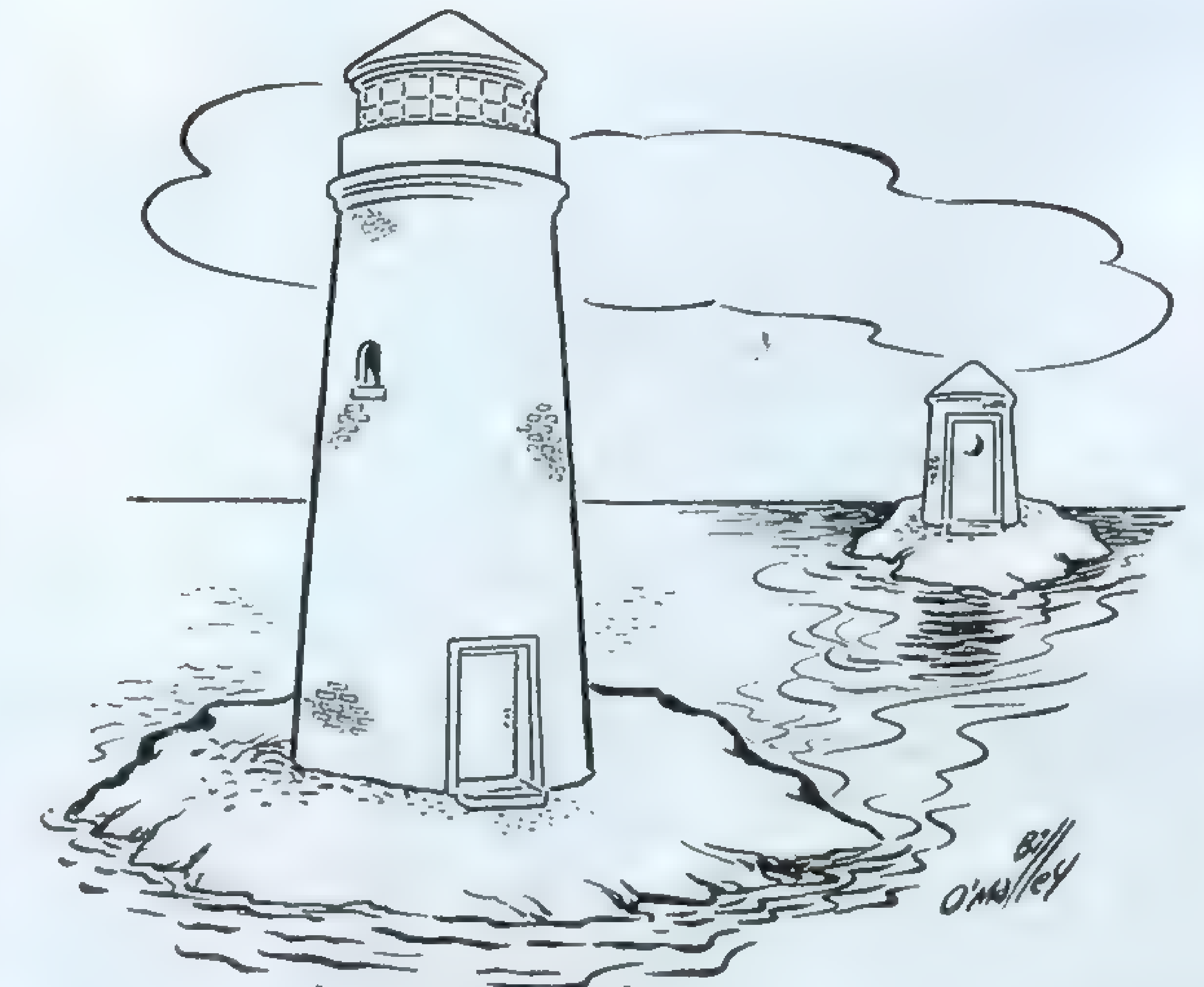
Painting the Town with Esquire

HANDSOME to eye and tongue is the toplofty *Claret Punch—Café Rouge* which Statler refreshment architects have schemed up for the delectation and amazement of diners and dancers in the Cafés Rouge of five of the Statler "fleet" of hospitable hostelries: New York's Hotel Pennsylvania (ye flagship with James H. McCabe on the bridge), and the Hotels Statler in Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis. Construction involves 1½ oz. lemon juice sweetened with 1 heaping barspoon of sugar, stirred into a tall glass of cracked ice, adding plain or charged water, and then an impressive carnival float of 2½ oz. de luxe American Claret, a dash of Curaçoa, and garnishment with orange slice and a frond of mint. As you sip it, name bands and tasty food seem so much velvet.

SHERRY Old Fashioneds, made with 3 oz. of exemplary American Sherry, intersperse the silver bucket parade of sparkling vineyard wares at the Versailles (151 East 50th) where gaiety and stellar entertainment are merged with gourmet rites, both late and early . . . That past master at picking fine wines, Otto Baumgarten, host and presiding perfectionist of the Crillon, 116 East 48th (corner Lexington), proudly leads off his *carte des vins* with arrays of American vintages, so that no Crillon dish will lack proper red or white convoy . . . Many's the Sherry & Bitters that gets hatched at the Hotel Astor Bar, foregathery of Allied nationals pleased to find that a New World can produce their old favorite so ably . . . Enrico & Paglieri (66 West 11th), where spread-eagled chickens rally round the broiler, is a fountainhead of *Americanos:* 3 oz. California sweet Vermouth, ice, 2 dashes Campari Bitters, 1 slice orange, sparkling water (good brand), lemon peel twisted over and rubbed around brim.

DETECTING THIRST, substantially contrived David Cowles of the Penguin Club (244 East 51st) has but to wave his hand and bartender Mario comes up with a Golden Gate. Cargoed with plenty of ice, this calls for a collins glass ¾ filled with American white wine, peach slices, lemon peel, fresh mint, 1 drop Curaçoa, and 1 splash American Champagne; stirred till frosted. Guaranteed to dovetail with either luncheon or dinner. Indeed, you get so that you learn to wave to Mario yourself.

For further information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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Things you can count on . . . The goodness of the earth. The coming of Spring. What else? In America, thanks to the Almighty, *lots* else. Even with total war, even with dozens of daily sacrifices, and extra sweat put into our work —still, *lots* else.

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Sure. The answer is we had (and have) enough of this fine briar to last for years. Reason: It takes years to make a Kaywoodie—to season it, to cut and re-cut it. Consequently, many years' supply of briar has always been on hand in our storage rooms. . . . Yes, there is one thing you can always count on—Kaywoodie.

1942, Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue

Kaywoodie shown is a Billiard Shape, Flame Grain Briar with Inner Bowl of Meerschaum, $12.50. [actual size]

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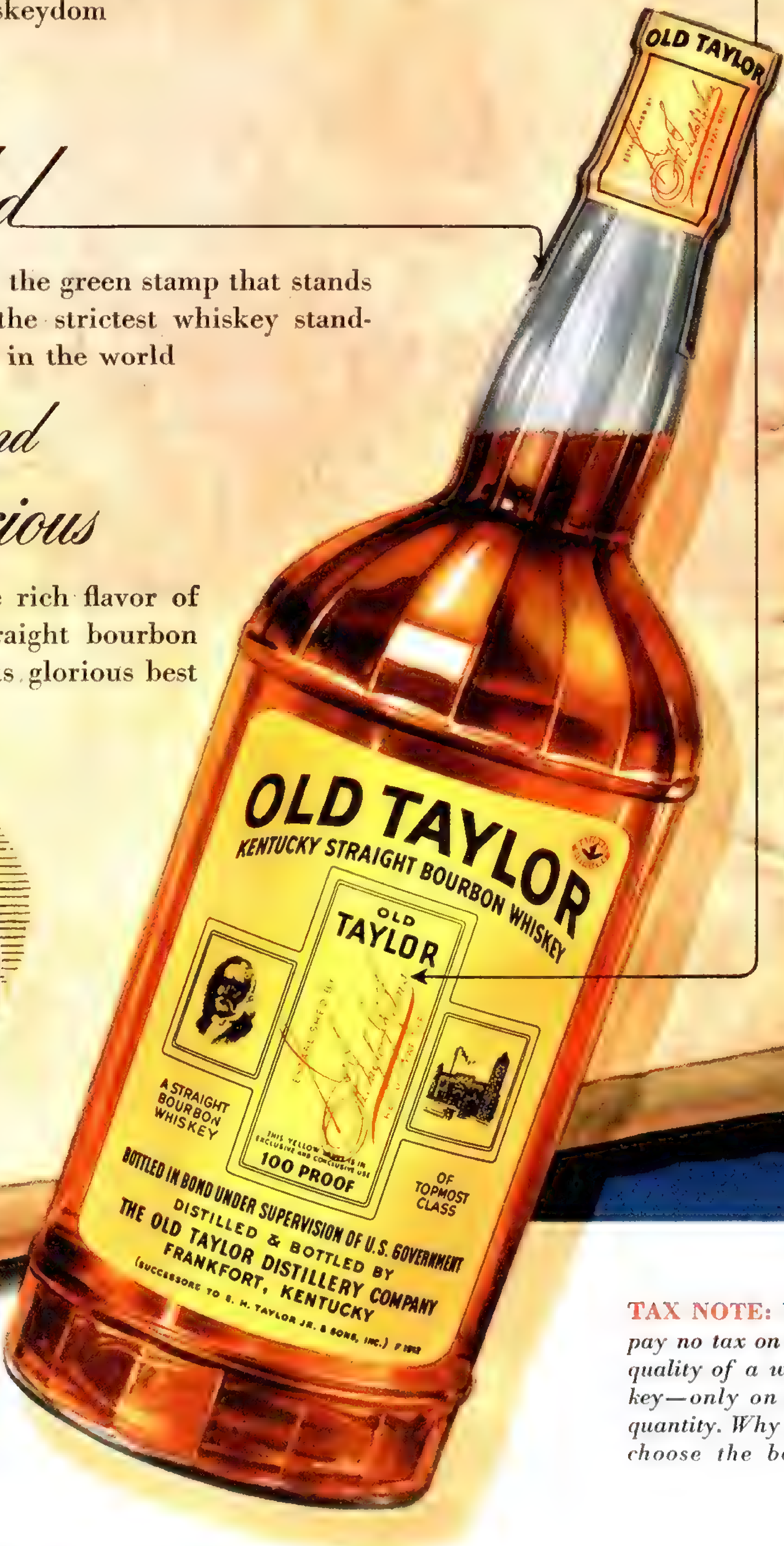
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The Score for 1943

How the draft, taxes and rationing may affect your life for the duration, and predictions on postwar economic changes

by LEO M. CHERNE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *By this time the war has come knocking at the door of every single American family. We've been in it now for the better part of a year and you have had some taste of what it means to live in a war economy. But what we have experienced so far is only a faint shadow of things to come.*

Feeling that this is a particularly appropriate time to give the Esquire reader a picture of what his life and the life of his family will be like in the months and years immediately ahead, we have asked the nationally-known expert on war economics, Mr. Leo M. Cherne, Executive Secretary of the Research Institute of America, to give you the score for 1943.

Where are you going to stand in the draft with a 10,000,000-man Army in the cards? How many dollars will you have to count out for taxes? Are you in for inflation? What is going to happen to your standard of living? What kind of world can you look forward to after the war? These are some of the questions Mr. Cherne answers for you forthwith.

What's in It for Me?

1. **How will the manpower problem affect me?**
2. **What will my 1942 tax bill be?**
3. **Will my living expenses be higher during the coming year?**
4. **Is my income apt to increase in 1943?**
5. **Will there soon be some form of compulsory savings?**
6. **Are we in for inflation?**
7. **What goods will be rationed?**
8. **What goods will no longer be available at all?**
9. **How should I budget for 1943? How much of my income should I devote to the purchase of War Bonds?**
10. **What kind of a world can I look forward to after the War?**

I'M GOING to call you Mr. Esquire Jones. I would go on to say "typical American"—except that you rank considerably above the country's average when it comes to income, the kind of house you live in, the kind of clothes you wear, the kind of food you eat, in short, the kind of standard of living you enjoy. But whatever your standard of living, Mr. Esquire Jones, and whether you are an employer or an employee, a professional or a storekeeper, a factory or real estate operator or whether you run a machine in a munitions plant, you are going to be taking it on the chin in the months and years ahead. There just aren't any two ways about that.

As long as you know the sacrifices you must make are contributing to ultimate victory in this fight, you have no complaints; but you certainly want to know from what direction the punches are being thrown, why they are being thrown, and if there is any way you can roll with them to avoid unnecessary pain for yourself and for your family.

Some people seem to think it's the government that's squaring off at them; but the government itself is only following the inescapable commands of the war. There are certain compulsives of a wartime economy which simply cannot be avoided. It is plain common sense to understand that if we need steel for guns and airplanes in tremendous numbers, there won't be steel left for making automobiles—and if that means putting automobile dealers out of business it's too bad, but it can't be helped. Modern war is no more a picnic on the home front than it is on the battlefield.

We haven't gone many rounds in this fight, and a great many of you Esquire Joneses haven't even had a workout yet. You're still living substantially as you did before Pearl Harbor. But there is one finger that has already tapped many of you on the shoulders and is going to tap a great many more of you soon. That finger is on the hand of the Selective Service System. With Army calls now being made at approximately 500,000 a month—building up to a grand total of about 6,000,000 in the winter of 1943, and anywhere from 8,000,000 to 11,000,000 twelve months later—it is apparent that one out of every two of you will stop being Esquire Jones and will become Private Jones within the next year. With the barest of exceptions every able-bodied man within the military ages will, before this war is over, find himself playing a primary role—in the uniform of the armed services.

What are the military ages? From eighteen to forty-five, before the job is done. Eight to ten million is a lot of men, and the odds are all in favor of your being a cipher in that sum before the war is over—even though you're over forty, married, and feel pretty sure today they won't quite get around to you.

Yes, we know that Congress said married men living with their wives, whether the wives are working or not, are put in a deferred group. But don't forget that the new set-up merely indicates *order of call.* It does *not* hand out actual deferments. Before the end of 1942, Selective Service will find it hard to translate the Army's demand for men into quotas that can be filled by the local boards without stepping over the new lines dictated by Congress. But while those lines hold, here is a summary of what they mean:

The man who isn't married has less than one chance in ten of remaining out of uniform. Unmarried men without dependents—including those from thirty-six to forty-four—will probably go to the Army within the next few months.

Unmarried men with dependents stand next in line. Those who contribute less, or even a little more, than dependency allowances will be taken ahead of those who are contributing more substantially.

Under this law, if you are taken into the Army your dependents will receive monthly allowances, granted to two classes. Your wife, ex-wife, and children fall into Class A. Your parents, grandchildren, brothers or sisters are in Class B. Here's what these two classes mean in terms of monthly payments. Run your finger down the list and see which of the payments apply to you and your family.

Class A Dependency Payments: Wife and no child—28 dollars. Wife and one child—40 dollars (10 dollars more for each additional child). If you have no wife but one child—20 dollars; 30 dollars for two children, and an additional 10 dollars for each additional child. Uncle Sam pays your divorcée 20 dollars.

Class B Dependency Payments: For one dependent parent 15 dollars, and an additional 5 dollars for each dependent grandchild, brother, or sister. If you have two dependent parents, they will get 25 dollars; and there will be an additional 5 dollars for each dependent grandchild, brother, or sister. If you have no dependent parents, but have been supporting grandchildren, brothers, or sisters, they will get 5 dollars each.

In no case, will the government contribute more than a total of 50 dollars.

In addition, your army pay will be cut by 22 dollars a month—which will be added to the government's contribution and sent on to your dependents. You will be charged with another 5 dollars if your dependents include both classes. It's wise to plan your family finances now with these payments in mind.

Have you bad eyes, classified in 1-B? Well, by the time you have squinted at these lines about 25,000 men like you will already have been accepted by the Army. Don't be surprised if you're next. The tremendous need for manpower means that the Army's physical requirements for 1-A classification will be forced down even further than they are now,

Continued on page 151

The Joy of Waiting

The man at the bar suggested the nice looking French lady must be lost, she didn't fit a rough place like *The Hull*

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

She paid no attention to the eyes of the men who loitered about the New York water front. At last she came to the place she was seeking. Here she looked up at the sign over the saloon. Under the number thirty-three she read: *The Hull*. She walked in boldly.

"Pardon, Monsieur," she said with a French accent. "I may wait here?"

Rust, the owner of *The Hull*, smiled. He had been called many things in his long water front days but never before had he been a "monsieur."

"Sure, lady. You can wait. There's tables over there."

The place was quite uninviting and she hesitated. Then she walked to one of the tables in the rear, drew out a chair and sat down.

"What did she want?" asked one of the men at the bar.

"She wants to wait," replied Rust.

"What for?"

"How would I know? It's none of my business."

The man at the bar turned to have a good look. His eyes started at the floor and after examining her shoes and ankles, he surveyed her smart dress, coat, gloves, handbag, and finally her face and hat.

He could see that she was no longer young and that the softening veil of time was already over her skin. Fine thread-like lines crossed and interlaced and in this tight net was captured a face filled with understanding. The eyes looked out kindly, as though sorrow and tears had softened their glance.

"If you ask me," he said, "she's made a mistake. She's waiting in the wrong place. You better tell her."

"None of my goddam business, John," said Rust. "If she wants to wait in the wrong place whose business is it anyway?"

"Pardon, Monsieur," spoke the woman from her table. "There is no other café called *The Hull* in the neighborhood?"

"This is the only place."

"And Monsieur, it is all right for ladies to sit here?"

"Yes ma'am. Some nights there's more women here than men. In a few minutes some of the candy factory girls will be here."

And then Rust took a brass coin from the drawer and put it into the slot-machine. Immediately the colored lights lit up, the wheels started churning and slowly the needle came down to touch the edge of the disk.

Rust smiled at the lady. "Music," he said, with an air which proved that *The Hull* was a place for ladies as well as men.

"You could bring me a glass of sherry," she said.

Rust picked up several glasses until he found one without a chip on the edge. Then he wiped it carefully with his towel before he filled it.

That is how, on this first day, Madame Henri sipped her glass of sherry in the back of *The Hull*. She waited from four-thirty in the afternoon until six o'clock, when she rose and departed.

But the next day at the same time she was back. Once more she took her place in the rear of the room. Once more Rust placed a brass coin in the slot of the music-machine to make the air more friendly and once more she sipped a glass of California sherry.

At five o'clock that afternoon, or very soon after, May Collins entered the door of *The Hull* with a cheerful: "Hello, boys! What's new?"

"Hello, May," replied Rust.

She went to the bar and put her foot on the rail, then she opened her handbag and taking out a mirror and powder puff, began fixing her face.

"Straight," she said without looking up.

In the corner of her mirror she caught a glimpse of Madame Henri at the rear of the room. "I see she's back again," May said quietly. She had seen her the day before.

"Yep."

"I used to be that way. Remember how I waited two months for that louse Rudolph to come around South America? And all the time he had a wife and children in Brazil. Here I was coming to this joint every night expecting him to blow in; and in Brazil his wife and kids were waiting too. Everybody was waiting for Rudolph. If you ever catch me waiting two months again, Rust, do me a favor and put poison in my drink. I was not made to suffer."

John walked over and stood beside her. He placed a coin on the counter and said: "I'm paying, May."

"What's the big idea?"

"Just so. I want to pay. Won't see you maybe for some time."

"No?" she asked.

"No. Signed on today."

"I thought you said only yesterday . . ."

"Well, they're giving double pay and a bonus."

"Good luck," she said, lifting the glass to her lips.

"Good luck for you too, May," he replied, and added: "Come over here, I want to ask you something."

He led the way to one of the tables in the rear beside the well-dressed lady who was sipping her glass of sherry.

"Where are you going this time?" May asked.

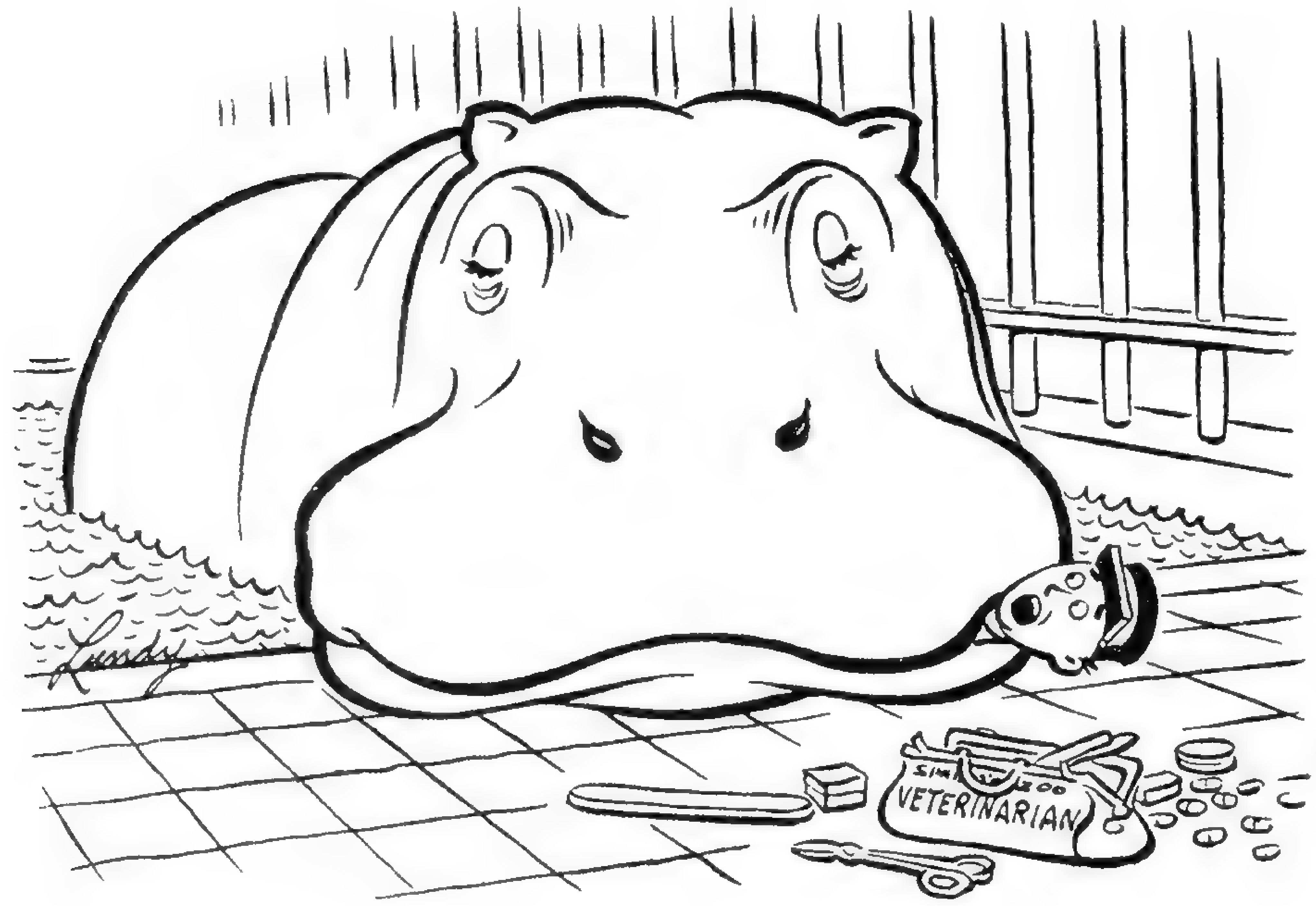
"They don't tell you these days. But it looks like England to me."

"Good luck, John, wherever it is."

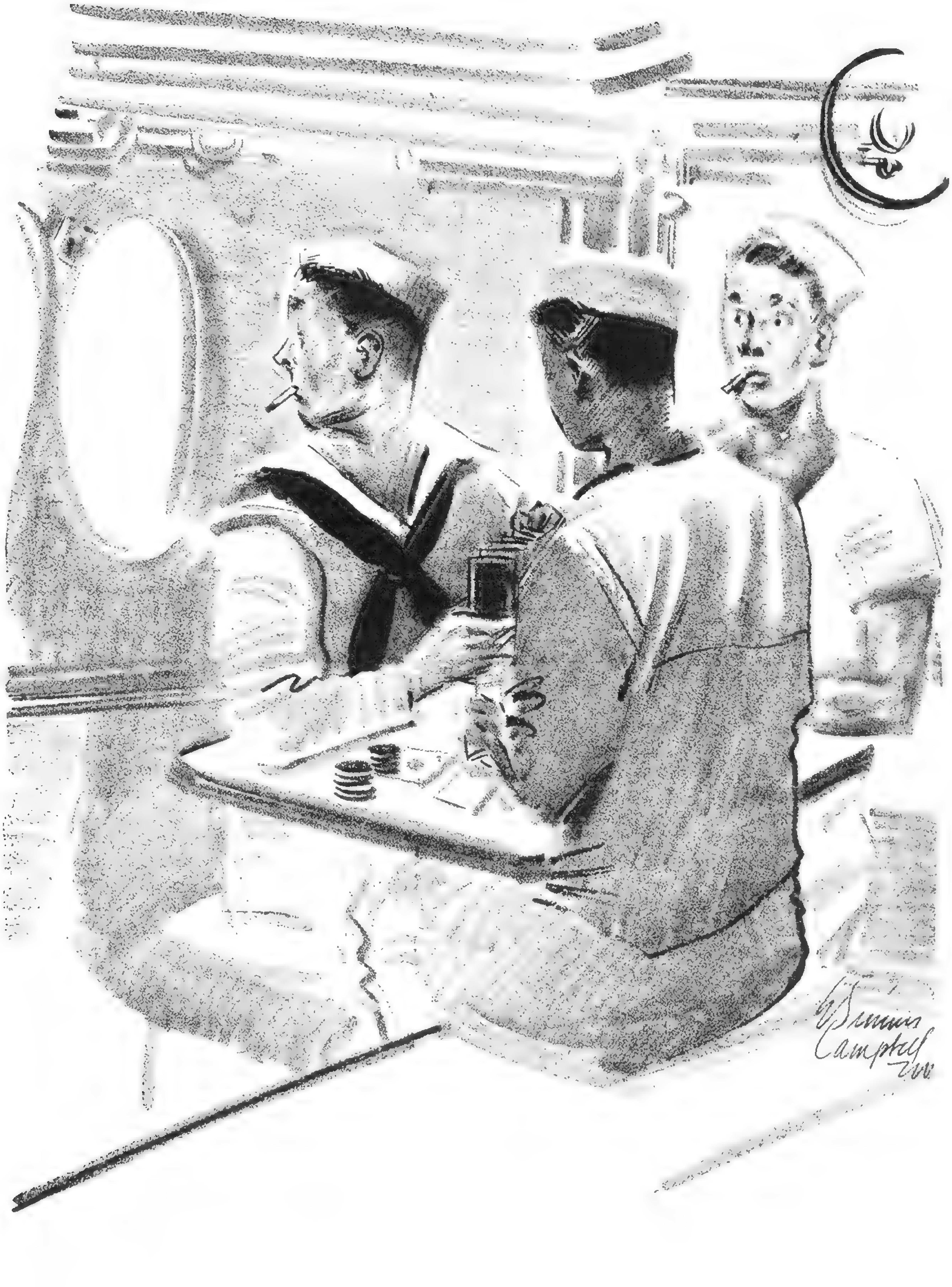
"One needs luck these days. That's what I want to ask you about. Supposing I don't come back."

"Don't talk like that, John. I know

Continued on page 108



"Say 'ah' again, Gertrude"


E. Simms Campbell

"Maybe we'd better call it a game—here comes a torpedo"

Should I Marry the Girl?

Don't let yourself be snared by a few curls or a well turned ankle but grade each candidate by this scientific quiz

by ED. S. WOODHEAD

• ARTICLE •

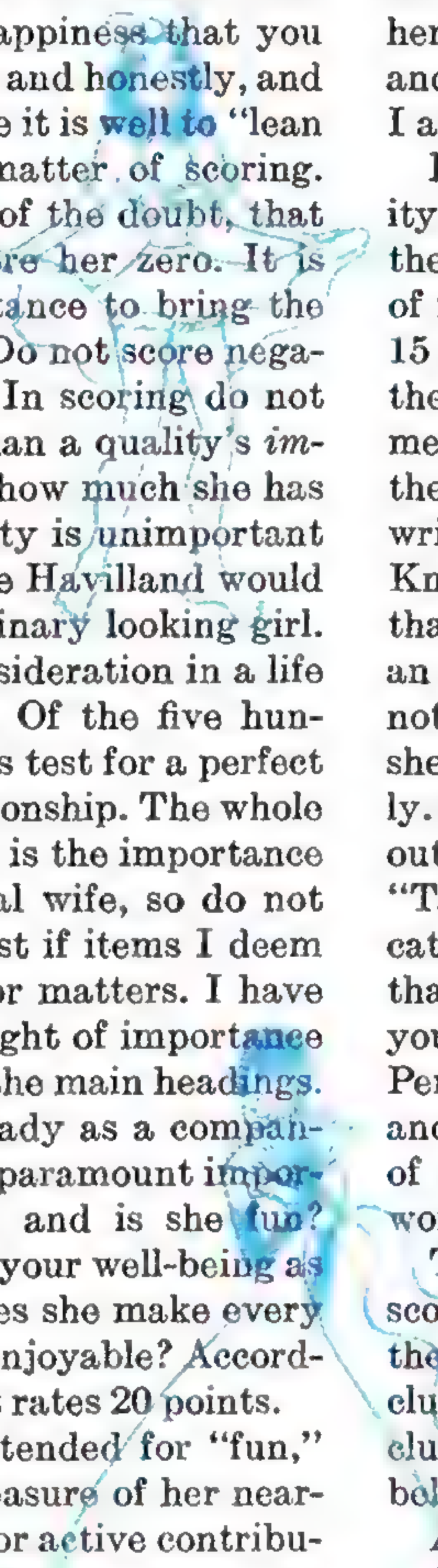
ARE you in love? Are you perhaps considering the qualifications of two or three prospective sharers of your name, domicile, and wealth? Gentlemen, if this be the case you have sought out the right seer. There need no longer be any guesswork about marriage. The Great Lottery is now reduced to scientific accuracy.

It is necessary to let your head rule your heart only long enough to answer a few questions. I shall list the questions I have used with great success, complete with directions for altering them to suit your own tastes and requirements, and a few suggestions as to how to draw your conclusions from the answers.

The quiz or grading sheet should be filled out by you alone, when the girl is not around, or you may be influenced. Of course it is essential to your future happiness that you answer each question fairly and honestly, and if you are very much in love it is well to "lean over backwards" in the matter of scoring. *Don't* give her the benefit of the doubt, that is. If you don't know, score her zero. It is better for further acquaintance to bring the score up than to lower it. Do not score negatively. Deductions follow. In scoring do not give her credit for more than a quality's *importance to you,* no matter how much she has of it. For instance, if beauty is unimportant in your ideal wife, Olivia de Havilland would score no more than an ordinary looking girl.

The most important consideration in a life partner is companionship. Of the five hundred points required by this test for a perfect score I allot 105 to companionship. The whole basis for points in this quiz is the importance of the quality in *your* ideal wife, so do not hesitate to reweight the test if items I deem important are to you minor matters. I have chosen 20 points as the height of importance for individual items under the main headings.

Considering the young lady as a companion, then, two items are of paramount importance. Is she considerate, and is she fun? Does she give a thought to your well-being as well as to her own, and does she make every moment you are together enjoyable? Accordingly each of these qualities rates 20 points.



Now, in scoring your intended for "fun," don't mistake the mere pleasure of her nearness because you love her for active contribution to the enjoyment of the occasion. Use your head on this one, not your heart. By the same token, don't give her 20 for "consideration" just because she's considerate of *you.* She might be in love, too, you know. Watch to see how considerate she is in general. I went with a girl once who was nice as pie to me, but she was mean to her little brother. I dropped her like a hot rock.

Next, still under companionship, is generosity. This is important, but not quite as much so as the first two; moreover, it is partially overlapped by "considerate." Therefore, it rates only 10 points in my book.

Loyalty likewise rates 10. This is terribly important, and it is possible that you might want to weight it more heavily.

Agreeableness, forgiveness, and tolerance are next, drawing down 8 points each. Justice rates slightly under these, with 7 points. It is rated so low because loyalty is more important.

Willingness to compromise and cheerfulness rate 5 points each; initiative, 4. Initiative, of course, requires that she not always just sit and let you make the suggestions, but it is less important than "compromise."

If she has all these qualities to a superlative degree she is a wonderful companion and a girl in a thousand, but wait! We are trying to find the girl in a million. Let's take a look at her intelligence. Some men like them dumb, and they will weight this section more lightly. I allot it 90 points.

First on the intelligence list is tact, a quality which might be considered as belonging to the Companionship group. I class it as a show of mental quality, however, and weight it at 15 points. Talent is worth 10 to me, though there is a lot of room for opinion here. Most men will probably not give a darn whether the little woman can draw a straight line or write a bit of doggerel. Give it what you will. Knowledge of books, too, is worth 10. To me, that is; others will differ. Critical ability from an artistic standpoint is worth 10. She must not necessarily like the same things I do, but she must be able to support her views stanchly. Many men will prefer to leave this element out, since it is also covered by the next two, "Taste" and "Logic," each valued at 8. Education is worth 7, and here I would point out that too much education (in comparison with your own) is as great a drawback as too little. Perception is of the same rank as education and means freedom from the feminine failing of having to have everything explained in words of one syllable or less.

The next trio, Music, Art, and Games, scored at 5 each, will be included according to the scorer's personal preference. These include both taste and aptitude. Games are included here rather than under amusements, below, for use as a criterion of intelligence.

After intelligence comes disposition, rated as low as 80 only because it is partly included in the two foregoing groups. This overlapping is inescapable because a girl who has certain qualities is sure to have certain others.

Kindliness rates 20 from where I sit. Affection is worth 15. Domesticity is worth 10. This includes knack of home-making plus contentment with home life. If you think that is too little, boost it. If you think it is too much, see "Juking" on chart. Equability is worth at least 8. Sympathy and friendliness equal it. Keep on remembering to judge her relations with others as well as with you.

Humility is worth 7. After all, she must at least affect to look up to you. And if she is demonstrative it is worth 4. This is more elementally covered under "Juking" also, if you think I have underrated it here.

Breeding may be covered by the other heads. If it is unimportant to you, leave it out. If it is worth anything at all it is apt to be important, so it is rated as 50. Of this family counts 10, charm and manner 20, experience (where has she been, what has she seen and done?) should be about equal to your own and counts 15. Religion is where you have to write your own ticket. If you are a Catholic, Jew, Mormon, or other restricted group, religion will rate higher than the 5 I gave it.

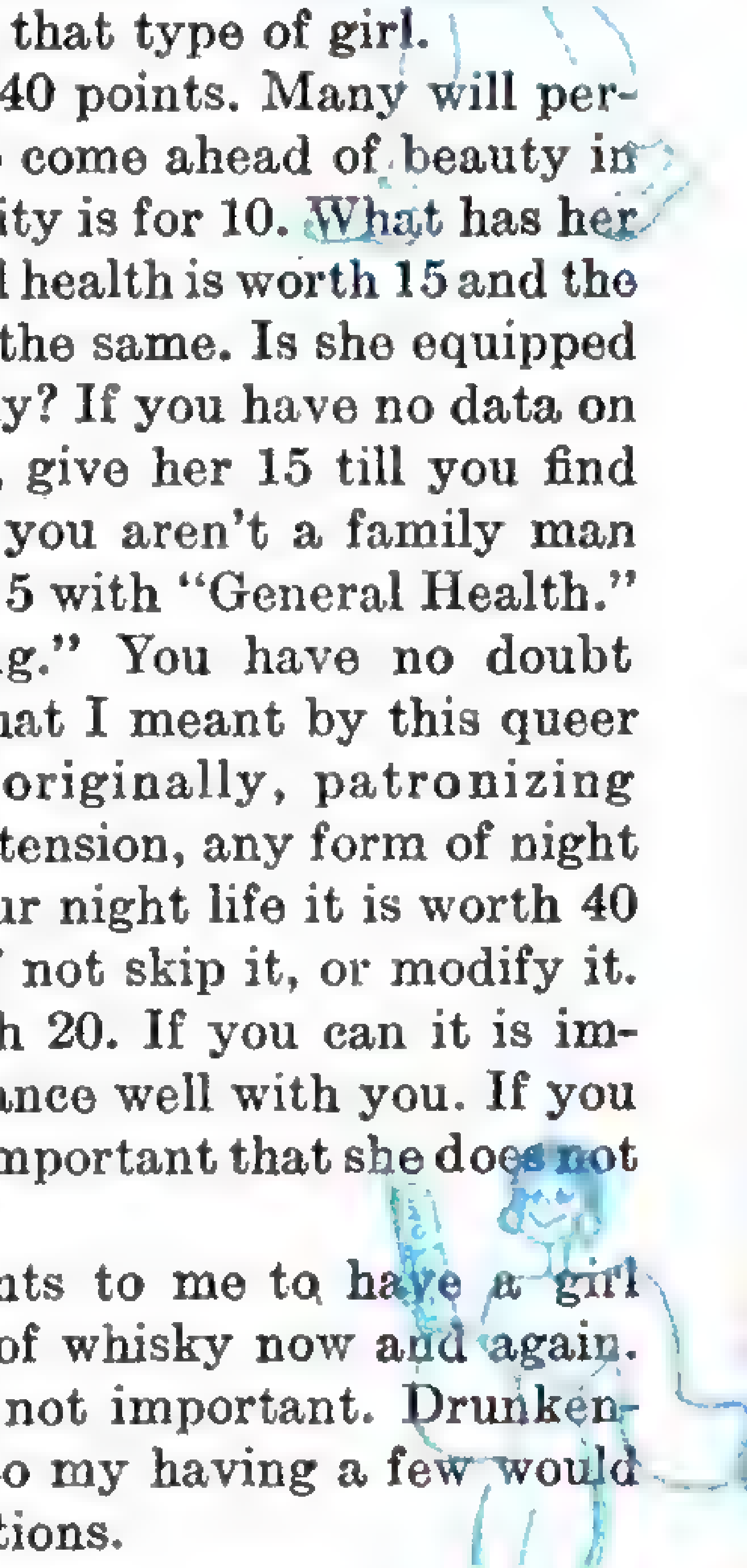
Beauty you may prefer to discount. If not it is probably worth about 45. Under this head taste is most important, 10. (Note that taste in dress is two points more important than taste in surroundings, yet they probably would go together.) Figure is worth 8, face, legs, and height no more than 5 each. Make-up is given 6 points. It should be properly applied according to your personal taste. Hair is worth 3, if it is exceptional hair. Ordinary good-looking hair is worth 2, slightly mousy hair only one. If she's bald, score zero for hair. Then if she's the sort of striking-looking girl that makes people look again when she comes into the room that fact is worth an extra 3 points—if you like that type of girl.

Health is worth 40 points. Many will perhaps reweight it to come ahead of beauty in importance. Heredity is for 10. What has her family got? General health is worth 15 and the maternal aptitude the same. Is she equipped to bear you a family? If you have no data on this delicate point, give her 15 till you find out differently. If you aren't a family man just throw in this 15 with "General Health."

Now for "Juking." You have no doubt been wondering what I meant by this queer word. It means, originally, patronizing "jukes" and, by extension, any form of night life. If you like your night life it is worth 40 points in a wife. If not skip it, or modify it.

Dancing is worth 20. If you can it is important that she dance well with you. If you can't it is equally important that she does not like it too well.

It's worth 3 points to me to have a girl who likes a drink of whisky now and again. If she doesn't it's not important. Drunkenness or objecting to my having a few would come under deductions.



Under "Juking," too, comes demonstrativeness, or amorousness. I place it here instead of elsewhere because it is a playful mood and also because a man's wife must be his mistress. This is worth 10.

Her night-club manners, as far as they differ from everyday manners, are worth 6.

Such things as applying make-up at the table would count off here. And if she likes a risqué story or quip rates 1, but probably no more.

Conversation will have been covered mainly by companionship and intelligence, and perhaps under other headings, but there are still points worth about 30 that may be considered. Subtlety I would rate at the top. When you make a remark intended for her comprehension alone does she "get it"? Is she able to make a remark in a room full of people that you alone catch? If she can it's worth 10. Reticence is almost as important. If she can keep something to herself it is worth at least 8. Does she always have to be talking? A talent for silence is worth not less than 7. And if she's witty we'll give her 5 for it.

Are her amusement tastes the same as yours? It is important 20 points worth if they are. The subheads will be a matter of individual preference. I shall list mine to give you an idea. Quiet amusements I score at 7. Bridge is worth 7 to a fiend like me—more to a Culbertson. Active sports I would rate no higher than 3, but many men go for the athletic girl. Cards other than bridge would be worth 2 to anybody. I would like a wife who could play chess. It would be worth a point.

Now, hold on. Just a minute there. Even if she has scored 500 so far (perfect) we're only half through grading her. There are a number of things she may do which would disqualify her from being the perfect wife.

If she is selfish or nagging, deduct 50 points each at once. These are intolerable faults. If she is an "ailing" hypochondriac type, deduct 50. Some women have a penchant for unnecessary advice which is almost as bad as nagging, though it is meant in the kindest possible way. I am allergic to excessive advice and would discount 40 for such a trait. She may be "bossy," or overbearing. This would count at least 35 against her.

A certain amount of laziness is excusable, but if she is so lazy that you have had occasion to remark about it to her, chalk off 30.

Excessive vanity will deprive her of 25 points. Untidiness discounts 15. Personally I would count off 15 for an amazon, too, but Babe Didrickson got married. Use your own judgment. You might want to deduct for being the clinging vine type. Say 10 points.

If she is jealous or catty count off 10 each. These are irritants in a woman you're going to have to live with.

A woman who is too darned neat is always putting a man's things away where he can't find them. Count off 10.

If you object to gum chewing or smoking they are irritating enough to count off 5 each. Any little things about her that get on your nerves may be proportionately discounted.

By this time you have a pretty good line on this prospective bride.

Four hundred points is a passing score. Most girls will score between 300 and 350. Don't give them a second thought except as friends. Anywhere from 350 to 400, try going with her a while and see if closer acquaintance won't improve her score. Above 400 is definite marriage timber, and if she scores from 475 to 495 don't read any farther. Lay down this magazine, pick up the telephone, and tell her to cancel the rest of her engagements for today because she's marrying you.

If she's made over 495 forget her, she's either already married, Myrna Loy, or an angel. You couldn't be that lucky. You can shoot yourself if you wish. ##

Scoring Table for a Prospective Bride

Group Value	Characteristic	Value	Her Score
105—COMPANION			
	Considerate	20	....
	Fun	20	....
	Generous	10	....
	Loyal	10	....
	Agreeable	8	....
	Forgiving	8	....
	Tolerant	8	....
	Just	7	....
	Compromise	5	....
	Cheerful	5	....
	Initiative	4	....
	TOTAL	105	....
90—INTELLIGENCE			
	Tact	15	....
	Talent	10	....
	Books	10	....
	Criticism	10	....
	Taste	8	....
	Logic	8	....
	Education	7	....
	Perception	7	....
	Music	5	....
	Art	5	....
	Games	5	....
	TOTAL	90	....
80—DISPOSITION			
	Kindliness	20	....
	Affection	15	....
	Domesticity	10	....
	Equability	8	....
	Sympathy	8	....
	Friendliness	8	....
	Humility	7	....
	Demonstrativeness	4	....
	TOTAL	80	....
50—BREEDING			
	Charm—manners	20	....
	Experience	15	....
	Family	10	....
	Religion	5	....
	TOTAL	50	....
45—BEAUTY			
	Taste	10	....
	Figure	8	....
	Make-up	6	....
	Legs	5	....
	Face	5	....
	Height	5	....
	Hair	3	....
	Striking-looking	3	....
	TOTAL	45	....

Group Value	Characteristic	Value	Her Score
40—HEALTH			
	Maternal aptitude	15	....
	General	15	....
	Heredity	10	....
	TOTAL	40	....
40—JUKING			
	Dancing	20	....
	Sex	10	....
	Manners	6	....
	Drink	3	....
	Risqué	1	....
	TOTAL	40	....
30—CONVERSATION			
	Subtlety	10	....
	Reticence	8	....
	Silence	7	....
	Wit	5	....
	TOTAL	30	....
20—AMUSEMENTS			
	Quiet	7	....
	Bridge	7	....
	Active	3	....
	Cards	2	....
	Chess	1	....
	TOTAL	20	....

DEDUCTIONS

Nagging	50
Ailing	50
Selfish	50
Adviser	40
Bossy	35
Lazy	30
Vain	25
Untidy	15
Too neat	10
Jealous	10
Catty	10
Smoke	5
Gum	5

And your own pet aversions proportionately.

PERFECT:	500 net
ONE IN A MILLION:	475-495 net
PASSING:	400 net
POSSIBILITY OF IMPROVING	350-400 net
FORGET:	under 350 net

NOTE: In omitting any item either reapportion the rest to maintain the balance and keep 500 as perfect, or alter the passing mark to conform.

A Champion in Chains

In Palestine and the Middle East some 200,000 Jews of military age eagerly ask to fight with the United Nations

by BEN HECHT

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*As this was written, the battle for Egypt hung in the balance. But however the battle may have gone in the interim, the basic point of this piece would seem to us still unassailable. That battle cannot have gone either too well, or too badly, to obviate the need of releasing this "Champion in Chains."*

MOST of the Jews I know are, like myself, a little startled to find themselves Jews. It seems we went to bed one night as integrated Americans full of American ways and dreams, Colonial furniture in our homes and no sense of racial demarcation in our souls. And we woke up one morning to find ourselves Jews.

This was a bit of a biologic miracle since no change had taken place in us. The change was an external one. A strange light had fallen on our pillows. The red glare of a new era of Jew persecution greeted us and restored us to our more or less forgotten identity. Hitler, that busy man, had for reasons too mystic to determine, reinvented the Jew.

Not all of us woke up to this disturbingly restored identity on the same morning. There were many who continued to dream on. And there are still many of us who fancy themselves not included in the troubles of Semitism.

I can understand these dreamers and it is even easy to condone the sleep in which they cradle themselves. They are for the most part famous or rich or socially prominent. It is pleasant for them to lie on an American pillow. It is not so pleasant to lie on a Jewish one.

Speaking for myself, the discovery that I was a Jew did not set me to lighting any Friday night candles nor did it alter by a phrase any of my attitudes toward life. These are American attitudes, born in America, nurtured in American schools and developed through service in American journalism, literature, drama and the movies. The only hint of deviation I was ever able to detect in my own American pattern was an absence of the religious instinct. Like many thoroughly Americanized Jews I seemed to have shed that Old Man of the Sea, Jehovah, a little too thoroughly. I have the feeling, however, that a Jew such as myself, hatched from an endless line of prayer shawl wearers, does not so much get rid of God as outwit Him for a time.

I repeat—all my activities, all my writing and living had been since my childhood as un-Jewish as the doings of a Martian. Yet what I am writing in these pages today is in the interest of a Jewish cause.

But lest you cut and run at this confession let me assure you that my writing here has nothing to do with suffering Jews nor with schemes to succor the pitifully beset Jews of Poland, Lithuania and all the Axis overrun arcs of the earth.

This article has to do with the creation of an army of Jews based on the Middle East.

There are waiting in Palestine and throughout the Middle East some 200,000 Jews of military age as eager to fight as 200,000 wildcats. A good percentage of them are trained soldiers and if you care for a glimpse into their qualities as fighting men I give you the records of the siege of Tobruk.

A large percentage of the defenders of Tobruk were Palestinian Jews. Denied the privilege of fighting for their homeland as Jews, they had joined up with the British. They were able to do this only after the British had waived their Colonial parity policy which insisted there be no more Jews in the Near East army than there were Arabs. The Palestine Arabs having, through their presumptuous leader, gone over for the most part to the Axis side, this, ironically enough, cut down the number of Jewish volunteers permitted to bear arms.

There were thousands of Jews fighting in Tobruk, and the records of that siege show that when the garrison commander called for volunteers to fetch the food from the sea, to travel the constantly shelled road of supply—thousands of Jews stepped forward. These Jews plied that road day and night and the brave Scotch, Irish and Australians who were their brothers in arms gave them their due by dubbing this dangerous way to the sea port "The Road of Zion."

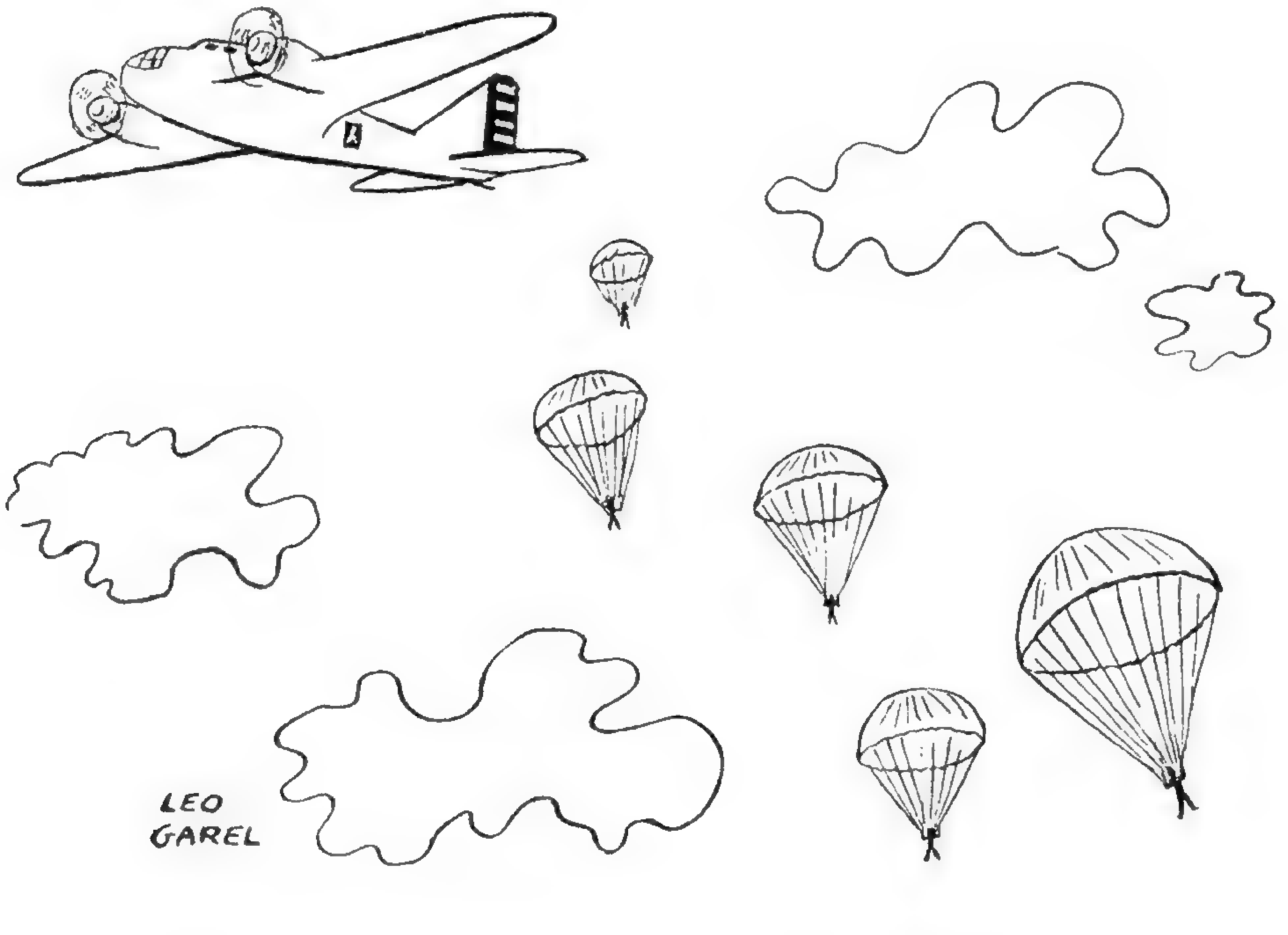
The Scotch in Tobruk wore their kilts. The Irish flaunted their shamrocks. The Aussies sported their native hats. But when the thousands of Palestinian defenders of Tobruk asked permission to wear on their uniforms the Star of David—the request was denied them by the British Colonial politicians.

These British politicians, who include neither Churchill, Sir Stafford Cripps nor General Wavell, have refused to countenance a Jewish Army despite reverses in Libya, despite the vital and bitter need for the 200,000 Jews who are only a few hours away from the present African front, and who, according to most of the world's military soothsayers, will be in the strategic heart of the battle this year. The Palestinians clamoring to hurl themselves into this Armageddon are being plowed under for definite appeaser political reasons.

It is the contention of the last of the English appeaser philosophers that England has commitments to the Palestinian Arabs—the head of which curious people has been closeted in Berlin, living in a villa taken from a Jew, along with his Nazi idols for the past year. Motivating this philosophy is the obvious fear that allowing the Jews to fight will make it necessary to give them a place at the peace table, where they would naturally be expected to demand their rights.

American leaders, political and military,

Continued on page 168

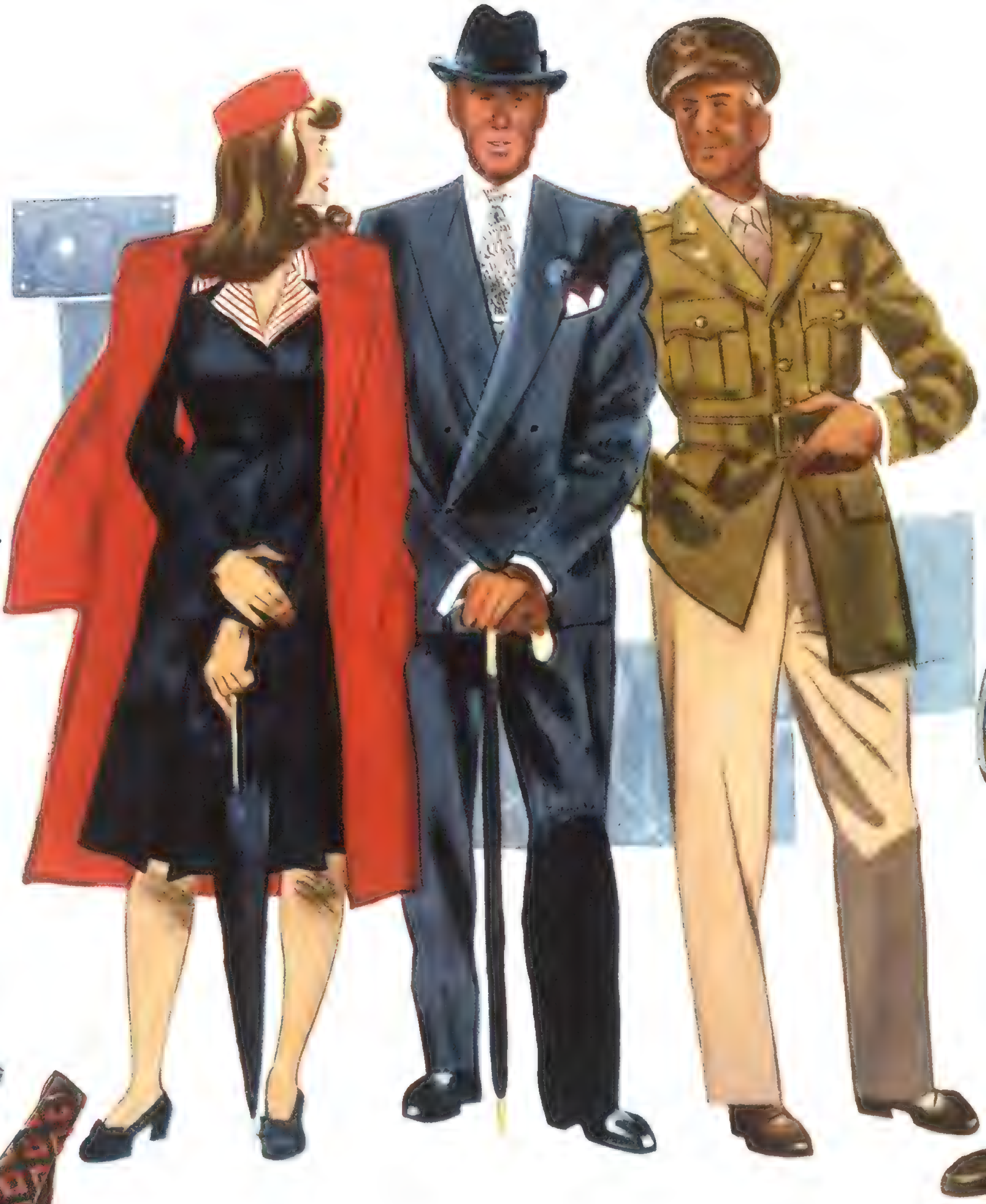


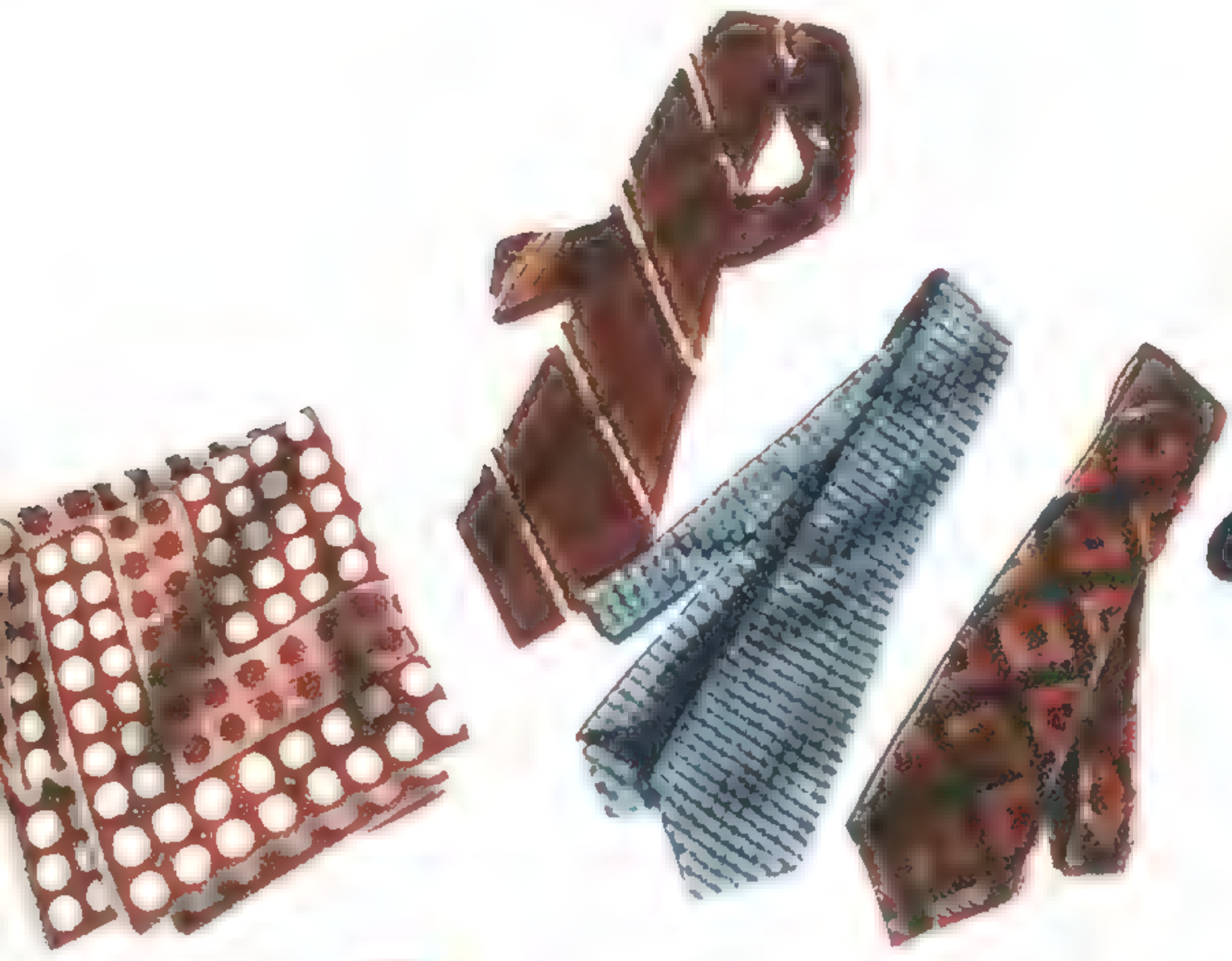
"All right! All right! Stop pushing!"

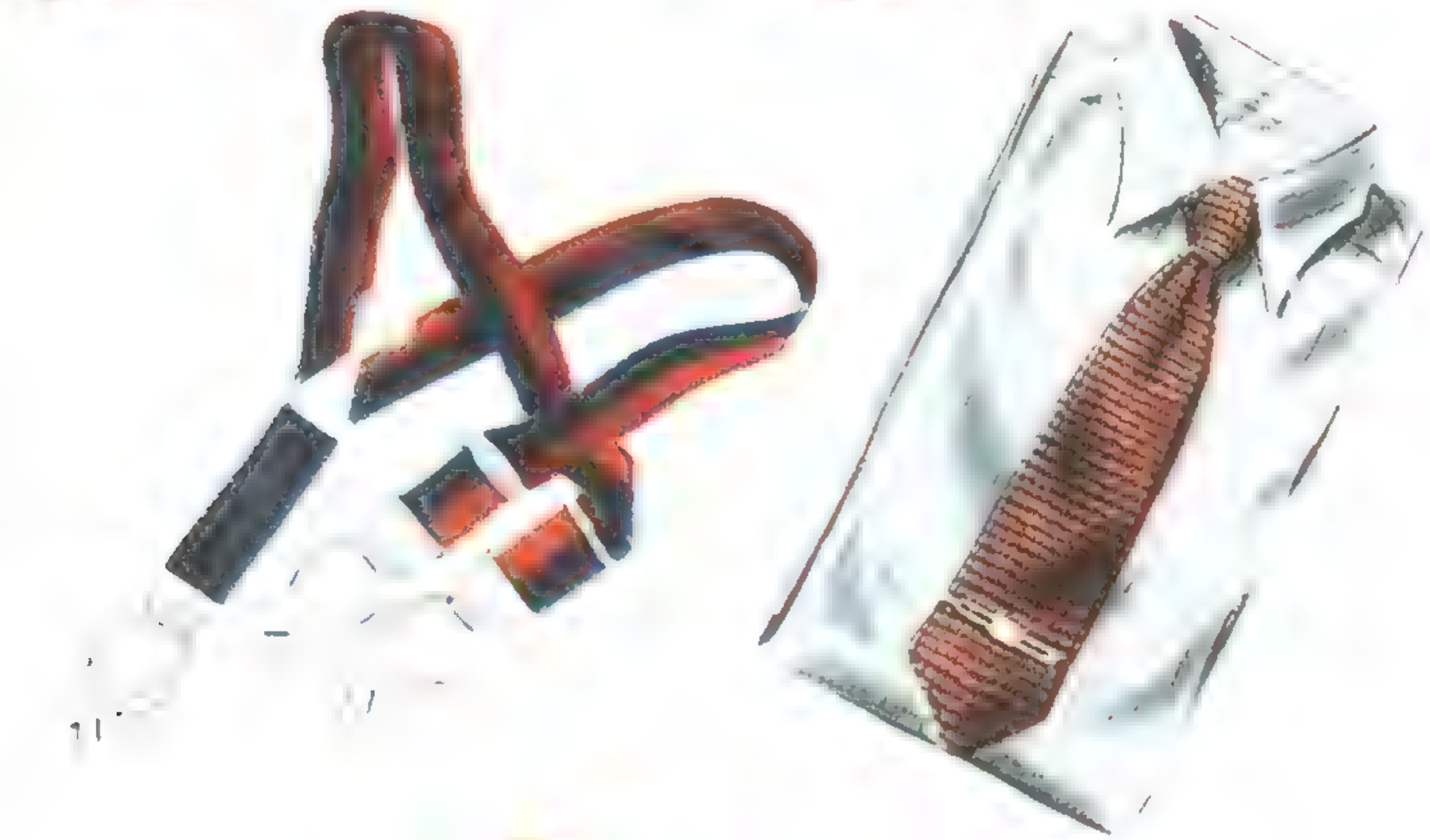
Esquire's FREEDOM BLUE

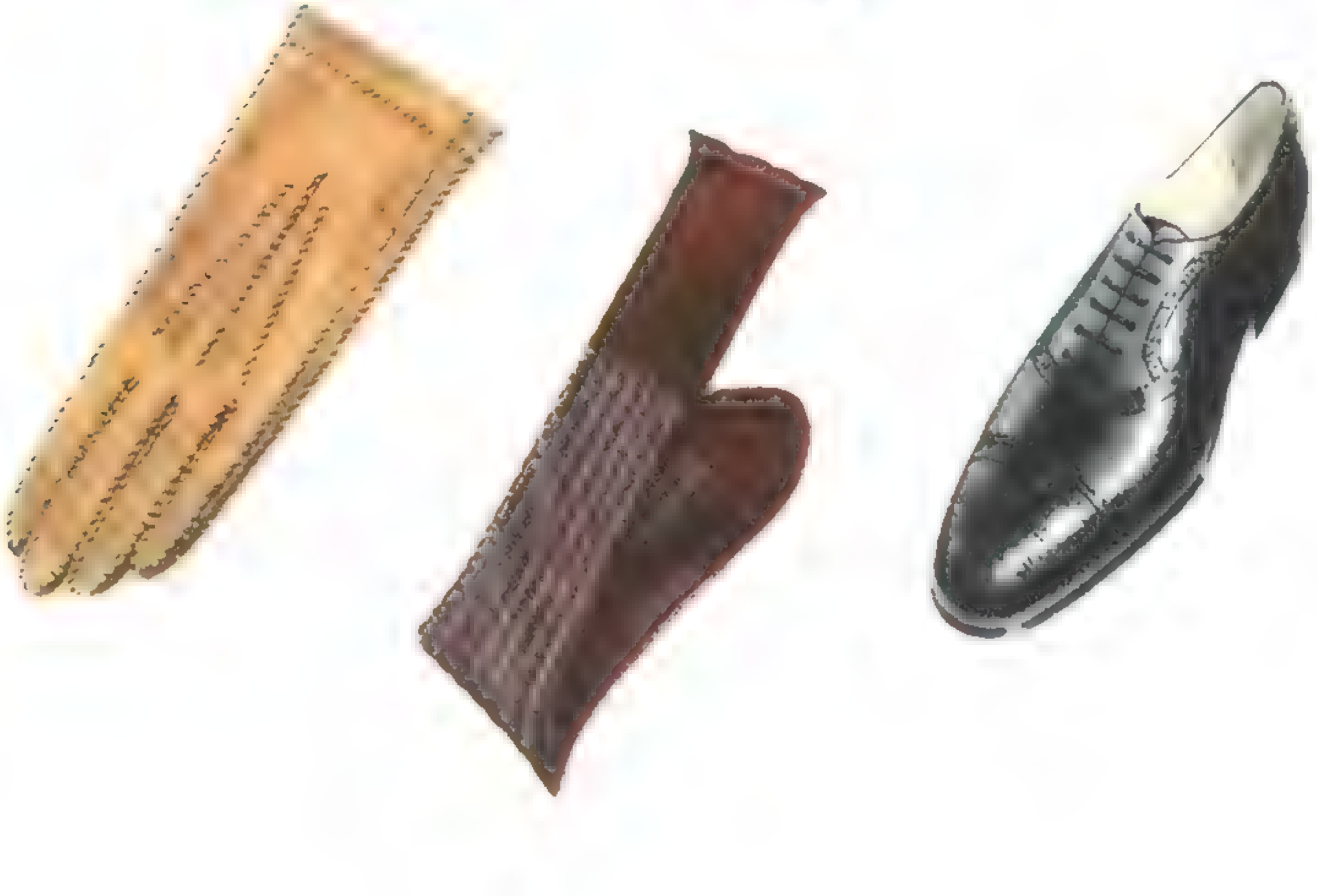
e Winning Hue For Fall . . .

The trend toward bluish tones in clothing is epitomized by Freedom Blue, the becoming shade, which is brighter than navy blue. It is particularly appropriate for business suits of Cheviot, flannel, Saxony and worsteds and is favored in tweeds and Shetlands for sport jackets or suits. Contrasting accessories are recommended with this color.









The man with the umbrella wears a Freedom Blue suit of striped flannel with white broadcloth shirt and collar, white warp Macclesfield type tie, maroon bordered handkerchief, dark blue Homburg hat and black town last shoes. The grey felt hat holder combines a single breasted Freedom Blue Cheviot suit with a maroon, grey and white striped broadcloth shirt, blue ground tie with Air Raid Warden design, white breast pocket handkerchief and dark brown shoes. The triangle-holder has on a Freedom Blue Glen plaid worsted suit, striped repp tie, broadcloth shirt with long point collar and brown straight tip shoes. The ash stick carrier has on a Freedom Blue and white checked Shetland jacket, oxford shirt with button-down collar, red ground foulard tie, chamois colored flannel waistcoat, brown felt hat with felt band, grey flannel slacks and brown reverse calf shoes.

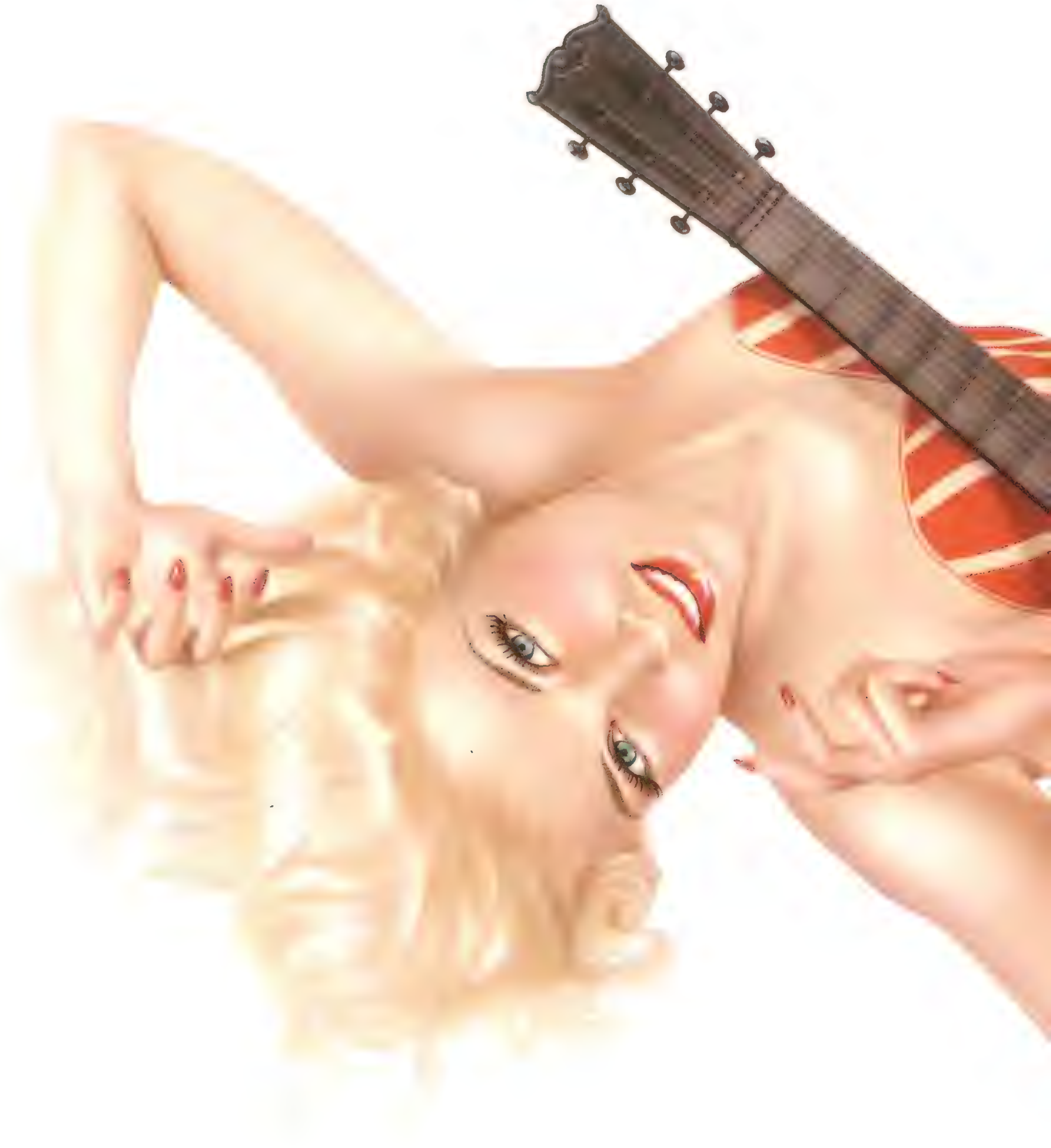
COMPLEMENTARY ACCESSORIES SHOWN ARE: *Maroon and white dotted linen handkerchief, striped twill silk, white dotted blue Macclesfield type and red figured blue ground ties, red and blue webbing suspenders, striped broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, white warp dotted Macclesfield type tie, monogrammed tie clip, whip-stitched deerskin gloves, maroon and blue vertical patterned lisle half hose, black town last shoes.*

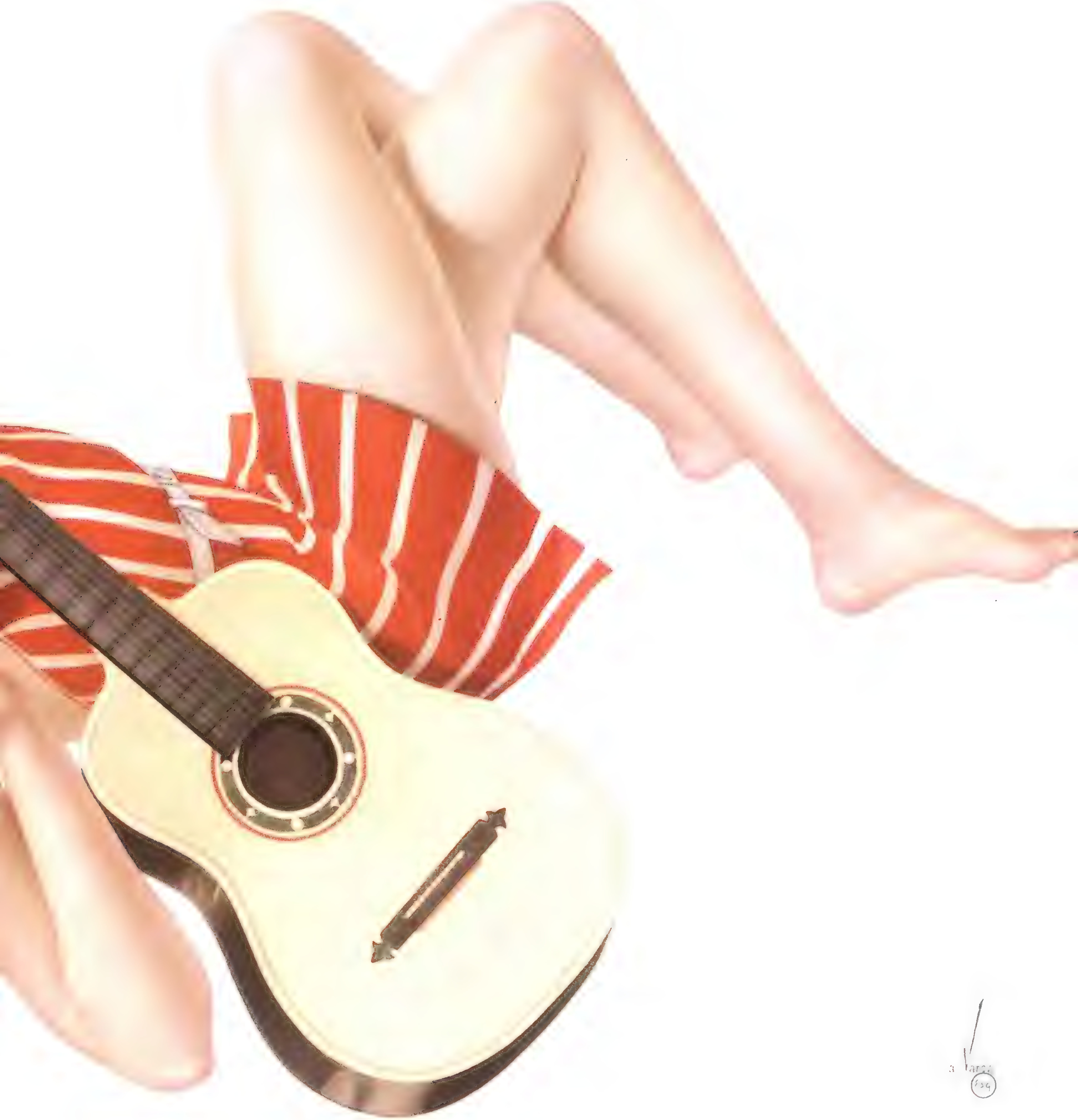
SONG FOR A GUITAR

There are so many things that will not die
Nor seek the shadowed past where they belong . . .
White sands that blazed beneath a summer sky . . .
The lyrics of a slight, enchanted song . . .
The quiet tread of dusk . . . the purpled light,
Turned softly down that day might sink to sleep,
And lips that framed against the gathered night
The promises that they could never keep;

There for a while the song was sweet and low
And there was wine to quench an ancient thirst,
There for a while we managed not to know
That all dreams fade, and those we hold go first . . .
And so the wind blows chill across the sky,
And ghosts come out to watch a summer die!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK




Vargas

You Can Do Business with Litvinoff

It was natural for Stalin to send to the United States as Ambassador the man who had opposed the Axis from the beginning

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

Everybody in the United States now—Midsummer 1942—clearly understands that the future of the civilized world depends to a very great extent and perhaps entirely on the outcome of the struggle between the German and the Russian Armies. If the Russians hold, then nothing is lost; if they should not hold, then very much will be lost.

The fact that Great Britain concluded a twenty-year military pact with Soviet Russia, and the fact that President Roosevelt had a long talk with Foreign Commissar Viacheslav M. Molotoff who came to the United States for this purpose incognito and in great secrecy, only go to show that the Allied governments have understood the situation more clearly and much more quickly than some diehards who still think that Stalin is much worse and more evil than Hitler. But these diehards are fast dying out. Soviet Russia has more or less generally won the great prestige which she so richly deserves.

Naturally, it is the great Russian Army which has done most to build up that prestige. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say the Army has built it up in a most dramatic fashion during the last year or so. Another force, however, has been busy building up Russian prestige for the last twenty years or so. This force worked most undramatically and always remained more or less in the shadow. That force is Maxim M. Litvinoff, today Russian Ambassador to the United States in Washington.

Litvinoff, probably the outstanding diplomat of our time, does not really look like a diplomat. He is a big, heavy man. He has sharp, quick, green eyes, and a good-sized energetic nose which has been termed "insolent." He has a benevolent face and a warm smile and you might take him for a mighty successful small business man, not much more. His English is fluent, but he has never been able to get rid of a definite Whitechapel accent.

Litvinoff was born in 1876 in Bialystok as Meyer Henoch Wallach. His father was a banker with some money. Litvinoff, too, started in the banking business. When he was twenty-two, he became a member of the Russian Social Democratic Party. By 1901 his activities were conspicuous enough for his name to figure in the *dossiers* of the Ochrana, the Czarist secret police. When in 1903 the party split, he joined the Bolshevik wing. Shortly afterwards he was arrested, but succeeded, however, in escaping and remaining illegally for some time in Russia. After a short stay in Paris, from where he was expelled, he went to London in 1908.

He lived the life of many refugee revolutionists. The party kept him busy. He had to print newspapers and pamphlets and he had the responsibility of seeing that they got into Russia. He also arranged to smuggle arms into Russia. Aside from that, he had to make his living working as a draftsman in an architect's office, as a traveling salesman, and as a language teacher. He lived most of the time in Whitechapel (because that was cheapest) and it is there that he acquired his accent.

One day, much sooner than even he had hoped, the Bolsheviki took over. Litvinoff learned it through a state telegram in which Lenin appointed him the representative of the USSR in London.

Lenin's appointment of Litvinoff didn't mean much in Downing Street. They were not prepared to recognize Russia, let alone a Russian Ambassador. But the British cold-shoulder didn't mean much to Litvinoff, either. He had waited a long time, he could wait longer.

They tell a little story about him. *Si non è vero. . . .* The evening he was appointed Ambassador, he decided to celebrate, in spite of Downing Street. With his English-born wife and a few friends, he went to one of the popular Lyons' restaurants. Looking for a dessert, Litvinoff discovered on the menu something called Diplomat Pudding. He ordered it, but was told that there was no Diplomat Pudding left. Litvinoff explained in comic despair, "You see, my friends, I am not recognized—not even by Lyons."

Far from being recognized, Litvinoff even had to go to prison. That was in August 1918, when Downing Street had already collaborated with him for some time as representative for the Russian de facto government. The English put him into jail not, as it was said later, for communist agitation, but as hostage for an Englishman who had been arrested in Moscow. All due forms were observed. There was a sign outside of Litvinoff's cell reading: "Maxim Litvinoff, military guest of His Majesty."

After a week or so he was let out again.

Litvinoff was not the only one who was not recognized. Soviet Russia was not granted recognition for some time by many of the powers, especially by the former Allies.

England, France and the United States at first reacted purely from a military viewpoint. Czarist Russia had been their Ally and they wanted this Ally to go on fighting Germany. When Lenin made his peace with Germany, the Allies decided to intervene. Even after the war they kept sending interventionist armies to Russia year after year.

Even after that nonsense stopped, it took the Russians some time to arrange for normal diplomatic relations. Great Britain was especially difficult. The first formal recognition took place only in 1924, and was broken off almost immediately afterwards, to be resumed again in October 1929. The United States was even more stubborn. For sixteen years we refused to recognize the Soviet

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"So he won't play! Okay—draft him!"

Eight Men a Day

Ex-dancing-teacher recalls, more in sorrow than malice, the Self-Made Man, the Sheik, The Waltzer and the Mysterious Mr. Smith

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

Nobody knows more about men than six hundred mothers and Marlene Dietrich. Nobody—except perhaps one ballroom dancing teacher.

I speak from a spot in the center of the ring, and close to the canvas. For many weary months I taught men from eight to seventy how to pilot a girl around the dance floor, if not artistically, at least in time to music. Eight men a day, six days a week. I learned that a good ballroom dancing teacher must have the zeal of a Salvation Army follower, the tolerance of an amiable courtesan. She may teach nothing but the box-step and the elementary waltz but she has known hundreds of husbands, a couple of thousand lovers, a battalion of fathers. She spends eight to twelve hours a day cajoling; kidding, scolding, encouraging, restraining men, and believe me, the only thing she doesn't know about them is that they can't be reformed.

There isn't a ballroom dancing teacher in the business who doesn't believe men can be improved. Reformed artistically, as it were, rendered more attractive, more self-confident, or more poised. That belief is the one thing that keeps the poor old pentadactyls from shimmering into dust. Many teachers won't admit it. Many more have forgotten. But the zeal is there, the light under a bushel of weary arches.

I'm referring to the so-called higher class dancing teachers, the caterers to the carriage trade whose connections are quotable and whose vocabulary is polysyllabic. I do not speak of the women who teach at New England "assemblies": Their pupils learn to keep time by counting out loud, and to wear white gloves. They help Emily Post make a fool of Terpsichore. Nor do I refer to my poor sisters at the other end of the scale, the gals who wanted stage careers and ended up as short-skirted jive experts, turning themselves inside out for $12.50 a week in sweat-shop dancing schools.

No, back to my gal, the bona fide ballroom dancing teacher, the one who taught the best ten dancers you can think of. She knows about men, and knowing comes to this conclusion: that they are simple, but worth the trouble.

We never listed the epithets, but ask one hundred teachers all over the country and I bet you tibias to fibias they'd describe the same types I'm listing here:

Harvard '44

This is the fellow whose first words are "Of course I already know how to dance. I just want to learn the newest steps."

Contrary to a popular theory of psychology, he is *not* suffering from an inferiority complex. He likes to dance, admits he dances very well. A good teacher will let him climb off his high horse voluntarily rather than push him off in a verbal jousting match. "Fine!" she replies, "Then let's dance."

She knows he will dance his worst, because he is trying to impress her, and the moment he realizes he is doing badly she has her toe in the door. Her next move is to explain that the newest steps are actually variations on simpler basic steps. One half hour brushing up on fundamentals. .

Often the fellow becomes docile on the spot, more often he is not so savvy. He insists he knows "all the regular stuff," grows as haughty as a dyspeptic businessman waiting for his luncheon check. Short of picking up the phonograph and pleating it around his neck, there's only one treatment for this —let him try.

We used to teach a step called "The Flying Dutchman." It would have been a cinch for the De Marcos and Black Belt jiujitsu experts. Exceptional students got it in their fourteenth lesson. But it acted on sophomoric conceit like hot sun on a beached jellyfish.

Of couse we'd teach the step as badly as we knew how, pelting him with instructions in a too-rapid rat-t-t-tat. Smiling as we put our feet in the wrong places....

He might as well have tried to put both legs around the back of his neck and salute at the same time. He tries, ends his first attempt by losing balance and stepping hard on the teacher's foot. He apologizes, asks to go through it again. This time the teacher co-operates even less, he is even more desperately determined, the step ends when he trips himself and falls heavily against the phonograph. Conceit dies in a short spasm. From there on in, he is putty in her hands.

Some of these fellows become the best dancers in the studio and they are often almost as good as they thought they were.

The Mysterious Mr. Smith

This is the man who leaves no mailing address, pays cash at the end of each lesson, whose name is not Smith at all. He is between forty and fifty-five. Although his contours are young, one gets the impression they are held to a rigid thirty-seven-ishness by some intense psychological drive. He is no sugar-daddy; it's his wife, or his wife's set, he's trying to keep up with. He is an attentive, earnest, but nervous pupil, suspicious of good humor.

He is afraid he might meet someone he knows, so he enters the reception room like a commando casing a Nazi outpost. Invisible, but felt, is the large black cape he slings across his face as he advances to the desk.

A milder case is the Mr. Smith who gives his right name but explains that we must never, under any condition, telephone him at home. This order, with his business phone number, is carefully marked on his attendance card.

The Smiths are desirable customers because they pay cash, not so desirable because the teachers feel as if they were performing a tonsilectomy without anaesthetics.

Self-Made Man

This man buys every book whose title begins "How To..." "I don't expect to become an expert," he explains, "but I would like to become a good competent dancer."

His personality is pleasant, but familiar. He is a good dish, but lacks seasoning. He is the fellow who took four lessons from a golf pro and shoots a steady 110. As a dancing pupil, he is above average, that is, he learns the steps quickly and rarely forgets an instruction. But instead of dancing the steps, he recites them.

He is the type of man who lacks nothing but natural charm. Like a car which managed to finish the cross-country on three cylinders, he does the most with what he has.

Mother Sent Me

About one of every twenty pupils is a thirteen-year-old boy whose mother is determined to give him "every opportunity." After his apathy wears off, he is a cracking good pupil, if you don't mind dancing with your hand on top of your partner's head.

The adult counterpart of the mother-bound adolescent is the man teased into taking lessons by his wife. She has compared his dancing with that of every other man of their acquaintance, and he always came off badly. When he tried throwing up the sponge and simply admitted he couldn't dance and never would, she retorted that he's *always* been "naturally graceful."

So he arrives for his first lesson with the co-operative attitude of a bored Arkansas mule. The worst possible fate for the dancing teacher is that his wife might come with him. In that case her instructions are punctuated with back-seat exclamations from his wife—"You see, Christopher, that's *just* what *I've* been telling you . . ."

But perhaps the husband has managed to strap her to the bedpost at home and arrives alone. Then the instructor's only opponent is his self-consciousness. Recovery sets in when he realizes he isn't a bad dancer, after all.

These are popular pupils because they are beyond callowness but not beyond attractiveness. Of course there is danger in releasing a man from the domestic apron strings—untethered he occasionally tries working the inch up to a mile. Then, all standard rules apply: "No" is standard, even if you're waltzing.

The Sheik

This fellow comes in quietly and goes out suddenly. He has heard the rumor that ballroom dancing teachers are willing and he fell for it hook, line and sinker. He is still fascinated by sex but his slow and expensive method of flushing the bird indicates he is not usually successful. He is the fellow who would hear a nation-wide broadcast announcing the exact whereabouts of a new gold lode and think there would still be some left when he got there.

The warning signal sounds when he insists on having the same teacher for every lesson. Privately he figures he is "working on her." Three lessons later he asks to change his regular afternoon appointment to the evening.

No private lessons in the evening, she explains politely. If he persists, he is invited to talk it over with the studio director. To the would-be sheik, always a chicken-heart, this is the riot call. He is never heard from again, never wanted to dance, anyway.

Neighborhood Gang

Last year a gang of fifteen men and their wives from the one-car-garage suburbs got together and took up roller skating. This year the same crowd, egged on by "the girls," "took up" the art of ballroom dancing.

The group lesson is administered one evening a week by one man and one girl instructor who have already worked eight hours that day. The outstanding thing about the "boys" is that they all come to the lesson a little tight. As for the "girls"—half of them are a little tight, too, about the same number are having trouble with their husbands and don't dance with them all evening.

The instructors' job is to see that both boys and girls learn enough so that they'll sign up for another course next year. This means teaching something seriously to people who took it up for fun.

Most of the men are young forty-fives, and when they mention their days in the Argonne forest it is untactful to reply that one's father fought there, too. They can be cajoled into trying anything, flattered into trying it again. One or two will vie ostentatiously for the girl instructor's attention, and there's always one who whispers, "Do you do this *every* night?" Somewhere in the crowd is one husband who exclaims (at least three times), "My wife said the course would only cost ten dollars but I offered to pay ten dollars to stay home."

In 1939 this crowd wanted to learn the rhumba, in 1940 the conga. Always they are loud, jolly, enthusiastic, quarrelsome.

Rush Job

This fellow drops into the studio three weeks before his Junior Prom asking: "How many lessons will I need to be a good dancer before May 17?" Or he is in business, treading water between a college diploma and his second five-dollar raise, and he wants to know "all the latest steps" for his vacation coming up in two weeks.

The first has just found A Girl, the second will find one—just anyone—before his first sunburn has started to peel. Neither of them will ever be able to tell a woman to go to hell even when he's in the right.

The Waltzer

He is still saving the silly paper hat he wore in the parade at his thirtieth reunion. Dancing lessons, he seems to feel, are a big joke, on him. He is good-humored and easy to please, although you can see from the dew on his forehead that he is straining—just a little, of course.

To the dancing teacher (usually twenty-five years his junior) he is genuinely paternal. He is surprised to find her such a "nice young lady," is deeply impressed with how hard she works. He is apt to compare her, both silently and out loud, with his daughter. After six lessons the odds are he'll know her boy friend's name, his weekly salary, when they are to be married and whether she's happy. . . .

These men were A-1 dancers in their youth, but forgot about dancing until a grown daughter or grown son started wheeling around the floor, leaving the old man on the sidelines nursing his memories of Cornell '12. The competitive spirit drives him into the dancing studio. "I used to be able to waltz for forty minutes without stopping," he says, panting hard.

The Waltzer was always my favorite pupil. His biggest handicap, and the teacher's, was his girth, which amounted to compound interest on every meal and glass of beer he'd enjoyed in forty years. Dancing with

Continued on page 136

Bob and Madame White

Ten in the morning is early enough to start on a fair, bracing day, with a fast dog and most any good upland gun

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

• SPORTS •

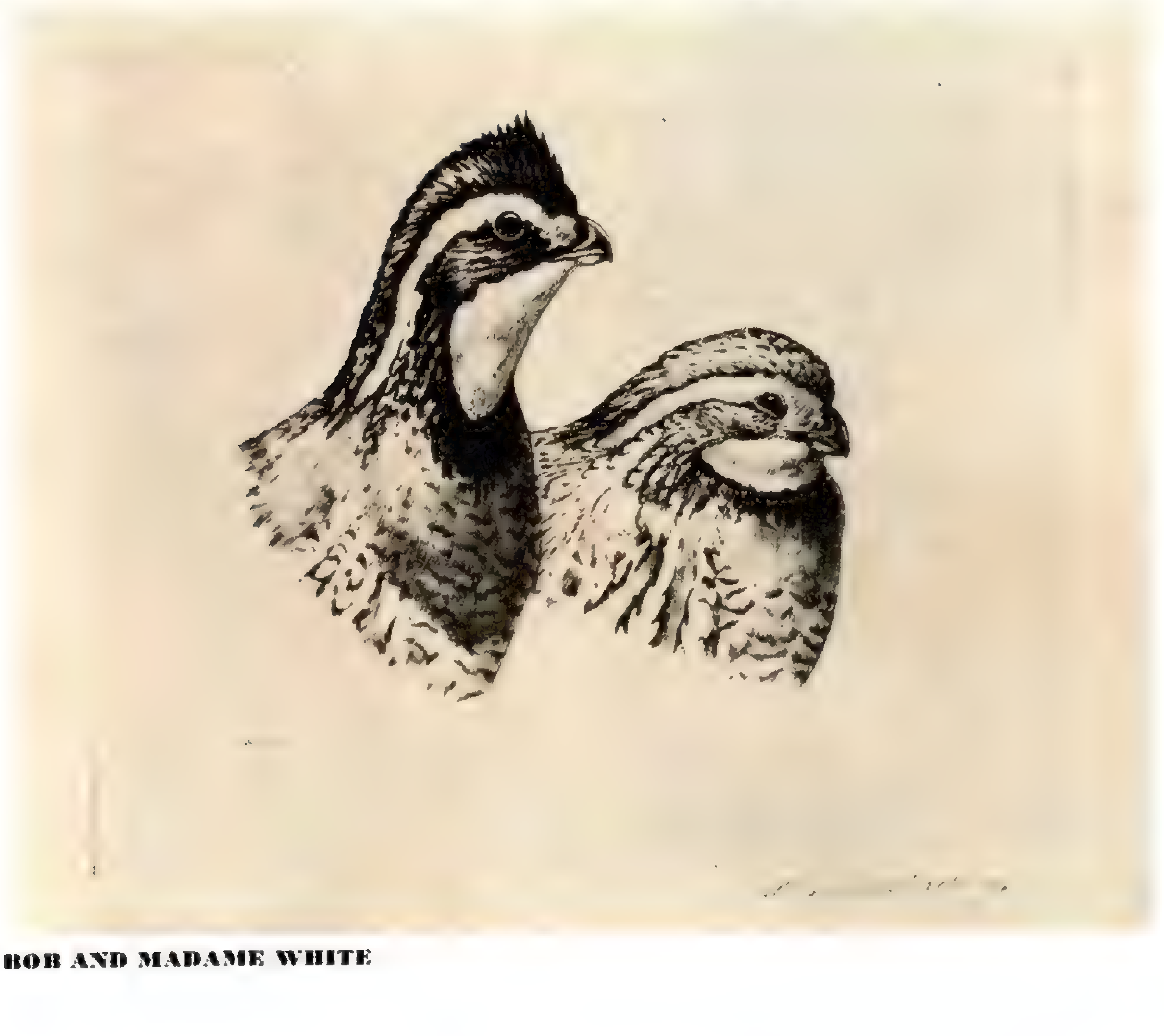
When my two teen-aged boys return from a hunt empty-handed, as often happens, they lay their troubles at my door. One of them almost stepped on a close-lying grouse—and missed it by a full yard. The other fellow started a whole covey, eight birds, and never touched a feather. What is wrong with their shooting; why can't they hit birds? As a man with some experience in handling a scattergun I should be able to put my finger right on the difficulty, provide a magic formula whereby they can become competent wingshots overnight.

Now I could repeat some platitudes about keeping the gun swinging, away out in front, timing the shot to get it off smoothly, and half a dozen other things that they already know. But, somehow, I seldom do. What they need is experience, lots of it. I switch the subject by asking them if they heard how I killed my first quail. "Yes!" they shout with one voice. So I go right ahead and tell them.

I was a raw kid of sixteen when I acquired my first shotgun. The proceeds of two years of scraping and saving money earned in spare time, plus the trade-in of a well worn .22 rifle, made me the joyous owner of a unique example of the gunmaker's art. It was a single-barrel, sixteen-gauge gun, one of those quantity production affairs turned out by the thousand gross. It had a brown stained stock which I fondly believed to be walnut. The heavy barrel, which had just enough taper to keep it from looking like a gas pipe, was tastily blued a bright indelible hue; it gleamed and flashed in the sun like a Montana diamond. The gun had a hammer like a mule's ear and when you cocked the weapon the resulting metallic click was enough to make a nervous person start. Muzzle-heavy and ponderous, the old arquebus handled like a brush scythe. But to me it was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Along a willow fringed creek in the Midwestern state where I lived there was good cover for cottontails, and in early October one could occasionally jump a pair of teal. I got there as fast as I could pedal my bicycle, on the day I bought the gun, and was soon waist deep in golden rod and Joe Pye weed. A movement in the tawny grass set my heart to pounding. I clutched the gun, cocked it and moved in to start the rabbit. But the earth opened up and expelled a winnowing mass of pinions, a roaring covey of quail plummeting through the willows. The gun came up, the report of Ballistite powder rent the air, a big cock Bobwhite folded up and hit the ground.

Elated? No, I was disappointed; because with a single-barrel gun I was limited to one shot. There was no reason in the world why I shouldn't have made a double. Having read countless books on the subject, I knew all there was to know about wing shooting. It was simple; I had proved that with my first shot.



BOB AND MADAME WHITE

If, as the boys say, that story smells there is a reason. The quail is not a grouse; especially that rugged individual, the Vermont pa'tridge.

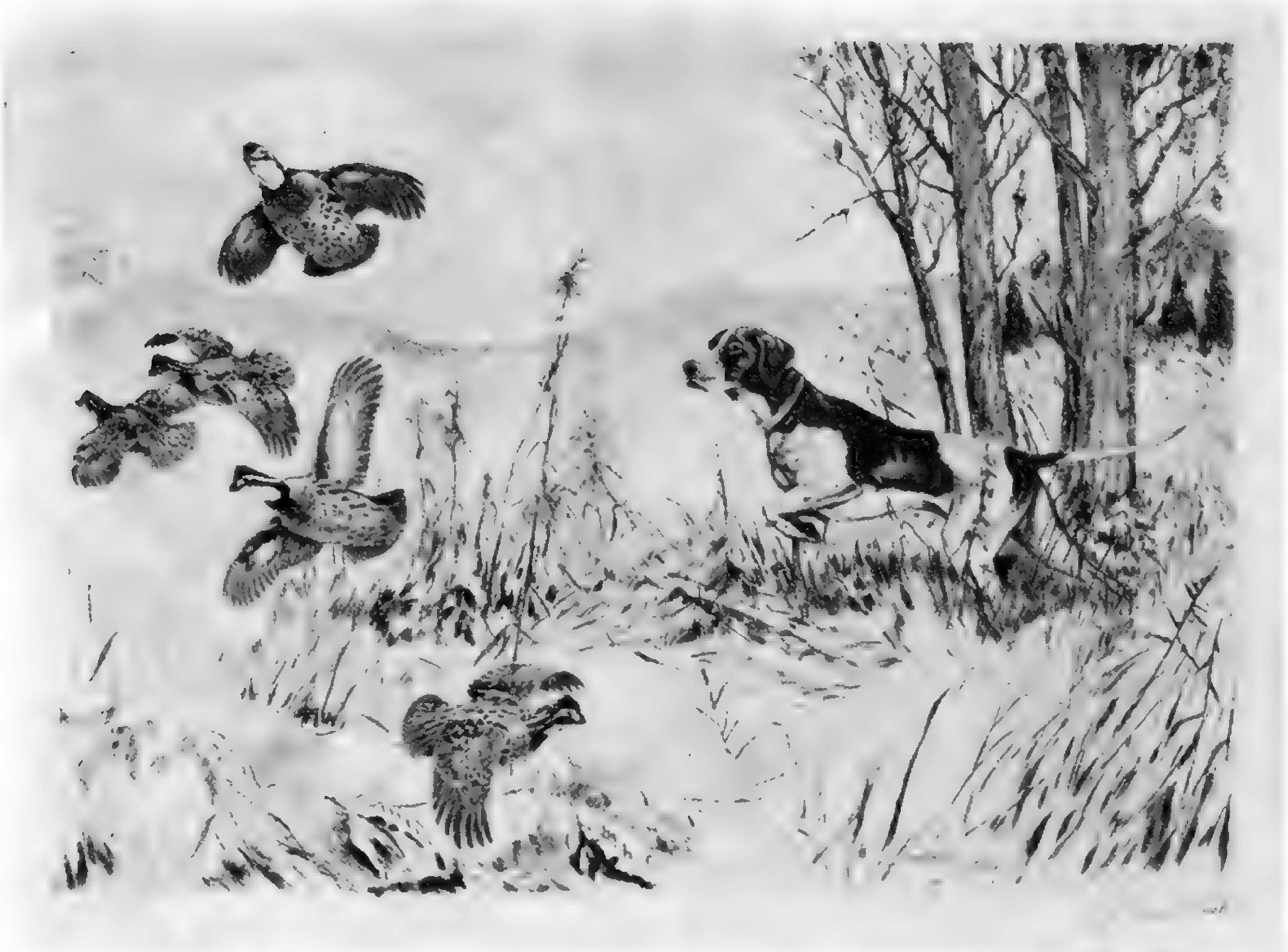
Moreover, the quail of today differs from his ancestor of thirty years ago as does the modern eight-cylinder car from the one-lung gas carriage of that period. For Bobwhite has kept apace of the times and has streamlined his life to meet a changing era. That's why he survives.

The fact that little brown Bob afforded me my first taste of wing shooting accounts, to some extent, for my esteem of him. But that is only a sentimental angle. Actually, there are a dozen reasons why he is the perfect upland game bird; why quail hunting is more popular than any other form of wing shooting save wildfowling. To begin with Bobwhite (we should really call him that, since he has named himself by his whistle, instead of quail, which is not strictly correct) is widely distributed. He lies well before the dog, better on the average than any bird other than the woodcock; he is sociable, travels in coveys and affords many chances for doubles. He lives in pleasant open country, is prolific, not subject to diseases such as attack grouse; he is game and resourceful and handsome to look at. And done up brown on the table, oh my, how he eats! Quail and toast, well, those that like the toast can have it. I just push it to one side of the plate so it won't be in the way.

Mention quail shooting anywhere and you at once conjure up a picture of the South: Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Florida. Cotton fields, acres of waving broom sedge, long-leaf pine and palmetto scrub. Stately old mansions, live oaks draped with Spanish moss; nigger shacks; gunners mounted on sleek horses, darkies riding along on mules; high-headed pointers ranging the covers, whipping into points at top speed. Here Bobwhite is a tradition, along with the Democratic ticket and mint juleps. He is a magnet capable of drawing tired business men from faraway New York and Chicago and Boston. He does queer things to them; gets them in a mellow mood; then reaches deep into their pockets and extracts money—quantities of it. For, in the deep South, Bob is an expensive fellow.

That's the romantic side of quail shooting. For those that can afford it this old vale of tears can offer few greater pleasures. Good dogs, an unlimited supply of birds, acres of pleasant cover to hunt over. At evening old-fashioneds before the open fire, then dinner. Plates heaped with oysters, Southern fried chicken—garnished with browned quail, roast sweet potatoes, stuffed. . . . I mustn't go on this way, I really mustn't. Because it isn't

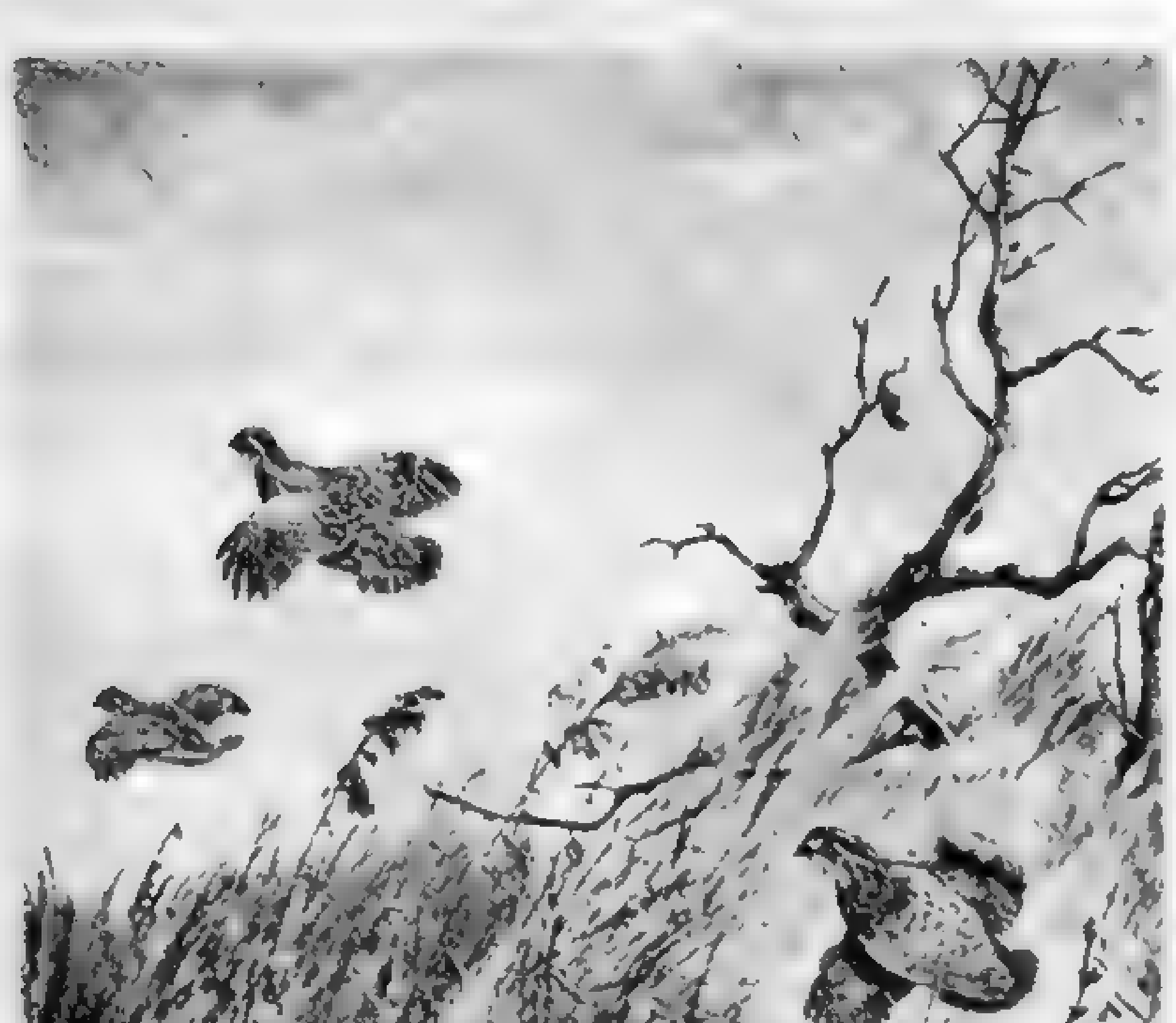
Continued on page 131



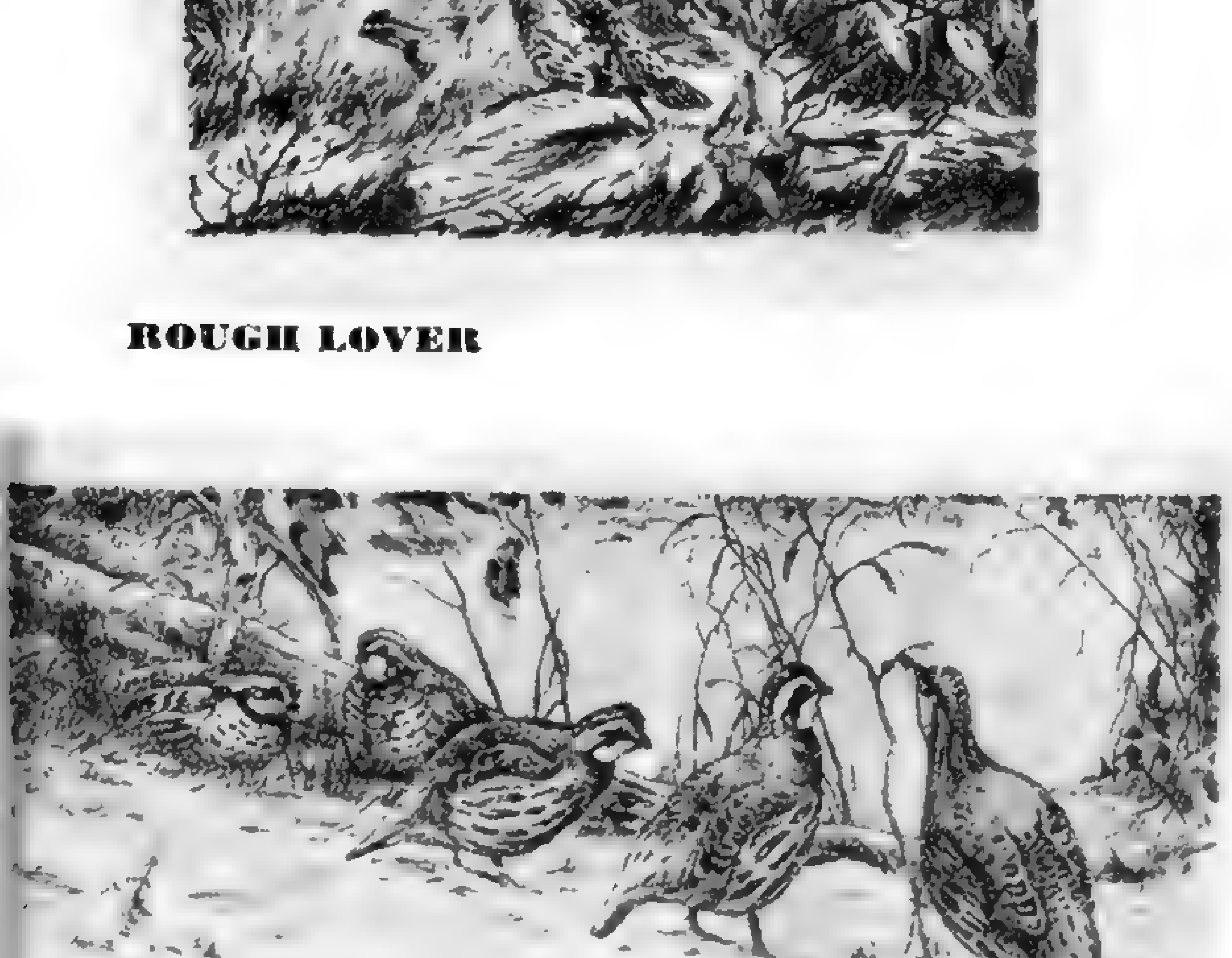
THE COVEY FLUSH

Etchings of the Quail

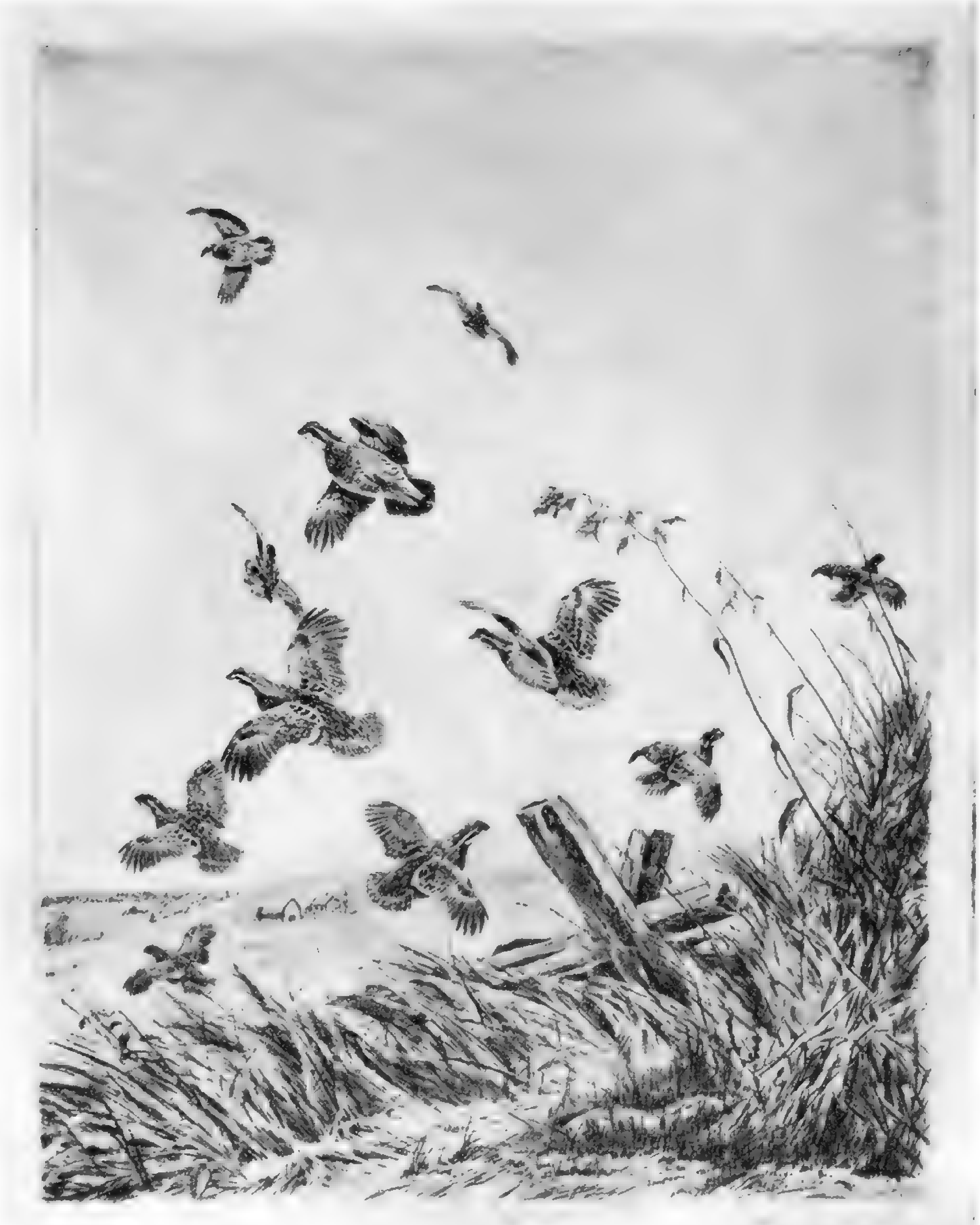
by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH



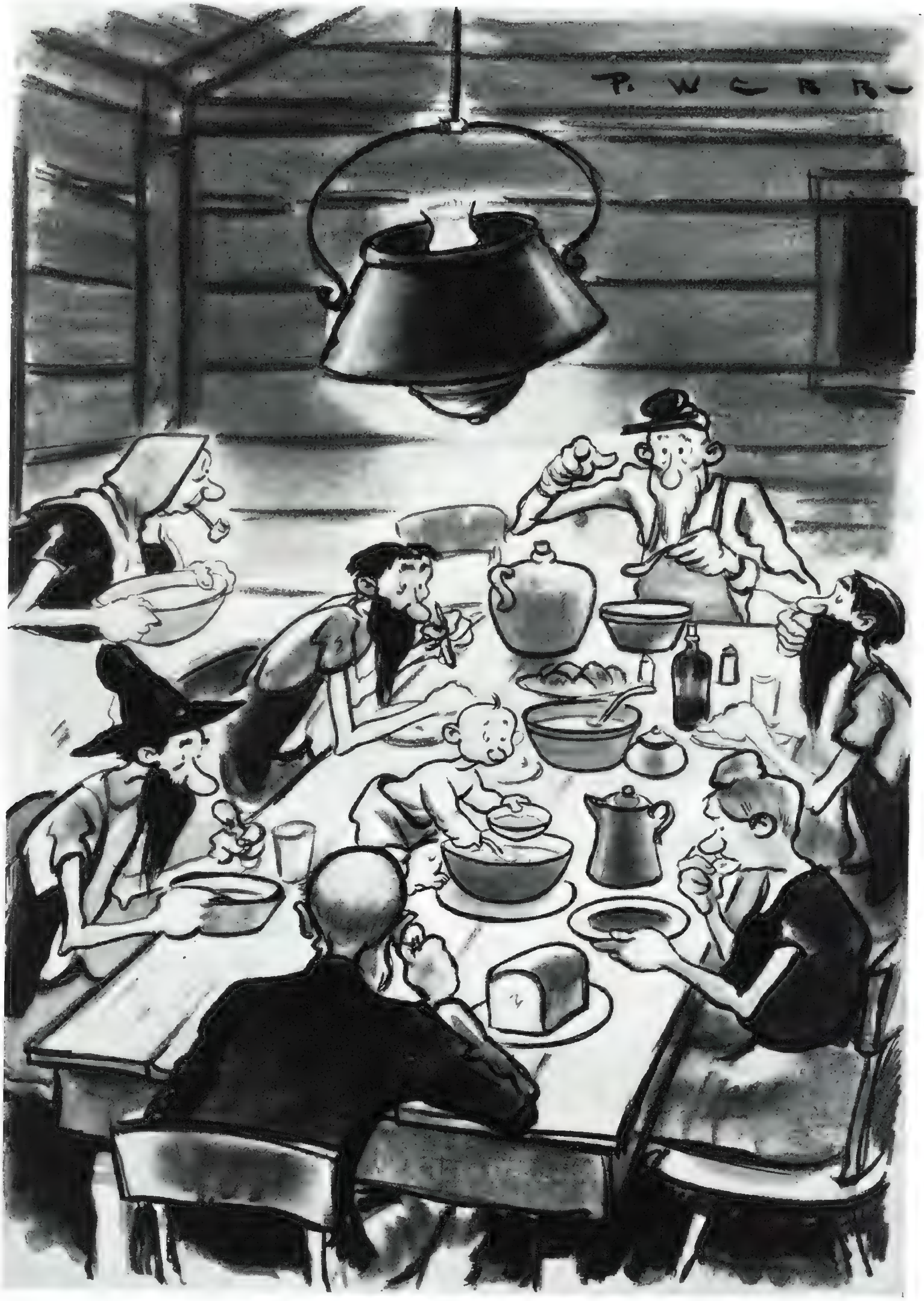
ROUGH LOVER



HE GLEANERS



THE BURSTING COVEY



"Fetch me up some o' that rabbit stew, Oncle Rafe—an' Gawdamighty quit walkin' through the butter on yore way back"

So You Want to Be a Blood Donor?

If you know what's in store for you, you'll be able to give your blood to the Red Cross with manly nonchalance

ANONYMOUS

•ARTICLE•

IT WON'T hurt.

There's very little chance that you'll faint. After all, you've got approximately six quarts of blood inside of you right now, and all they'll take is 500 c.c.'s, about a pint. You may get a bit dizzy the first time just from looking at your own blood and thinking about it, so you'd better lie there a second or two and rest before getting off the table. But you needn't worry. They only take more than a pint from professional blood donors. As a sort of part-time professional donor, I've given about 15,000 c. c.'s all told, and only once in the lot was I really uncomfortable on account of the amount of blood they took. That one was for a steel worker who had bounced down through a construction job. He was cold to the touch when I slipped next to him on the operating table, and they took better than three pints from me to liven him up. Without asking, too. I was ready to leave after the first two, but they pressed me to stay—with their elbows. I didn't need much urging, at that. I had seen his mother's face as I came in.

You'll find the after-effects quite mild. Bloodletting, in fact, has its good points, and, as an old manuscript points out "it cleareth thy thought and closeth thy bladder and tempereth thy brain. It amendeth thy hearing, it restraineth tears, it closeth thy maw, it defieth thy meat, it cleareth thy voice, it spareth thy wit, it draweth away anguish, it nourisheth good blood, wicked blood destroyeth, and lentheneth thy life."

After all, if you can close your maw, defy your meat, and help the Red Cross at one and the same time, that's something well worth the doing.

The Red Cross deserves to be congratulated for setting its quota at one pint per person, at least according to that same old manuscript. For, when too much blood is drawn, "it maketh the heat fail and the yellow chyle cometh thereof and gouts may come thereof, as well as narrowness about the heart and evil in the head." I am happy to report that the Red Cross has never had a case of the yellow chyle on their records. And narrowness of heart has never been known under their merciful roof.

You must telephone in first for an appointment, because America is full of generous people. A nice voice gives you the day and the hour you are to come. This is very important, as any bloodletting calendar will tell you. These calendars are governed by the stars, and no twentieth century nonsense is going to upset their medieval balance. You'd be a fool, for instance, to go in July, for then "thy brain beginneth to gather its humors" and both women and bloodletting are to be avoided.

You must be just as careful about the hours, advise the soothsayers. A choleric man is bled at noon. A melancholic is pricked at eventide. A phlegmatic gent gets his at midnight. The last time I went to the Red Cross I was scheduled for 4 P.M.—in other words, a choleric with a taint of melancholia. As for you phlegmatics, just control yourself and turn up for your transfusion when you're told. It won't help you with the nurse to insist on a midnight rendezvous with her needle.

Your head will buzz as you hustle down to Headquarters. You can't help wondering how you'll take it . . . and who'll get it. Well, comfort yourself with the knowledge that centuries of medical experiment have made it easy for you.

The first transfusion was made in 1667, a Parisian getting about ten ounces of blood from a sheep into his one arm, while they let out the same amount from his other arm to keep him from spilling over. Excess blood was bad, you see. According to Hippocrates, disease was due to an excess of any one of the four bodily fluids—phlegm, yellow bile, black bile, and blood. If you were sick, your doctor took a quick cut at you, and land's sakes alive if blood didn't come out. That meant you had too much of it sloshing around inside of you, of course, and he hastened to let some more out to restore your bodily humors to their proper balance. Somehow or other, nobody ever seemed to be overstocked on black or yellow bile. It was always blood.

A shipload of French Colonials landed in the tropics, for instance, and a barber-surgeon passed briskly down the ranks, bleeding them in regiments against fever. Barbers, incidentally, were among the earliest surgeons, as the poles outside their shops still bear witness. The first barber poles were striped red and white, as they are today—except that then they were white poles with blood-soaked rags wrapped around. The barber's trademark.

You'll feel funny about your first transfusion. I did. A little scared, but determined not to show it. I remember how I strode into my first, swaggering like an old hand. I lost my swagger when I saw the patient. He was two weeks old. A doctor thoughtfully took a teacup of my blood, found the vein in that tiny arm with infinite skill, and gave the tot a shot that made him blush all over, and wriggle with renewed life. I was ashamed to take the money for that, but I needed it. Later, I discovered that I was ashamed after every transfusion in which I saw the patient. Some of them even thanked me and that made it worse.

You don't always see the patient. In that very first transfusion, the donor was near enough to the patient to cast sheep's eyes at him. But you'll never see the man who gets yours. It goes out of you into a beaker and into cold storage until it's needed. That's the

Continued on page 102

Diagnosis of Anemia

Active sportsman with all the red blood of his bleacher-bound critics tells why professional spectacles make him tired

by TED ROBINSON

• SPORTS •

℞

A good many years ago, I wrote a little piece for the paper I was working for (which happens to have been the same paper I am working for today) in which I indulged in a little mild satire about baseball fans. And inevitably I received a bombardment of protesting letters. It is over such things as this, and not over the great questions of politics, religion, economics and patriotism, that the writers of Letters to the Editor really froth at the mouth.

And the letter I remember best, because I replied to it, was from a man who said I "had no red blood in my veins."

In reply, I said briefly, "Good God!" (No, I am mistaken; I did not say "Good God," for down to two or three years ago, nobody was allowed to say "Good God!" in a daily newspaper. I merely thought of that as an opening remark.) I said what I shall now repeat from memory; but of course the years have smoothed and softened and generally oiled up my sentiments. I said, in substance:

A Red-Blooded American, I take it, is one who exercises his muscles by sitting in a grandstand and watching athletes run about in the sun. He multiplies his red corpuscles by drinking pop. He exhibits his sense of Fair Play by shouting hoarse insults at the opposing team.

He is also known as a He Man. This double dose of masculinity is emphasized as we consider that baseball is not the only form of strenuous and courageous endeavor in which he indulges. He wears himself all out, also, at boxing and wrestling. His rugged endurance is shown by the fact that he can sit in a dense fog of cigar smoke through round after bloody round of gruelling combat, asking no quarter of anybody, but actually protesting with great vigor if a victory comes too soon.

The Red-Blooded He Man finds athletics wholesome, but tiring. The compulsory routine of rising to his feet at the seventh inning takes a good deal out of him, but he is too loyal a devotee of correct sportsmanship to ignore this part of its ritual. He is apt, indeed, in a very exciting game, to overdo his activity and to exhaust himself utterly. As long as the battle is on, he is unconscious of the heroic efforts he has been putting into it; but when the end suddenly arrives, he awakens to the fact that he has given too much of his strength to the struggle. His throat is sore from shouting, and he cannot speak above a whisper; his haunches ache from sitting, and his arm is lame from throwing pop bottles at a too-fair umpire.

And it is not only in the physical realm that the fan is supreme. His prowess in the mental department is scarcely less remarkable. In order to be an efficient fan, and able to hold up his head among his fellows, it is necessary for him to know the standings and percentages of all the teams in the major leagues, the batting averages, nicknames and general abilities of all the players. If he knew as much about the personnel and statistics of his own office, he would get a higher salary. But one human being can't excel in all departments and our fan instinctively puts Clean American Sport above mere sordid gain.

And it is this concentration on the things that really matter that makes him the Red-Blooded person he is. His intellectual life is a mere enlargement and consolidation of his sportsmanship. Observe how single-mindedly he devotes even his reading to his highest interest. He snatches the morning paper, and being a man of affairs, wastes no time on outside matters, but turns at once to the sports pages. At the breakfast table and on the train until he gets to his office, he studies these pages and no other. Some men are broader or more diffuse in their literary tastes, and if the sports pages do not occupy their entire reading period, these will turn to the comics, or even attempt the cross-word puzzle. However, such highbrows and pedants are the exception rather than the rule. Their weaknesses may be condoned, but not encouraged.

But I fear that I have wandered from what I started to say to my disgusted critics. I had to acknowledge that whatever the color of my blood might be, it was not stirred by sports in which I must always be a spectator and never a participant. To my eccentric and old-fashioned notion, the *raison d'être* of games was that they could be played. And, strange as it may appear, I like to play games.

In my youth, I indulged this taste. I played baseball, football, tennis and hockey; I skated, swam, and engaged in most of the varieties of track athletics. I gave up baseball because I could not excel in it: I gave up football in college because I was too light for the varsity or even for the class team. But I continued with the other sports until I lamed myself permanently at the high hurdles. After that, skating, tennis and the track were out.

Remaining to me were swimming and fishing (always, luckily, the sports I loved most!), golf, sailing small boats; and (for an indoor sport) billiards. Of my adventures in these sports, I shall say nothing; each in its turn and each in its season has made me happy and contented. They have even (though my sedentary He-Man critic may be incredulous of the fact) kept my red corpuscle count up to a satisfactory figure. They have satisfied my love of sport; they have given me the peculiar pleasure that only the development of a personal proficiency, however small, can give.

For it is the development of skill, the improvement of technique, that makes any game rewarding. A low score at golf, a high score at billiards; these so increase a man's *amour propre* as to give him a new joy in

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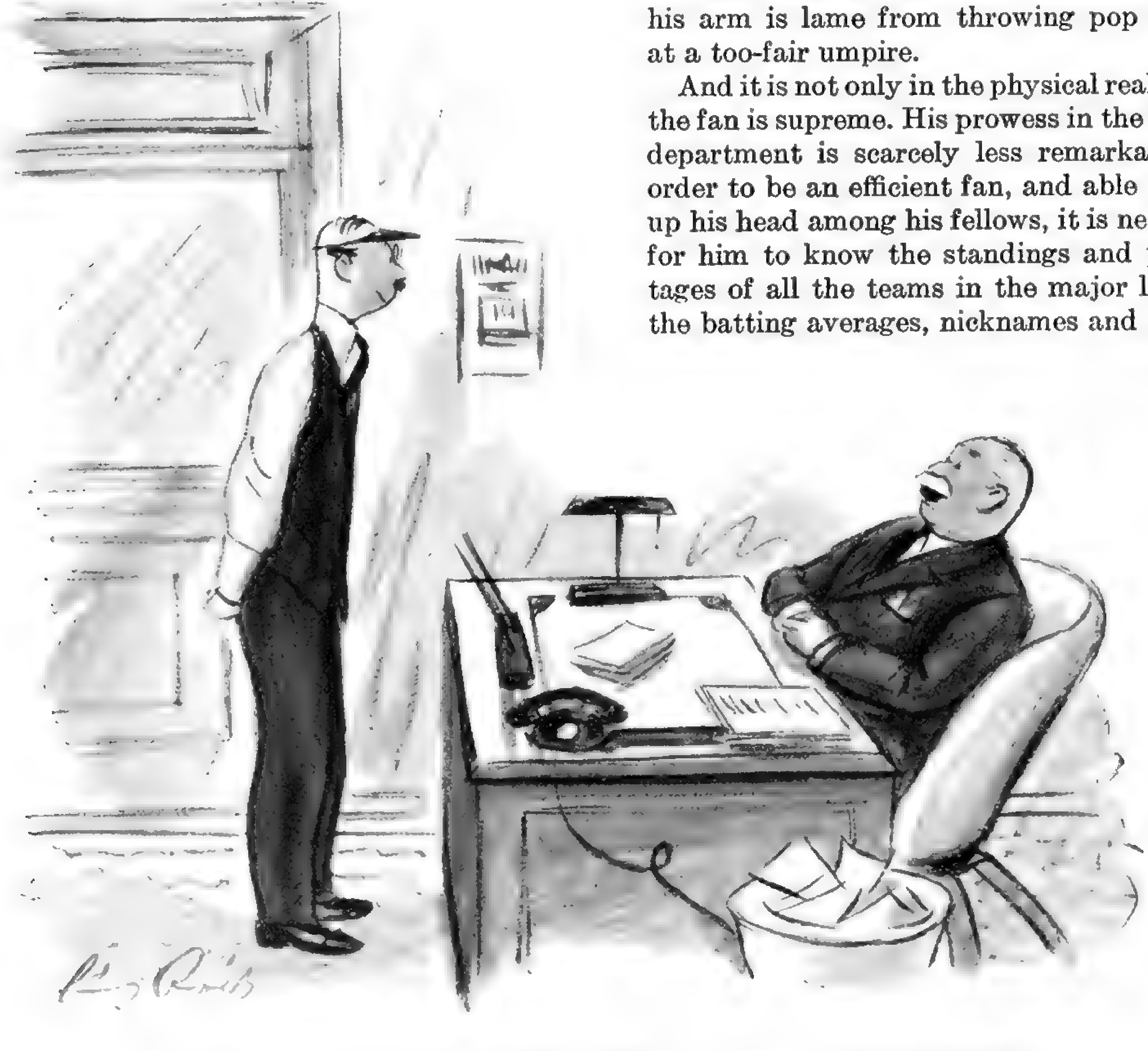
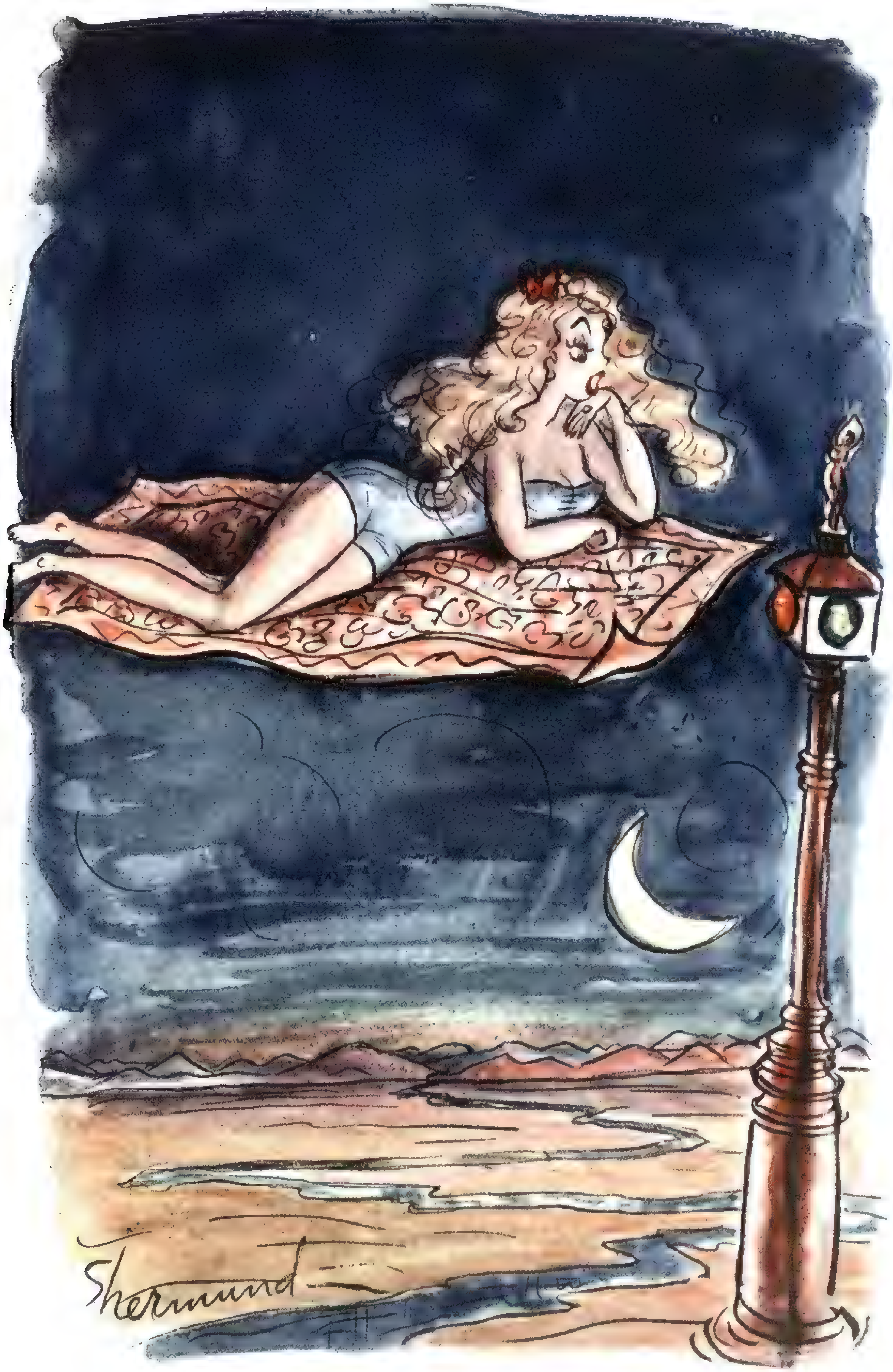
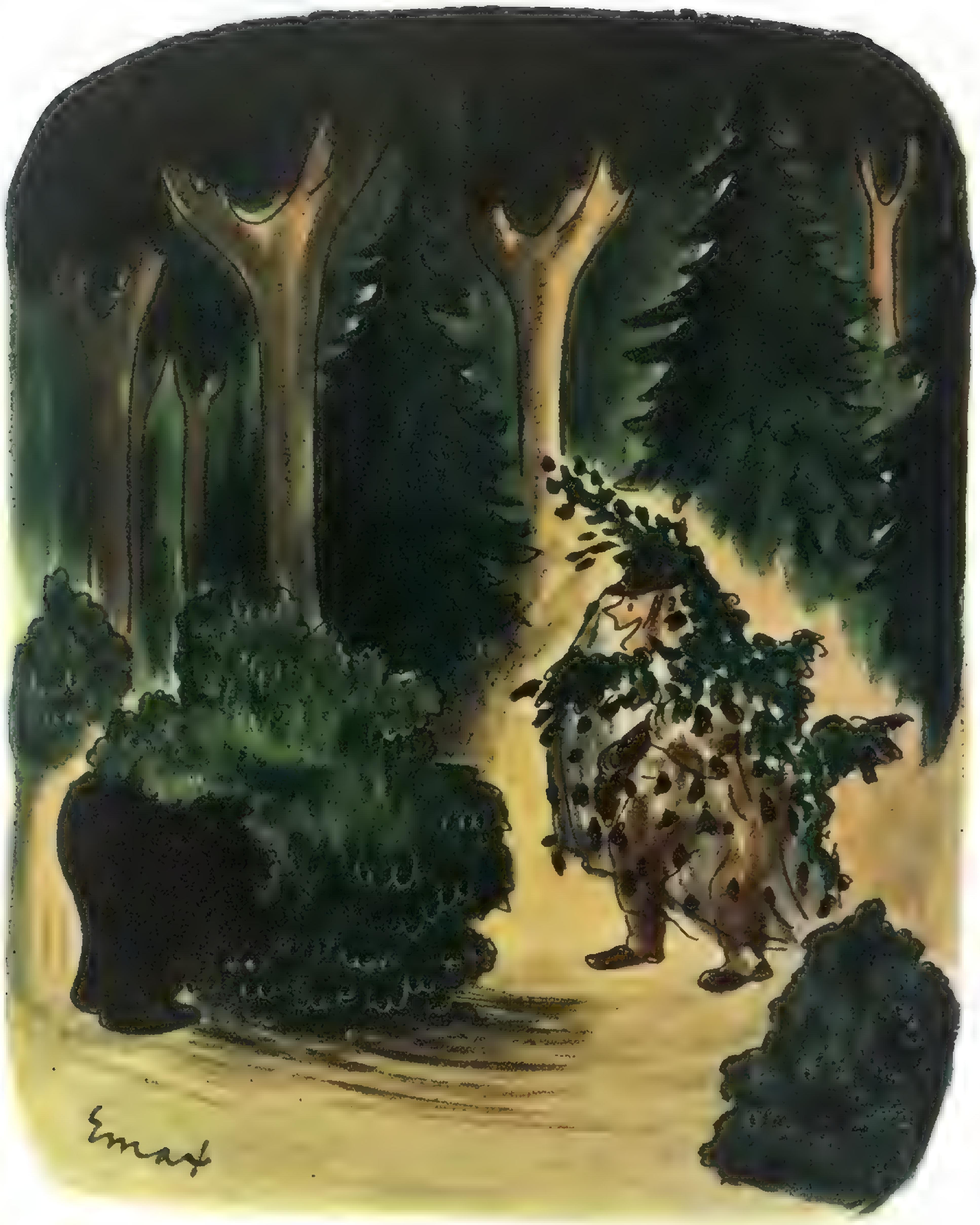


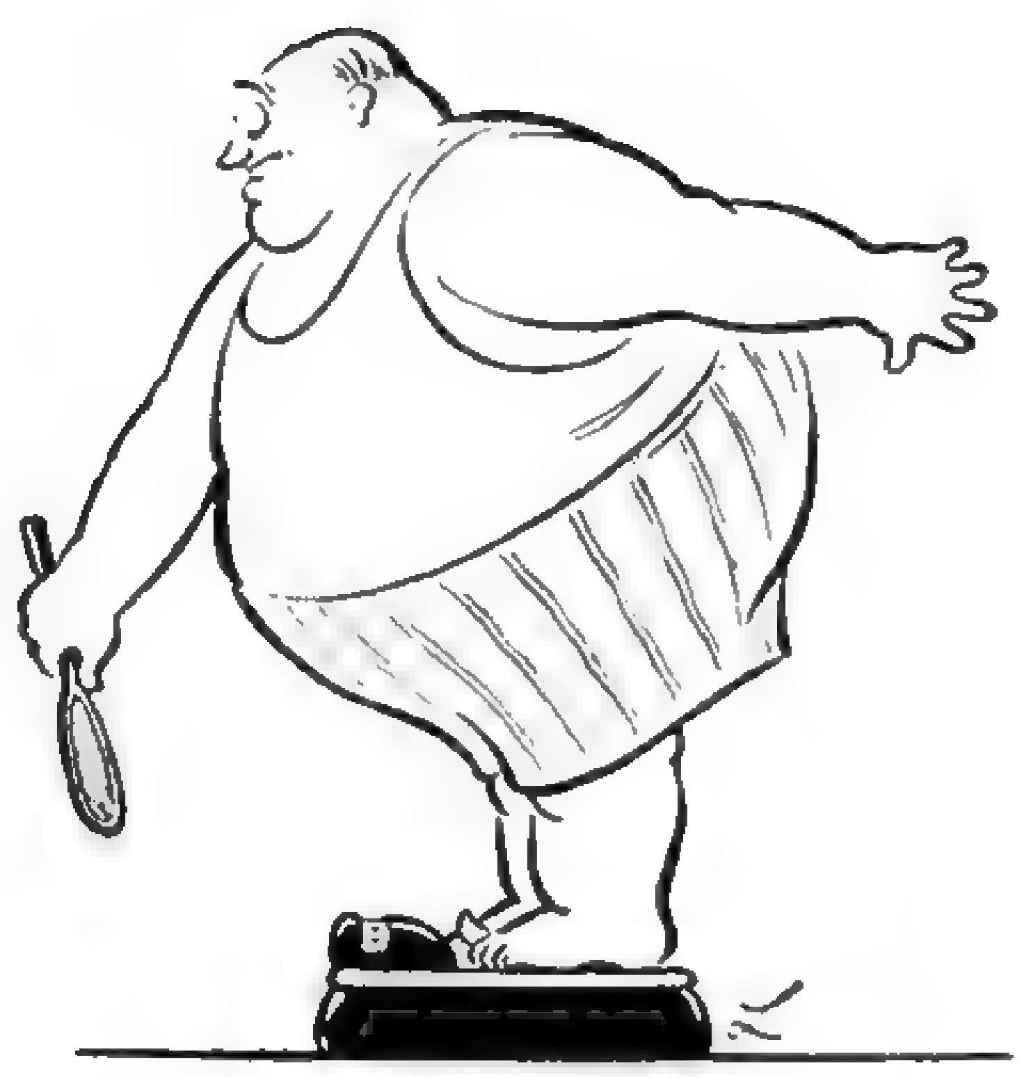
"Perkins, how long would it take me to learn to be a happy half-wit like you?"



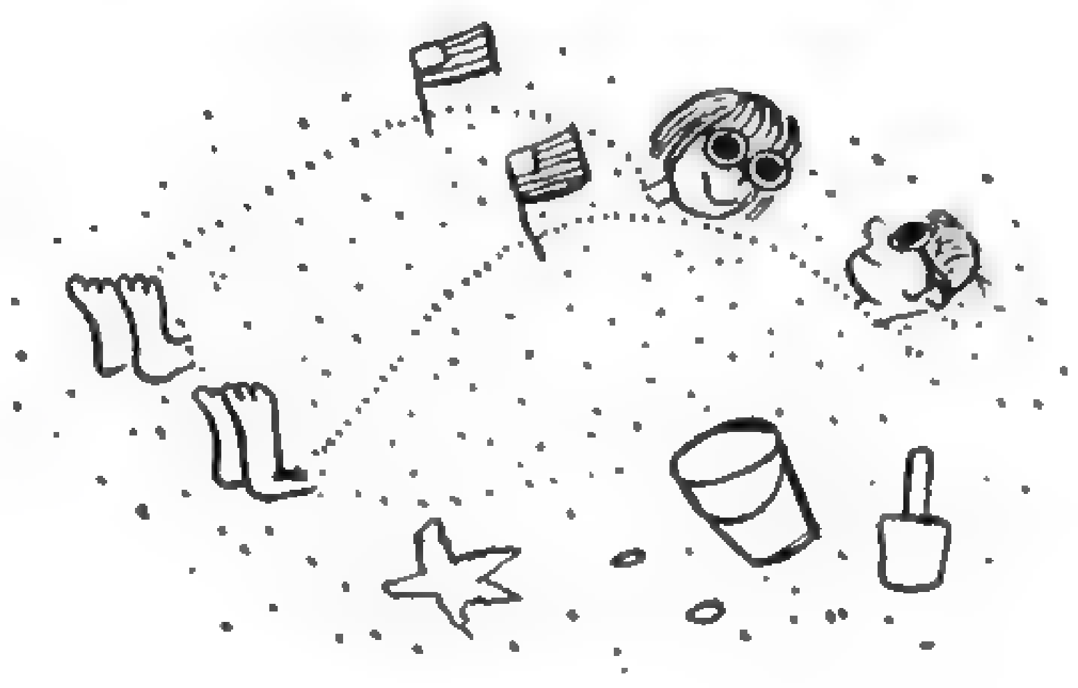
"If these lights don't hurry up I'll be late for that soldier's dream"



"Here I am, lieutenant"



Minor Tragedy



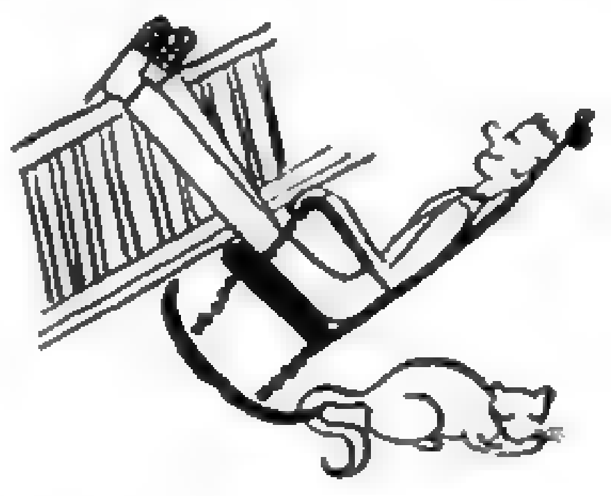
We met on vacation,
We shared the days,
I liked her eyes,
She liked my ways;

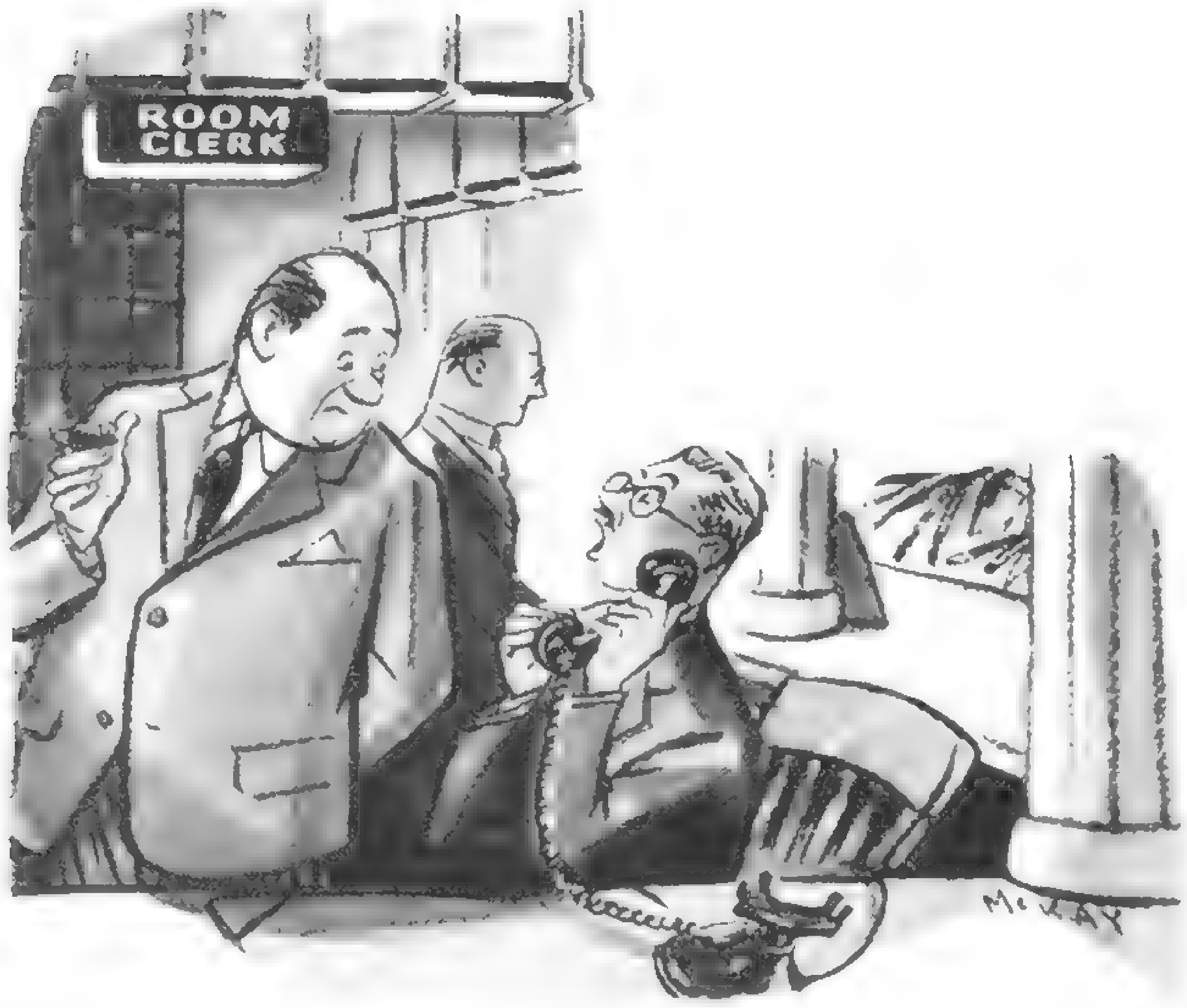
We met on vacation,
Danced and swam or
Talked of the moon
And its constant glamour;

Our love was thrilling,
Our love was sport,
And, like our vacation,
Rather short!

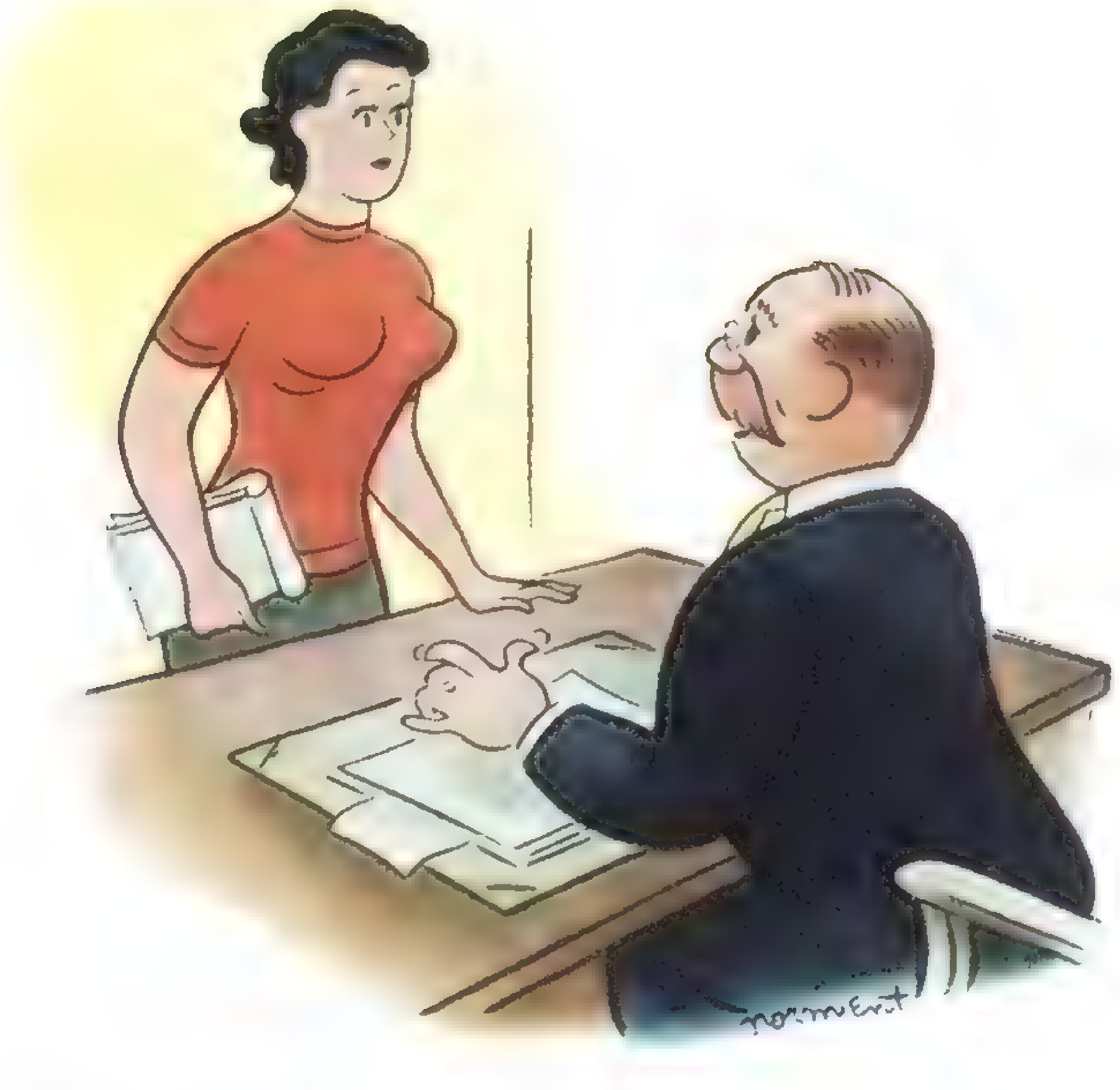
Vacation Hint

Since the pumps won't do much pumping
Till the Axis gets a thumping
Lucky is the guy who has a
Rocker and a cool piazza!

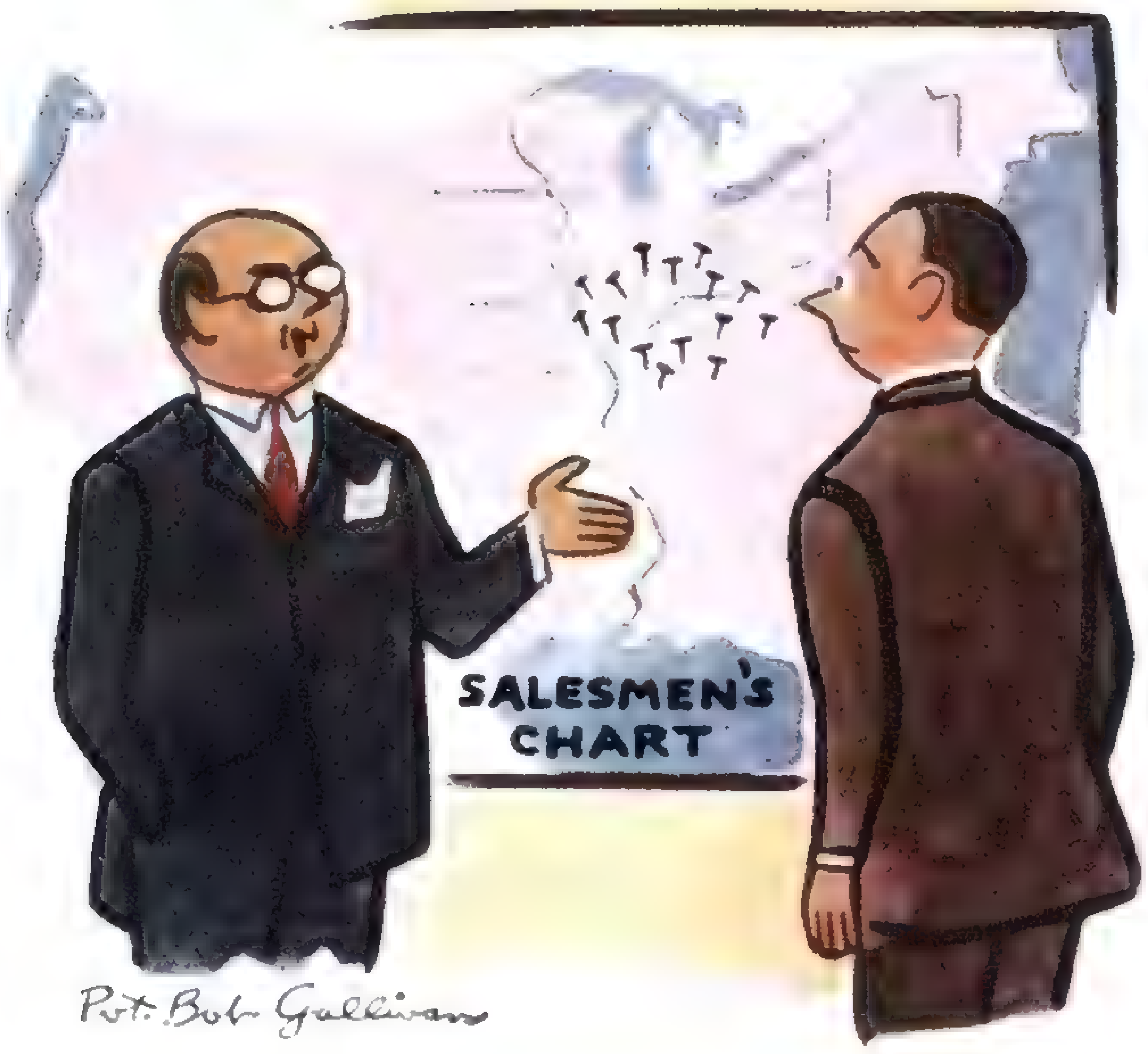




"It's Orson Welles in 312—he says he feels ill and will we send him up a doctor's kit"



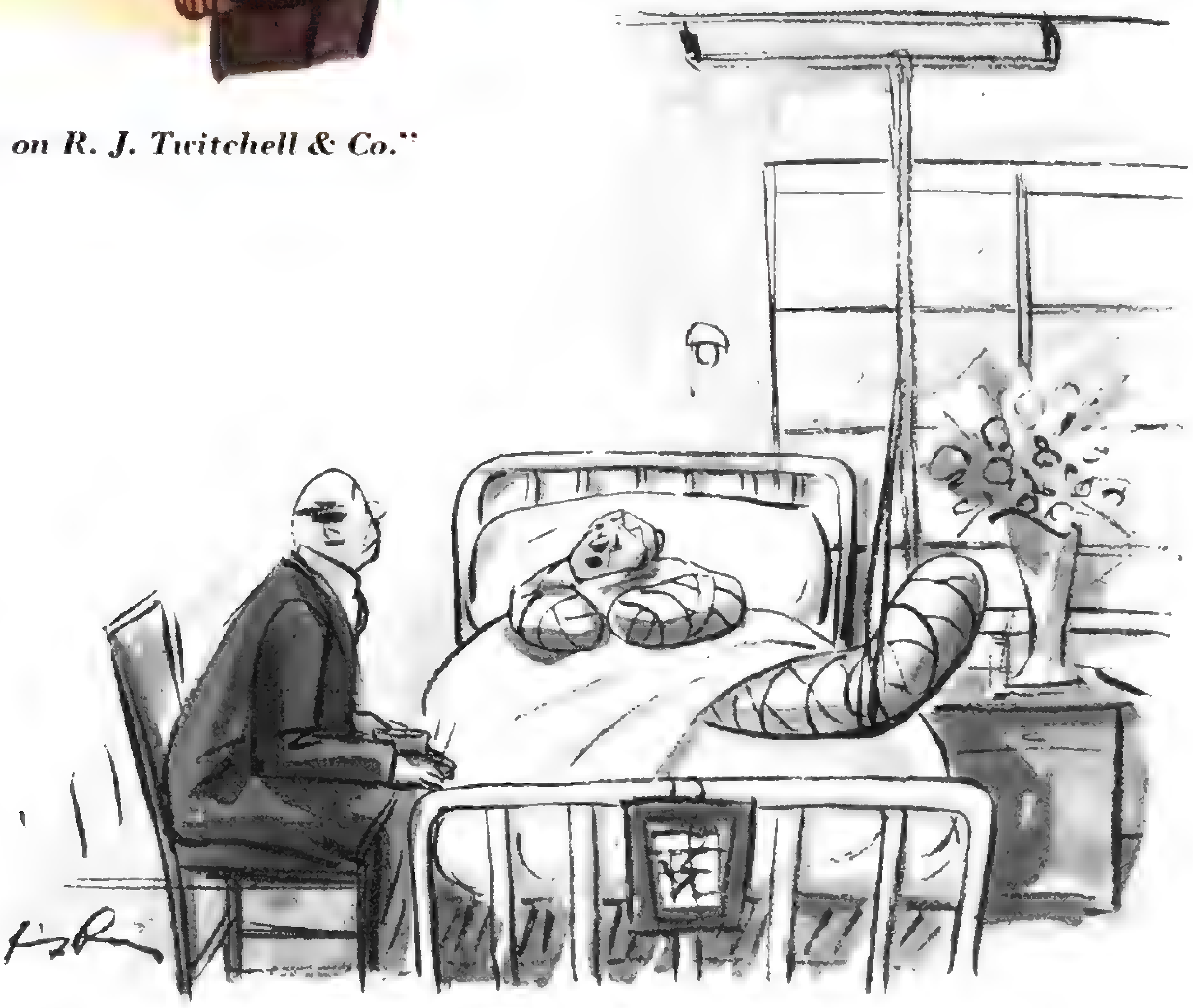
"Parting, Adelaide, could never be a sweet sorrow for me. You say, after all we've meant to each other, that this is goodbye, that everything is over between us. So be it then —but remember—from now on I'll have to ask you to punch the time clock every morning promptly at nine"



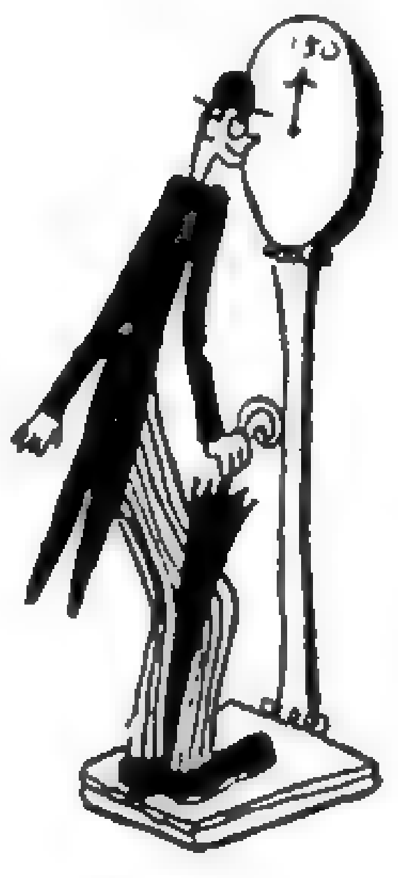
"Our men are closing in on R. J. Twitchell & Co."

Take Me Out From the Ball Game

My ear-drums are shattered,
My Panama's battered,
I've never been mangled this way;
On this side of Hades
Aren't there any Ladies
Who ever attend "Ladies Day"?

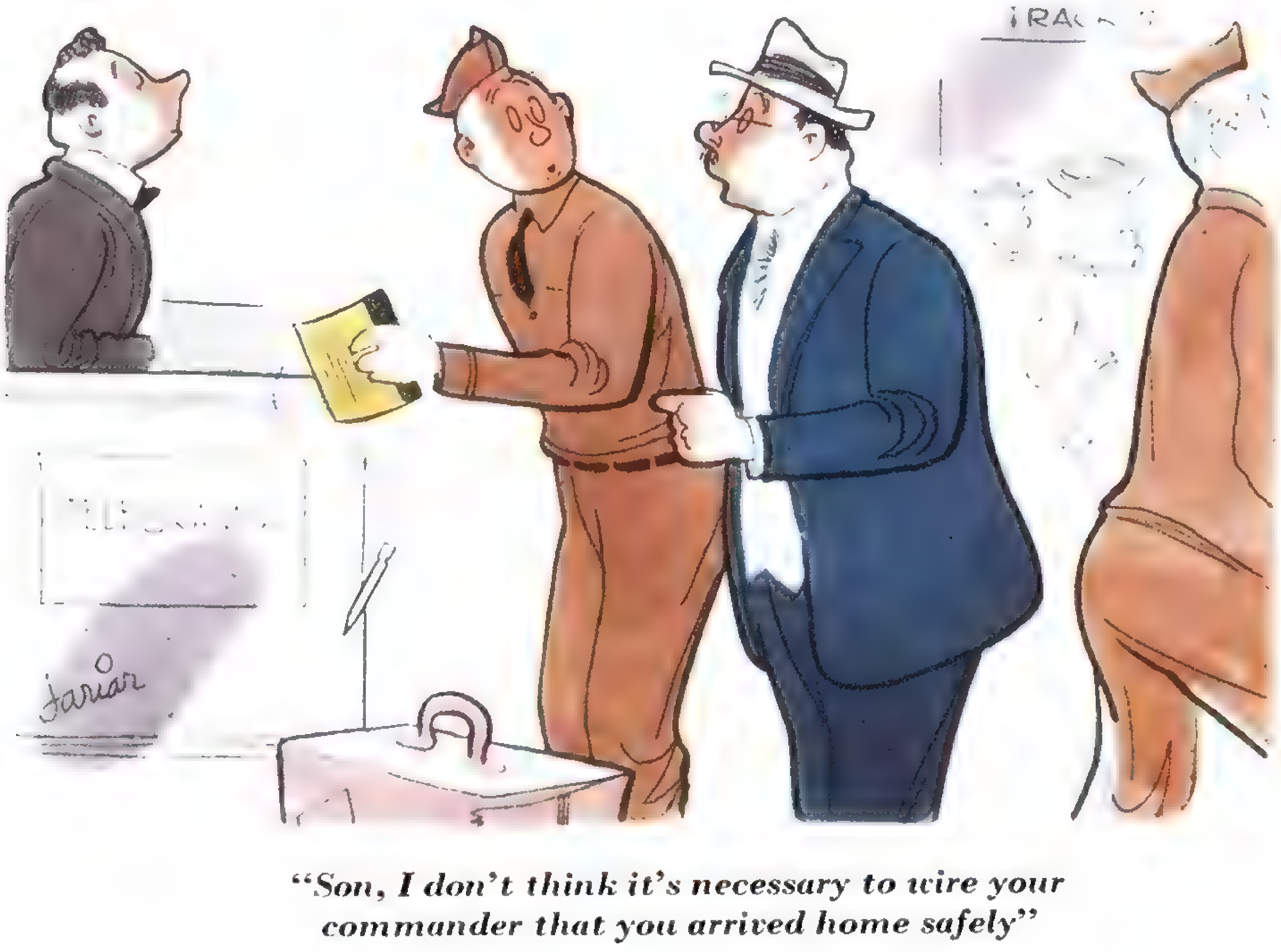


"I saw the uniform and thought a man was driving the car ahead of me"

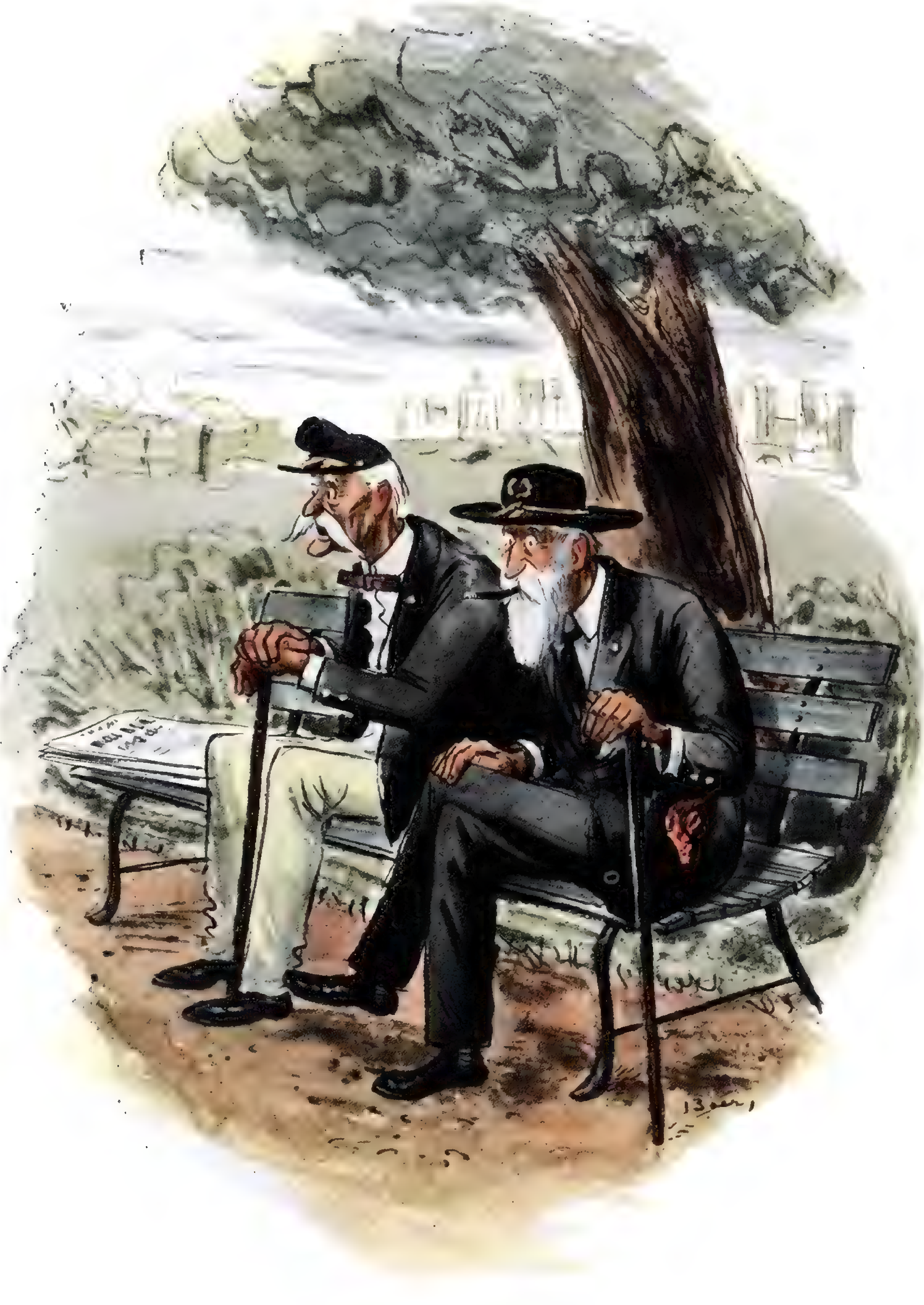


Statistic

We figure that the average American weighs about 130 pounds—or 135 without his various ration, registration and identification cards on him.



"Son, I don't think it's necessary to wire your commander that you arrived home safely"



"How we ever won the Civil War without tanks and airplanes is a mystery to me"

The Atavism of Ralph Piscatore

Daily he swam out in the warm Florida sea, crawled on the bottom and played among the waves and his fixation grew

by ROBERT J. KUHN

• FICTION •

℞

He was born in the third month, under the sign of Pisces, and his name was Piscatore. Italian descent, they say, but a third-generation American. Ralph Piscatore was a lonely man.

Why he should have been lonely is hard to say. The depths of a man's soul are often as impenetrable as the ocean deeps. And the soul of Ralph Piscatore was a troubled thing, not to be soothed by the caresses of his wife, nor diverted by her ceaseless harangues. Piscatore walked the earth with a heavy tread, and his business associates feared him. For this man was set apart.

Now in the third month of a certain year, Ralph Piscatore did a strange thing. He left the home in which he had watched his wife raise three sturdy children, and took them to a new home far to the south, on a spit of land in the State of Florida, near to the Gulf of Mexico. He had caused a home to be built on the edge of the blue-green water, and here, under the fierce-friendly sun of the semi-tropics, Ralph Piscatore found peace.

The peace he found was in the water. In the strong salt spray of the southern sea, Piscatore found tonic for his spirit. He was a big man, not Italian in grace, and had trouble with his feet. But in the water his powerful shoulders found their use, and he cut through the breakers with long, swift strokes. The battle against rough water was exhilaration; floating in the calm was peace. He let the water surge over and around him. He let it lull him to quietude.

Love of the sea became set in the mind of Ralph Piscatore. It obsessed his mind, drove him to build an aquarium into the walls of his home, that he might study the movements of fish and other sea creatures. There was a purpose in him, though he never spoke of it. He ignored his wife and studied his fish, for they could teach him how to swim.

Hour by hour he studied their movements; then he would lumber into the ocean to contort his muscles in futile imitation. Though he could not imitate the fish, no man in the land could swim so well as Ralph Piscatore. This he knew, and reveled in the knowledge.

More and ever more of his time he gave to the water, and less to his obligations on land. Day after day he went out for his swim, and he would remain for hours. As his wife's fears for her children's security increased, she berated him more fiercely; and Piscatore would turn to the water for surcease. He swam the surface, crawled along the bottom and disported himself in the waves. He found happiness there, and his fixation grew. In time he began to hate to come out, even to come up for air. And so he would hold his breath until he reeled under the hammer-blows of his heart; and gradually he developed great lung power. The day came when Ralph Piscatore could imitate his fish under water for several minutes at a time.

Now on his natal day, in the third month of the last year, Ralph left his home and walked to the edge of the water. He shed his trunks and waded through the shallows, then launched himself out toward the Gulf Stream. He swam for several minutes, till he found his favorite spot, and he dove deep and clung to a projecting rock.

It was here that he often found pleasure, for certain fish had grown accustomed to this man's presence and ignored him. Ralph Piscatore could watch them in midst of life, not captive in a man-built tank. Watch them he did, on his natal day in the third month of the last year. Watch them until he lost track of time, forgot his bursting lungs and need for air; forgot his need to cling to the rock, and he followed them in their quest for food.

How did this come to pass? Ralph Piscatore was not aware. So absorbed was he that the hours swam by and the sun long crossed the meridian. And all the while, Ralph Piscatore sat under water and watched the fishes.

A multicolored sea cow passing above his head caused Piscatore to look up, that he might see it well. And as he looked, his mind took note of the fact that no bursts of air were bubbling from his nostrils. No pressure forced his body toward the surface; no pain racked at his lungs. This man who loved so well the graceful fish was now at ease among them. His heart beat was steady; his lungs content. For through his ears seeped air-filled water; and the atavistic fish gills of the third embryonic month were functioning smoothly, as did those of his ancient fish-mammal forbears ten thousand generations before.

The shock of such discovery made Piscatore giddy, but this soon passed. He was eager to accept this miracle, for he considered it nothing loss. Piscatore laughed aloud, but no sound carried through the water. He flung himself forward and down, toward a coral reef that had always been beyond his reach. As he approached the rock, a gentle muscular twist swerved him gracefully up and over; spreading his arms, he halted his forward movement and came to rest directly above the reef.

A grey shrimp, sensing the shadow above it, scurried under the rock. Piscatore was pleased by the tribute. He twisted down along the ocean bed and investigated a large cavern he found in the coral. Refracted sunlight created a dim haze within. The atmosphere reminded Piscatore of a smoke-filled night club—and the cave was equally crowded. Even the activities of the fish were reminiscent: males pursued, and females tried, not too hard, to escape. The cavern evidently was a favorite spawning place. Piscatore studied the coral shelving, the sea worms in the walls. He idled beside fat sunfish and avoided the

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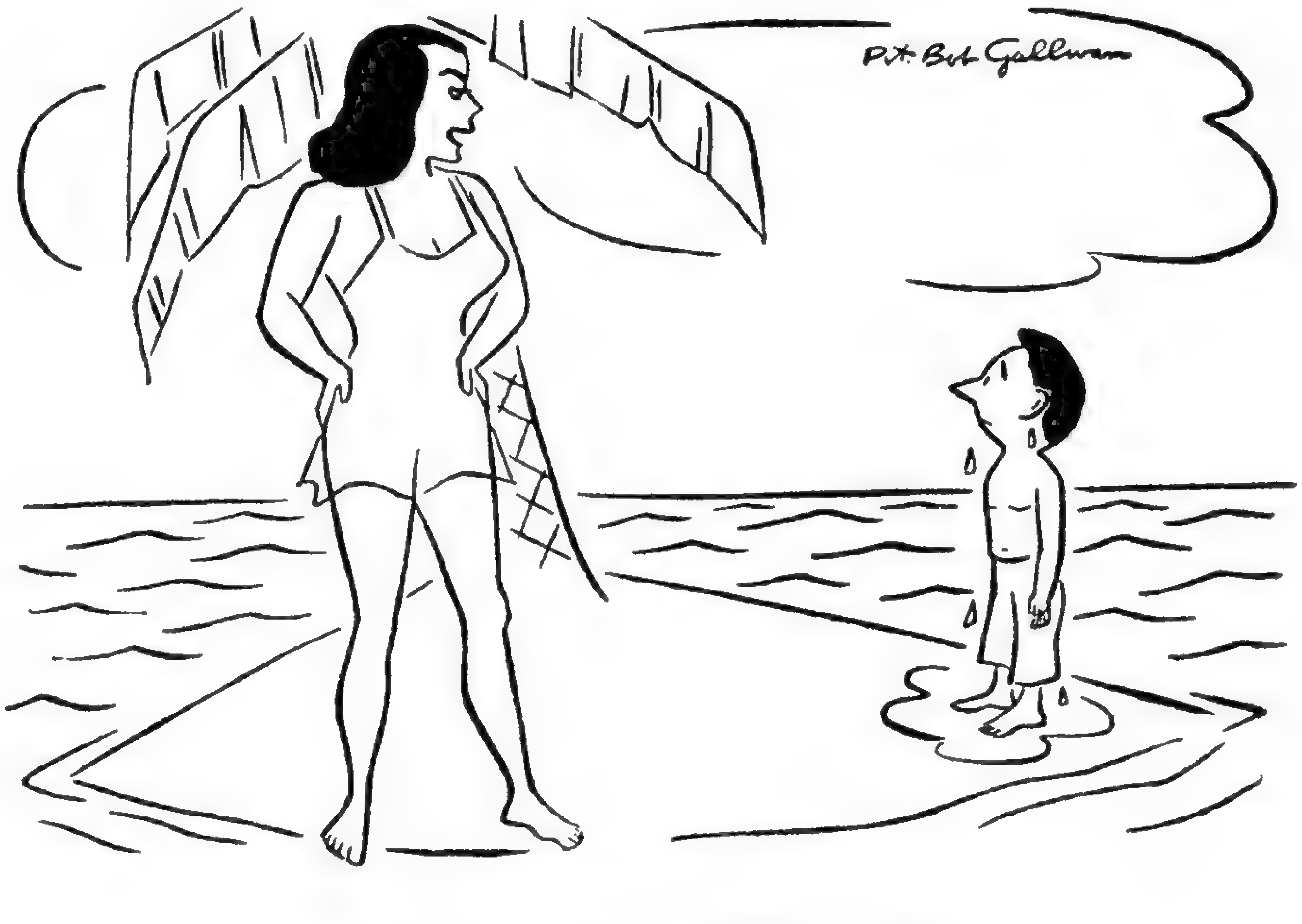


"Hello, tall, dark and handsome"

A Day with Debutantes

The Lieutenant told Smoot and his buddies these girls would probably take them to the Lido and launch them in Café Society

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

℞

Captain Ames, the regimental adjutant, banged down the phone. The captain had a smooth pink face and a boyish mop of blond hair, but his language was that of a talented mule skinner who had done post graduate work. "Damn these blankety people!" he exclaimed.

"Sir?" said his clerk.

"I said blank these obscene dashes," stormed the captain. "Blank them to hell!"

"Yes sir," said the clerk.

"I don't like that Public Relations Officer." Captain Ames was an infantryman who didn't like anybody not of the line. Quartermaster people were an evil only problematically necessary. He hated Ordnance men, the Medical Corps. On maneuvers he kept yelling for the stretcher bearers to get to hell out of the way or he would have them carried off the field on stretchers. As for the Public Relations office, it was his particular detestation. "The sons of dashes," he'd say. "The way to encourage public relations is to win some blank damned battles."

"What does he want now?" asked the clerk mildly.

"He wants some non-commissioned officers. If there were any non-coms in this regiment we could spare I'd have 'em busted."

"I— Perhaps the captain doesn't recall, but there are four non-coms waiting for recruit replacements in Company L—a sergeant and three corporals. The regimental sergeant-major has them on his roster."

"Well, the hell with the sergeant-major and all he stands for. Have those men report to me immediately."

On their way to headquarters in the wake of the regimental messenger Smoot complained to his companions Hyler, Ortwingle, and Corky Smith. "If you should ast me, I would forbode that somethin' is about ready to happen to us which we are probly liable not to like at all. I feel an ill omen comin' over me."

"What," Ortwingle asked the regimental messenger, "does this here Captain Ames want with us for?"

"I'm just a cab driver out in civilian life that got grounded for the duration," said the messenger. "All I learned so far in the army is mess call and pay call. Even if I listened close I wouldn't know what anybody was talkin' about."

Smoot knocked on the adjutant's door. "These are the four non-commissioned officers, sir," said the clerk.

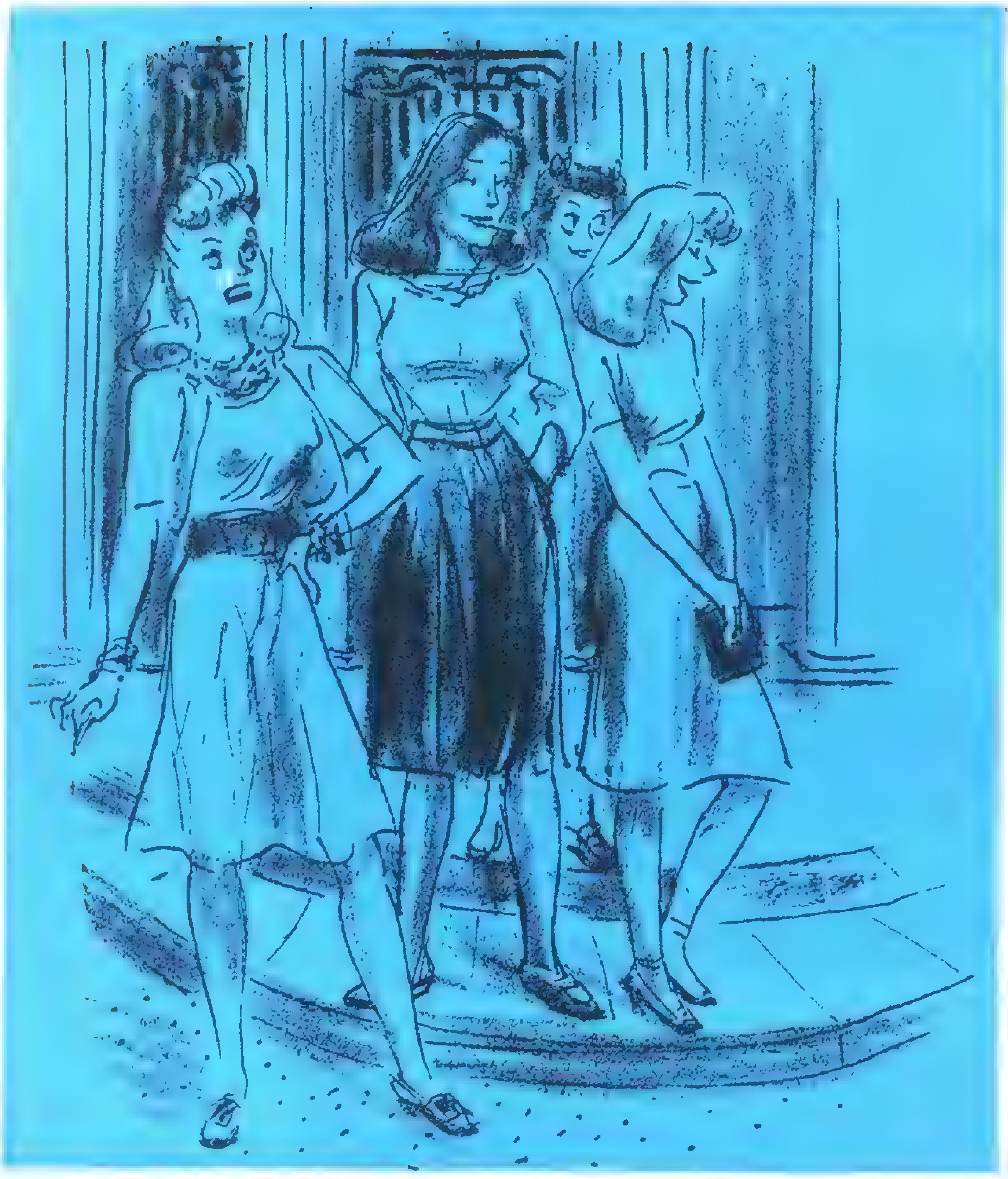
"Well, what do they want?" demanded Captain Ames.

"You sent for them."

"Oh. Oh, yes. That damned Public Relations office. Here, what have you men been doing while your company's been awaiting replacements?"

Smoot looked at Ortwingle, Ortwingle looked at Hyler, and Hyler looked blank. "We been playin' Kelly which we sometimes switch off to straight pool jist for a change," said Smoot. "The rest of the time we eat and sleep, but it's gittin' kind of monotonous."

Captain Ames wiped the perspiration from his pink forehead. Profanity rolled off his tongue in a fluent stream. "Holy blanked sacred deity, am I an officer in an American infantry regiment during a war or am I a figment of Lewis Carroll's imagination? Kelly pool and debutantes! The whole damned thing's a non-sequitur. Can you bring down a man running at top speed a six hundred yards, sergeant?"



"Yes sir," said Sergean Smoot. "Unless the wind i blowin' from three differen directions at once."

"All right," said Captai Ames, mollified. "There ar a couple of million German and another couple of millio Japs whom we shall let yo at all in due time, but for th moment the lousy damned blanking Public Relations office would like to borrow your services."

"Very good, sir," said Smoot. "What are we suppose to do?"

"How in the all-fired name of a beloved heavenly figure do I know? Report with your three corporals to Lieutenant Jones at the Public Relations office."

"I don't guess I know where that is, sir."

"If some hot-headed patriot hasn't already burned it down, it's in the Quartermaster building."

"Very good, sir," said Smoot.

"I'm glad you think so," said the captain.

"Public Relations," said Ortwingle on their way over to report to Lieutenant Jones. "Does that mean a person's relations that are on the public payroll?"

"No," said Hyler. Because Harrison Hyler had been educated at college it was incumbent upon him to explain anything, from the reasons why water swirled down the drain in opposite directions in the Eastern and Western hemispheres to the unaccountable length of the elephant's gestation. "No," said Hyler. "The purpose of the Army Public Relations office is to make sure that the soldiers and civilians pester each other according to regulations."

"It don't make hardly no sense to me," said Ortwingle.

"My ole granfather who finely kilt hisself one day by a barn fallin' on him," Corky Smith related, "was a veterine of the Civilian War between the States on the Confederate side."

"That don't make no sense to me neither," said Ortwingle.

"I ain't come to the part that makes sense," Corky protested. "My ole grandfather knew a girl down South who could cook very nice southern fried chicken, so he inlisted with the Confederates and all through the war he had public relations with this girl and finely when peace was let loose he married her and she turned out in the end to be my grandmother. I bet the movies could make another movie like *Gone With the Wind* out of stuff my ole grandfather could tell them if he wasn't dead."

"Maybe," said Smoot sarcastically, "maybe they could still hire him to write one of them screen plays on a ouija board. Well, here we are. This premonition inside me gets more forboding the closer I git to this Public Relations office."

"Sit down, men," said Lieutenant Jones. "Ah—er—we have a task. Well, a sort of task." The lieutenant didn't seem to know quite how to explain. "Not a task, exactly. The truth is, we have four young Junior Leaguers on our hands—"

"I hope there is a fast-ball pitcher in them," said Corky Smith. "That's what we need worst on our team, a fast-ball pitcher."

"I'm afraid you misunderstand. These Junior Leaguers aren't ball players, they're debutantes."

"Wimmin?" Smoot blinked.

"Well, girls. Society girls, you might call them. Anyway their papas are somebody. They want to entertain four soldiers."

"As far as I am concerned," said Hyler curtly, "I didn't join the army to be patronized."

"Don't be stuffy, my boy. One wins a war the best way one can," said the lieutenant. "I wanted to join the Air Corps and drop bombs on Tokyo, and look what they have me doing."

"I wanted to be a aviator too," said Corky Smith, "ony they tole me I was too old for the amount of time I went to school. There wasn't no schools that went higher than the fifth grade in Oskaloosa County, so after commencement I had to go to work and that's the reason why they won't let me join up with the Air Corpse."

"However that may be, I wish you fellows would see that these four young ladies have a nice time."

"Well, I figger we been ast to do about everything else so far in this here conflict except stick bayonets into some Japs," said Smoot, "so I guess we kin take on some deputants."

"A waitress is the best kind of a girl to take out," said Corky Smith, "because from standin' on their feet all day they will almost sit on anybody's lap to git a rest."

"How do you go about actin' with a society dep— with one of them dames," Ortwingle wanted to know.

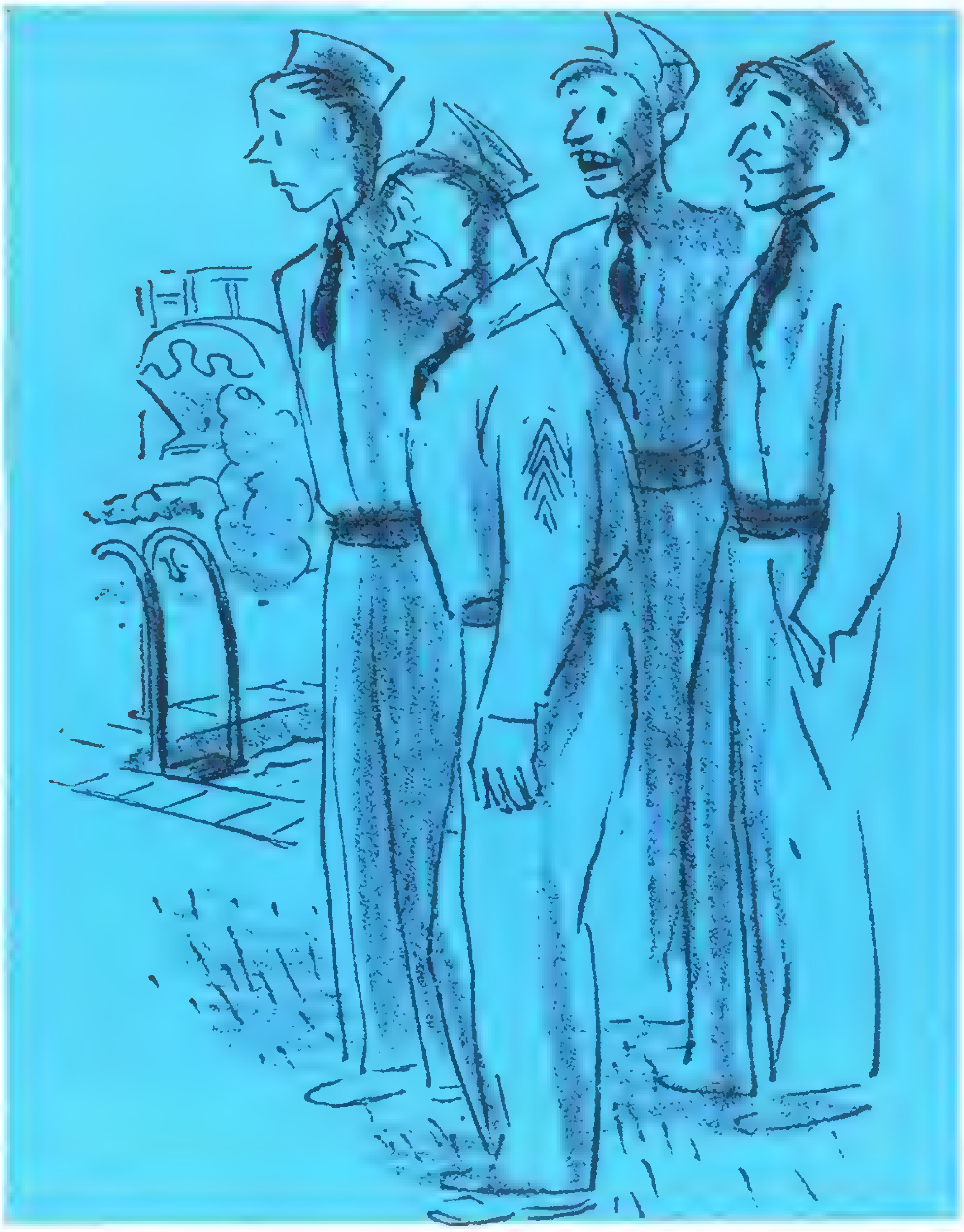
The lieutenant smiled. "Just be yourself, I should imagine. Perhaps they'll take you men to the Lido and introduce you to café society. I understand the father of one of the girls owns the process for making synthetic rubber. He's a dollar-a-year man in Washington."

"If that's all they're willin' to pay for it," said Corky Smith, "no wonder it is such a tire shortage."

"Anyway, best of luck," said the lieutenant, "and don't let the army down. A chauffeur in a limousine is waiting at the reception center to whisk you off to town."

"Maybe this ain't gonna turn out to be so badly after all," said Corky Smith on their way to the reception center. "If I ony git to ride in a limousine it will be a new experiment for me. Already I am got a strong taste for high society because I hear there is a fan dancer at that Lido Club who she wears so little clothes on that all the policemen fights amongst themselfs to see who gits to raid the place every now and then."

"For my part," said Smoot, "I will be glad to welcome a respite from roughnecks that I got to associate with as a general rule. Once in a while it is a change to glance at the finer things in life and converse with the better elements. I wouldn't care to be a member of a high social spear continually, but once in a while a guy would like to know how the upper crust tastes."



"Oh boy!" exclaimed Corky. "There's our limousine, which all it needs is a couple of wings to make it into a B-19. Well, if you ask me, this guy must sell plenty of that sympathetic rubber to somebody beside Washington, because at a dollar a year it would take him since the Revolutionary War to save the money to buy a boat like this. With me together beside a beautiful deputant in a limousine I think I would be able to go places."

"Deputants," said Smoot, "always have a chaparral with them accordin' to what this Elsie Post says."

The automobile slid smoothly away. "I see a movie one day," said Corky, "in which the chauffeur of this rich dame's car was in reality a spy at the head of a spy ring who—"

"Did you ever see a movie once," asked Smoot, "in which they choked somebody because all he ever done was tell about the movies he seen?"

"No," said Corky. "But I git the hint."

The limousine drew up under the portico of a tall white mansion. "This is what I call siciety," said the irrepressible Corky. "I bet there must of been rich people in my ancestors, because it would not take me very long to git used to feelin' at home in a joint like this."

"I am Mrs. Fowler," said a tall white-haired lady. "So nice of you to come. The girls will be down presently. Show the gentlemen into the garden, Franklyn."

Franklyn showed them into the garden and in a moment had brought them frosted drinks in tall crystal glasses. Ortwingle stared at the blue tiled swimming pool, the grass tennis courts, the ping-pong equipment, the white enameled tables with glass tops under bright-colored umbrellas.

"I bet a girl who she owns a swimmin' pool is a simple matter to fall in love with her," observed Corky Smith.

"As I am the rankin' non-com here," said Sergeant Smoot, "I am givin' out a order for you guys to watch your language amongst these deputants because a soldier in the uniform of Uncle Sam is suppose to make believe he is a gentleman even if it kills him."

"I kin hardly wait until I git my pants off," said Corky Smith, "in order to leap into that swimmin' pool. Yes sir. First I like to take a swim, then lay on the grass and git some nice sun, then ast this Franklyn to fry us some bacon and eggs, then have a good dinner with roast turkey on the menu, then take in a double feature movie, and finely wind up at the Lido Club to see this fan dancer."

At this point the Junior Leaguers came into the garden. "I'm Barbara Fowler," said the tallest of the girls. Smoot took it upon himself to introduce his fellow soldiers. "They wanted to send us some officers," Barbara explained, "but we told them what they could do with their officers."

"What?" said Corky Smith.

"Be yourself, honey," said Barbara. "Come on, let's push off. What do a bunch of virile young warriors do on an odd afternoon?"

"Generally we shoot Kelly pool until we ketch somebody with three or four pills in his pocket," said Corky Smith. "But it's okay with us if we jist sit around here and swim and eat turkey and talk about the stock market."

"Oh, let's get away from this place," said Barbara. "I never come here except to sleep. Don't you guys know about some joint that we couldn't get into unless we were with soldiers?"

"Yes, do let's go to a joint," said one of the other girls.

As they drew him forcibly away Corky gazed back longingly over his shoulder at the cool tennis courts, the swimming pool, the awninged tables. "I think we jist as soon lay around and—"

"Don't be a droop, boy," said Barbara. "Wind yourselves up and let's get going."

"And I thought I was gittin' into a high social stratosphere at last," moaned Corky

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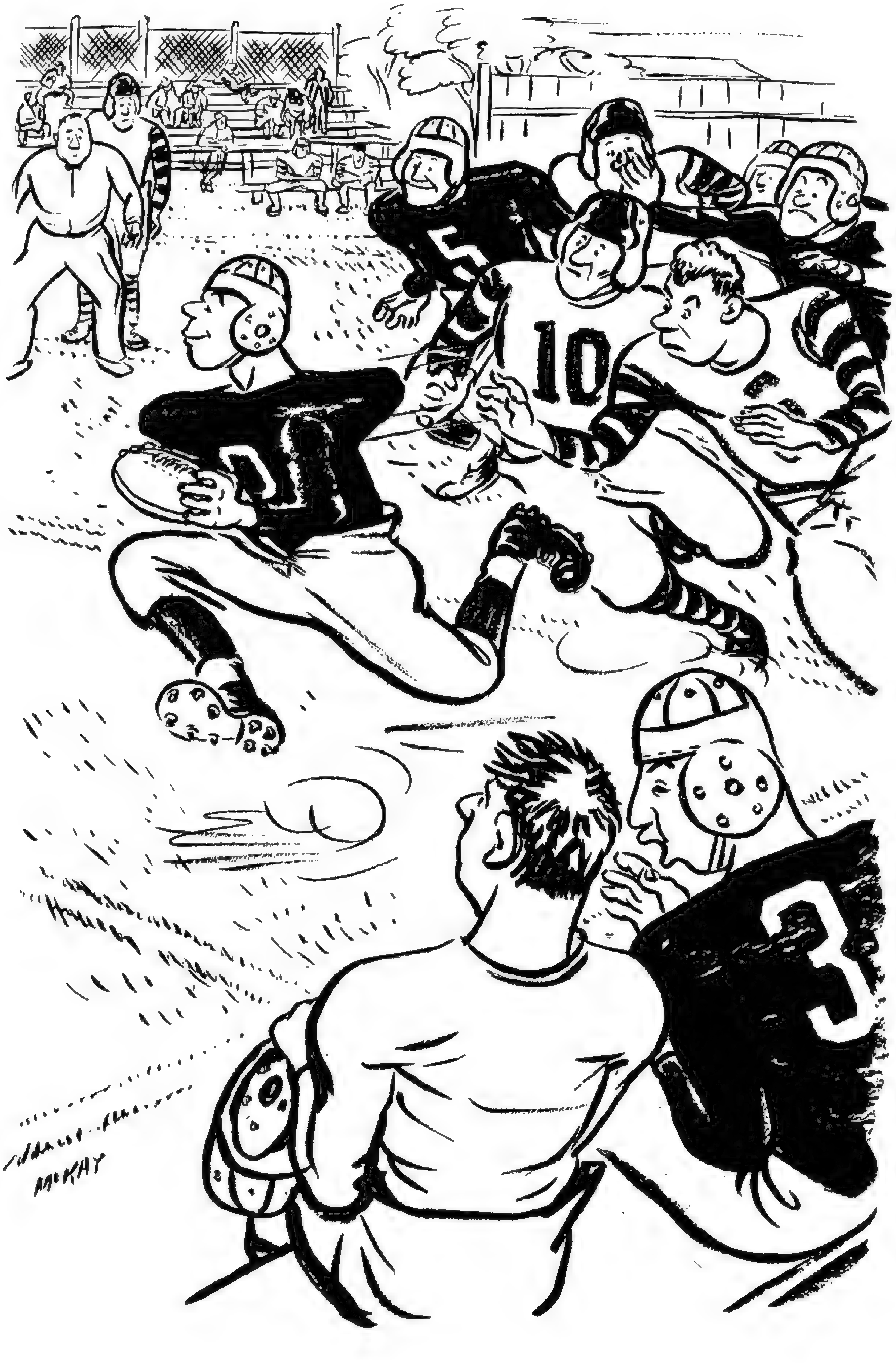

"He claims turning his shoulder pads endwise streamlines him!"

The Three R's of Training

Relaxation, regularity and rhythm in all activities more important than hard and fast rules to keep athletes in condition

by TOM HARMON

• SPORTS •

How many times have you heard a fan in the stands remark to his neighbor during a particularly hard-fought football game: "*My,* what a beating those boys must be taking out there!" That probably is about the most-repeated comment among the stadium customers every fall. What these observers don't recognize, however, is that these boys are *ready* for just such contact. They have been *tempered* for weeks for just exactly these vicious shocks, all these jutting, spurting concussions. That is the real meaning of *training* —preparing an athlete in advance for the specific experiences of competition in the various sports. And because these experiences are different in every sport, the types of training for each sport *have* to be radically different. They have to be specialized.

There are always a lot of arguments among athletes and fans about which sport is toughest. I can say that each sport is toughest, if you haven't been drilled especially for it. The long distance runner, the boxer, the wrestler, the baseball player, the football player, the basketball player all have to be made ready for the different types of strain and strenuous effort that are required by the different actions of these sports. A prize fighter knows how to get ready for a short period of terrific action; a baseball player must know how to keep in trim for top action of a very refined game over a period of six months. The training of a football player does not fit him for basketball, as has been demonstrated many times in the colleges.

Most athletes learn their training rules in books when they are very young. They read perhaps somewhere that Coach Sweat has said that to be a great athlete you must run ten miles a day. This is all wrong, of course, unless you are aiming to be a distance runner. Every sport has certain essentials, but there are many differences of opinion about the best basic procedures for even these separate sports. In football, for example, I disagree with a lot of trainers in certain matters.

My first taste of organized training came when I was in high school, although my first taste of organized football came when I was in the sixth grade. I was the same as about a million other boys of grade school age. I read that Red Grange had done this, and I would do the same thing trying to emulate him. This was good training of a sort because it taught me early that in order to be a good athlete you have to give up a great many things and punish yourself a lot to attain your goal. But being in only the sixth grade I found naturally that much of Red Grange's training schedule was impossible for me. He had found things to do that had enabled him to reach perfection in training, but his body was mature and mine just growing. This is a factor that many trainers and coaches do not seem to consider at all. Every athlete is different, and the training schedule imposed upon him, if wrong for him, may do him more harm than good.

When I finally reached high school, I was very fortunate in having a great coach, Doug Kerr, who took training seriously. As a result his teams were in as good shape as any high school team ever could be. When we started out, it was usually in early August—and plenty hot. For the first few days we would work out in shorts, taking various exercises to strengthen certain parts of the body, and also to get our legs into shape. It was nothing for a boy to lose fifteen or twenty pounds in these mid-summer workouts.

These exercises consisted of knee bends, ankle walks, waist spins, touching the toes, and winding up with "jiggling," which is shaking your hands and arms and legs in relaxed movements to take the tension off the muscles and tendons that have just been stretched. This may not seem very important to a thoughtless athlete, but the fact is that when you stretch muscles they do not instantly snap back into place. Extra strain on them can result in a pulled muscle or a pulled tendon. For that reason it is very important to work to get your muscles and tendons flexible and elastic. This can be accomplished by exercises such as these.

In fact, the one main thing I would tell a young athlete to watch for when getting in shape would be to take special notice of his knees, shoulders, and ankles. The one sight that gives a trainer the heebie-geebies more than anything else is a boy being carried in with a wrenched knee. Doug Kerr emphasized that on my mind early in my career. In our training program we always warmed up gradually, usually winding up by doing stretching exercises with our legs outstretched on a hurdle, touching first one hand and then the other on our toes. Then as a climax to our training drills we usually had foot races, matching the backs against the linemen. Americans always like competition, and if training can be made into a sort of game the boys don't notice the grind so much.

After about a week of calisthenics of this type, the body should be ready for the start of contact. Then it won't take long for those who loafed through the early training to find out that they were only beating themselves. A "charley-horse" is very often a very costly reminder. When contact has been started, a good coach will teach and demonstrate the various correct ways of tackling and blocking. Many good boys are ruined by injuries because they do not know how to block or tackle correctly.

If I were asked to "Name the one outstanding reason athletes are injured," I would immediately reply: "In nine out of ten cases, it is because the boy has not mastered the

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"I see black spots in front of my eyes and I want you to change them to blondes!"

Apple Trees and Jerks on Jeeps

Reviewing songs of the last and the present war, from mawkish sentiment to the good, the singable and true

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

A lot of people think the first World War was better than this one, which may be sheer prejudice. Among the favorable points of the 1914-18 imbroglio was the occurrence of a lot of songs which soldiers were glad to sing and which civilians liked well enough. By this time these songs are hallowed by age and, to be sure, by victory too; so we cannot say for sure that *Quand Madelon . . .* was really a great war song; but we can remember that while it was being sung, everyone had a special feeling for it, recognizing it as historic, which was not exactly the case with the more famous *Tipperary*. As for the direct American contributions, they were led by *Over There* and *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning;* but a high degree of acclaim went to a song of less musical interest entitled (as I recall it) *All that Worries Me, Is that Someone Else Will be There, While I'm Gone;* and there were two practical songs; our war aims were indicated in *All We Want is a Slice of the Rhine* and the future was questioned, in the simple query, *How You Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?*

Note that this was the era of the divine Jerome Kern songs from the Princess Shows; that Berlin had written great hits and two whole scores before he did his Camp Upton show; that the Shimmy was the daring dance of the moment and there was a song about not being able to do that shimmy-shake on tea. All these songs were sung by the armed services; but the distinguishing songs were those I mentioned first. Those and others, some local, some pure army, like *K-K-K-Katy* and *Pull the Shade Down, Mary Ann* (other names also used). And there were the heavy sentimental ones, which linger in my mind because I didn't like them: *Roses of Picardy* and *Rose of No Man's Land*. It's no use saying that soldiers were too hard-bitten and realistic about the war to sing sentimental songs; they even sang sob songs about war and heroics; but these were not their favorites. They also sang smutty songs. They sang what was current, and they sang songs connected with their private lives. One of the most affecting memories I have is of a British Tommy standing on the firestep in the crumbling trenches around Festubert, his cheek resting on the drum of his Lewis gun, watching for a German raiding party in the misty dawn of an April day and softly singing to himself the words of *A Little Love*.

There's a cheerful song today which exactly parallels the worry of the soldier about being replaced. In the earlier song the savior of his country dreamt of a couple necking, which he called spooning, on the lawn; the present version uses the old word "pet," and exhorts the female partner not to sit under the apple tree—a rustic concept; the song is funny and foolish; it is likable. But directly parallel is a maundering driveling adagio job about my place being taken by someone else which, to the eternal glory of our armed forces, seems to be civilian in atmosphere.

On the other hand, the ditty about a character called Johnny Doughboy (could this be one of *our* soldiers, with a name like that?) is relatively revolting. This character found a rose in Ireland and he's welcome. In a song which recalls to me all the less desirable cadences of all the songs about *Wild Irish Roses* and *Roses of Picardy* and *Beautiful Garden of Roses* our Johnny Doughboy decides that it is his duty (not listed so far as I know in the manual of arms) to turn this Irish damsel into an American Beauty. This brings up the acute question of naturalization versus Americanization; I maintain that he can't make an American beauty out of his Irish rose, that marriage alone may give citizenship but true Americanization comes by experiencing the essence of America—and if this guy thinks—in short the words are nearly as maudlin as the tune. And have got me down, too. (In passing, I remind you that the original Irish rose song has a peach of a line about taking the bloom from the rose. What one does find in unexpected places! The present version glorifies New York blarney as if it were an accent, like Southern.)

A few days ago I saw an advance copy of a song called *Six Jerks on a Jeep*. It was written by service men and will appear, I believe, in a movie. It wasn't musically exciting —not like *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, for instance, but it had stuff. The beat was jerky, to my unmotorized body the rhythm was jumpy, as it would be if *I*, who can't drive a kiddycar, drove a jeep; the theme was about hungry soldiers who called themselves jerks and were driving a jeep and hoping for fun; the song had words in it I didn't know, such as "moax"—what is or are moax? It had neither heroics nor self-pity; it didn't say a thing about driving the jeep against the Jap; it just rang true, all the way.

I don't know whether the soldiers are making up songs about the camp followers, the girls they fall in love with and leave behind, or the new scenery to which they are getting all-expense-paid tours. I've been told that both service men and their girls resent a little the constant imputation of two-timing, so that the little verses about the three little sisters who divided their affections among the three principal services is becoming popular. I predict a revival of *Something to Remember You By* (itself or in new phrases) because of the millions who go into the service, some

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THE CZECH BATTLE HYMN

A MESSENGER came to the Bohemian village of Domažlice, with a proclamation for the community officials.

"Dear breathren," it read, "we must defend the Law of God and the common weal. Therefore let every man who can take battle-axe in hand or fling a stone be ready. We are now gathering the people from all sides against the foes and destroyers of Bohemia . . . Remember our first conflict when we, the small against the great, the few against the many, the unarmed against the armed, fought so well. There is still a just and all-powerful God! Let us trust in Him and take strength for what is to come."

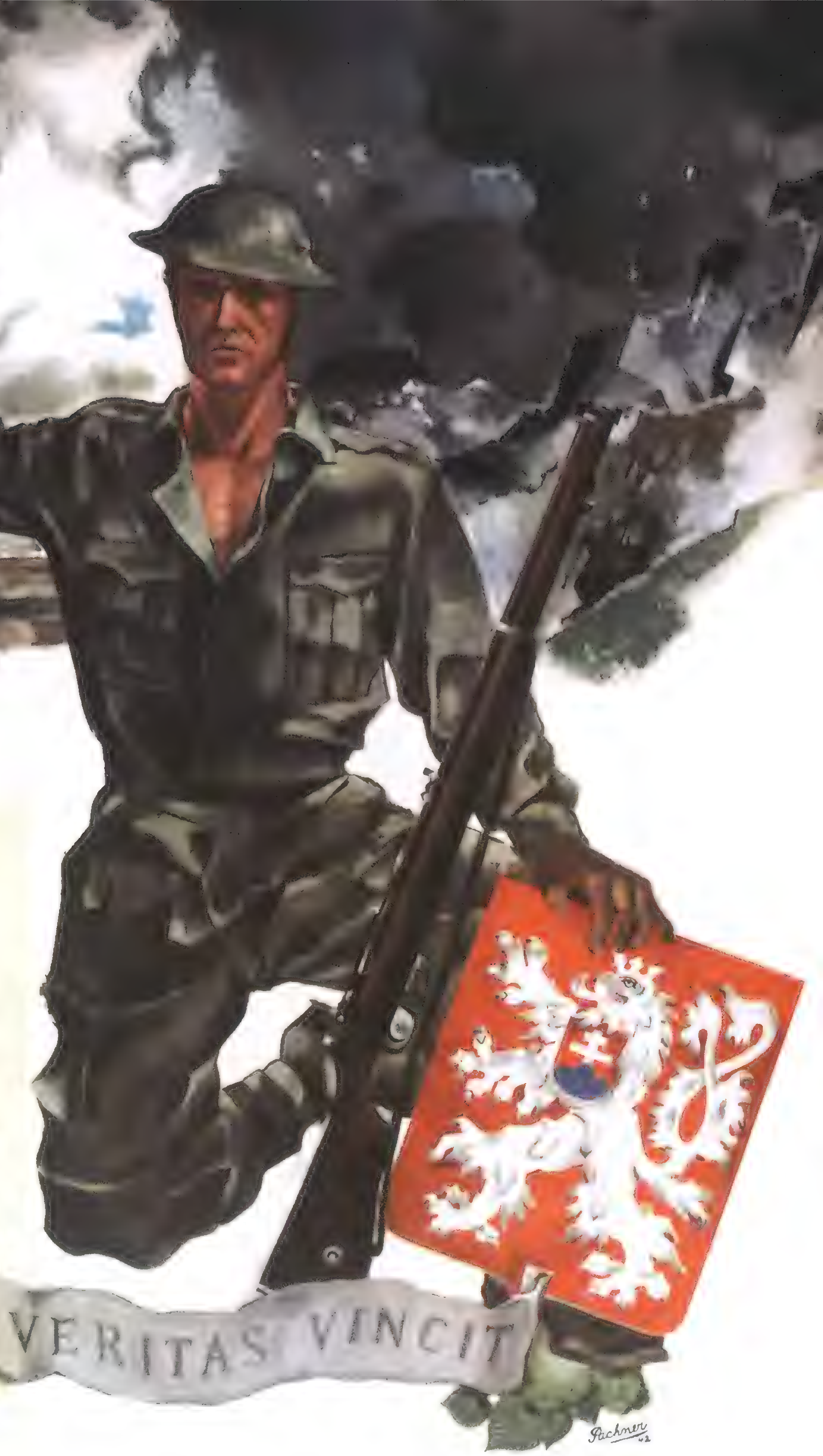
It was around 1420 that these words of Jan Žižka, the "Warrior of the Lord," called his beloved Bohemia to join the Hussites in their fight for national and religious freedom. The staunch soldier who lost one eye in battle and died completely blind showed the world that democracy fights better than autocracy. He organized a Czech people's army of artisans and peasants who for years held the field against a superior force of mercenaries. Žižka had little equipment but he had something else: the courage of a great idea. From their capital, Tábor, the Hussites proclaimed the abolition of class distinctior suffering humanity. It was an anticipation Four Freedoms, the vision of a milleni brotherhood and justice.

Žižka marched and conquered under thi ner. Armed with swords, axes, spears and his well organized volunteers threw then on the disorganized mercenaries of King mund. Žižka's ingeniously constructed ar wagons—predecessors of our tanks— through the enemy's lines.

In these great hours of Czech histor *Ktož jsú boží bojovníci* appeared and echoed tl Bohemia—pious, democratic, belligerent, a of the power and invincibility of the spirit. written by one Žižka's soldiers.

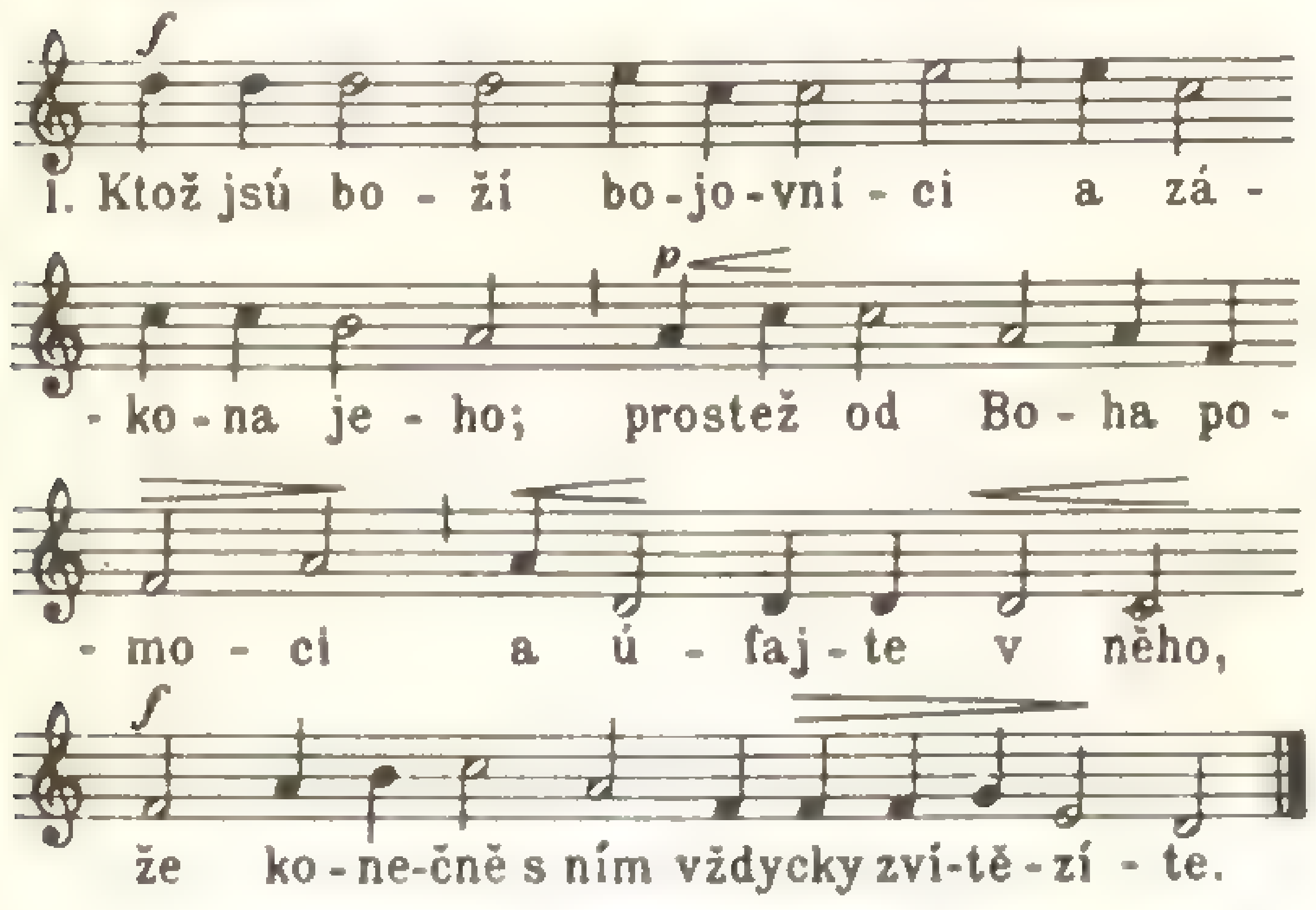
Ever since, the hymn has been part Czech tradition. It became a motive in Sme *My Fatherland* and in the overture to Dv *Husitska*. It fired the Czechoslovak Legion days of the first World War. Today it is a fa tune of Czechoslovak soldiers and pilot fight in the ranks of the United Nations. all, it is alive in Czechoslovakia. Though f den, it is whistled and hummed day after c a secret army waiting for its day—Will Sc

Editor's Note: *William Pachner, a Czechoslovak artist, painted this picture to commemorate the N Czechoslovakian holiday, October 28, which, in the year 1918 was the date of this country's liberatio responding to our July Fourth. The soldier in this painting wears a miniature Czechoslovakian flag helmet, to distinguish his uniform from the British. The seal of his country consists of the Bohemian carrying the insignia of Slovakia on which the three mounds represent the three highest mountains of Sl In the background the left side symbolizes the flat lands of Bohemia with the sacred hill of Rip, wh mountainous heights on the right depict Slovakia.* Veritas Vincit *(Truth conquers) is the motto indomitable republic which carries on despite Nazi rule, through its 40,000 men fighting bravely w British in Libya, Russia, and the Middle East and its sizable army training in England for a second*



Ktož jsú boží bojovníci

Válečná píseň Táborská
(Z XV. století)


Odhodlaně
f
1. Ktož jsú bo - ží bo-jo-vní - ci a zá -
- ko - na je - ho; prostež od Bo - ha po -
p
- mo - ci a ú - faj - te v něho,
f
že ko - ne-čně s ním vždycky zví-tě - zí - te.

2. Tenť Pán velíť se nebáti - záhubcí tělesných;
velíť i život ztratiti - pro lásku bližních svých:
protož posilňte zmužile srdcí svých.

3. Nepřátel se nelekejte, - na množství nehleďte,- pána
svého v srdci mějte, - proň a s ním bojujte - a před
nepřáteli neutiekajte.

4. Heslo všichni pamatujte, - kteréž vám vydáno,
svých hauptmanóv pozorujte,- rétuj druh druhého,
hlediž a drž se každý šiku svého.

5. A s tiem vesele křikněte,- řkúc: Na ně, hr na ně!
braň svú rukama chutnajte,- Bóh pán náš křikněte.
Bite, zabíte, žádného neživte!

Hussite Battle Hymn

1—O Ye warriors of the Lord God
Of his law and justice
For his help pray never ceasing
In faith and in such hope
That he shall give at last a crown of Glory.

2—Christ is worthy of your losses
Great reward he shall give.
Who his life gives for the Lord's sake
Shall gain life eternal
Bless'd is his end who in the truth endures.

3—Of your foes be ne'er in terror,
Many though they may be,
In your heart keep but the Lord God
For whom ye do battle.
Ne'er shall ye flee nor yield before enemies.

4—Ever hold fast to your watchword
Which you vowed to obey.
Heed your leaders, heed their bidding
Let each help his brother,
Upright and firm stand as one man together.

5—March away and shout with gaiety:
'Hurra, beat Thy enemies!'
Make your arms enjoy your weapons,
'God, our Lord!' keep shouting.
Kill them, blot them out, let nobody survive!

—Translated by Jan Loewenbach

The Pilot and the Bomb's Rush

In battles of the Coral Sea, Midway and other fronts the best blows are dealt by the guy in the "greenhouse"

by ROBERT W. MARKS

▪ARTICLE▪

It's hard to talk intelligibly about American bombing, without talking about the Norden bombsight. And it's impossible to talk about the Norden bombsight.

With these reservations shackling me like an overweighted diver's suit, I strapped on a parachute, grabbed an oxygen mask, and climbed into the intestines of a well-warmed bomber . . . deep in the hot of Texas.

"Two words of warning," said the commanding officer, as he slapped me on the parachute, "don't try to see the bombsight . . . and don't try to follow the bomb."

I hooked up my oxygen tube, and turned my better eye as far as possible away from the hooded bombsight. Up we went—high over the endless plains. Looking across the Southwestern wastes, seeing nothing but flat emptiness out to the four horizons, I was convinced that we could always be sure of death and Texas.

And then, as the bomb doors yawned open under me, as the altimeter climbed to twenty thousand feet, as the temperature dropped below zero and pneumonia beckoned, I saw, for the first time, the genius of the egg-dropper at work.

The story is this: the bombardier, who until now has been the "Forgotten Man" of offensive aviation, is the man for whom all the rest of the air arm is set. As a matter of fact, when you draw up your tables of computation, you will find that hundreds of men go through the rigors of endless training, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended for primary and supporting equipment, to one end—that this bombardier should have fifteen seconds of uninhibited, if not sadistic bliss.

I clamped my earphones tight, took an extra whiff of oxygen, and watched the pilot's instrument board . . . as we approached the first target. Suddenly, I understood the extent of the bombardier's authority. Unfortunately, for the record, I couldn't watch him; he was hovering over the sacred sight, and I, suspect, was disbarred from the "greenhouse," where bombardier and bombsight were fused in sympathetic embrace.

From the moment the plane sights its target, until the moment the bomb or bombs have dropped on it, the bombardier is sole captain of the ship. The success or failure of the mission, during this critical period, is largely dependent on his skill, his training, and his co-ordinating ability.

In the middle of my reverie and cold, I heard a sharp click. A bomb detached itself neatly from the rack next to my shoulder, and, barely missing me in its madcap flight, hurtled nonchalantly toward the ground. Sticking my head through the open bomb door, I saw the target still some mile or so in front of us. "Clumsy work," I said to myself, "this bombardier will be lucky if his egg even stays in the State of Texas."

I yanked the oxygen tube from my mouth, and crawled along the narrow catwalk, taking care to avoid becoming another badly-aimed egg. I threw myself flat on my face, looking through the hole in the floor set aside for the observer. Hours seemed to pass. The bluish-gray projectile, like a zombie, apparently had resigned itself to a lifetime of floating in mid-air. Then, a puff of white smoke spouted up from the ground: the bomb had hit the "shack" directly on the button.

It seems that if a bomber is flying only at 10,000 feet, and at a speed of 200 m.p.h., a 500-pound bomb will hit the ground one-and-a-quarter miles ahead of the point where it was released . . . a missile is always as good as a mile.

"If the bombardier has set his sight correctly," the observer said to me, "he can't miss. That sight is almost human—except for the fact that it never makes mistakes."

At this point, oxygen starvation began its nefarious work on my brain and my ardor. Panting, and with no strength left for the parliamentary niceties, I crawled back to my seat, and popped the oxygen tube in my mouth. It was a well-timed safety measure; unfortunately, the tube chose that precise moment to become disconnected.

Relentlessly, we soared on to target No. 2. And one more direct hit was registered by the observer's movie camera.

* * *

Bombing, today, is more than an art. The Norden bombsight has translated it into a high and accurate science. The bombardier's problem is more intellectual than physical. He is not a sharpshooter; he is a lightning calculator. He must be able to estimate correctly the altitude of the bomber, the altitude of the target, the speed of the plane, and the movement of the target—if any.

What follows, is up to the bombsight; for within its sacred entrails are cogs and cams which palaver together with the brilliance of an Einstein, and the precision of the Bureau of Weights and Measures. If the bomber doesn't lie to his bombsight, the bombsight will never let him down—and every egg will fall, as the bomber lingo has it, "right in the pickle barrel."

All of this sounded like kindergarten stuff. "Give me a pencil and paper," I felt like saying, "give me a copy of the Farmer's Almanac, the statistics on the mean temperature of Middle Texas in midsummer . . . and let me try my hand." But what my half-cocked imagination had overlooked, was the fact that a bomber, in combat, is quite a different thing from a transport plane flying its passengers through a calm, level, smooth,

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"Scratch One Flat Top" Is the Flash, When a Grumman "Avenger" Lets Fly

Coming in low over the water, sometimes behind a smoke screen and sometimes not, coming in close enough to plant that one torpedo where it will do the most bad . . . poised low over the water for one momentous moment, while the plane spills out its torpedo as contemptuously and deliberately as a big bass spitting out a fisherman's plug . . . then swerving up and away to avoid the ack ack from the carrier that has moments left to live . . . that's the slap-happy life of a torpedo bomber like this one, the Navy's new Grumman "Avenger." Just one torpedo, but one's enough. It's the one aerial weapon that can put a big ship away for keeps, with one swift slug below the belt line. As the Navy so succinctly expresses its growing fondness for the torpedo plane's method of doing the Japs dirt, "the way to sink 'em is fill 'em with water, not with air—then they stay sunk."

One of the largest airplanes to operate from a carrier, the Grumman "Avenger" translated its name into eloquent Japanese just six months to the day after Pearl Harbor, when it helped itself to a heaping share of the avenging action off Midway. Looking a lot like a fighter, it is credited with close to fighter standards of performance and its sleek lines make its large crew and load capacity incredible when seen from a distance. When seen from a closer view, as from the deck of a Jap carrier after it has started its torpedo's slim white wake sizzling doomward, then its distinguishing details are apt to be reported only to the onlookers' honorable ancestors!

When the "Avenger's" crew is agile in eluding the ack ack it may hang around long enough to observe the awful impact at the receiving end of its missile's long white trail, and radio back to its own carrier the definitive message "scratch one flat top," which is the short phrase the boys employ to convey the idea that Mr. Jane, in working on his next edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, may forget all about this one Japanese aircraft carrier.

Maybe the boys aboard a Grumman "Avenger" don't shout "Remember Pearl Harbor" when they let that one torpedo go. They don't have to!

The Esquaportable Shelter

This fifty-dollar guest house, beach cabaña or hunting lodge goes up like a blitz, packs in your station wagon

by MARK ASHLEY

• ARTICLE •

Civilized housing should be effortless, free-flowing, requiring little care, expenditure, responsibility or sacrifice of privacy. "My house is your house," is an old-world expression, conveying deep-sprung sentiments of hospitality; and so it should be, in a well-ordered society. Only one proviso follows: the "house" in question doesn't need to be the same house.

A well-equipped bachelor, a man of parts, a good host, should have lots of houses. He should collect them. He should pass them around like highballs; set them up like bridge tables; abandon them, if need be, like last season's flashlight batteries.

In such an Esquirean utopia, when a man invites you up to his house for a highball, you would ask, flatteringly, "Which house?"

All of which is by way of a preamble to the announcement that for the minute sum of fifty dollars you can become the proud and immediate owner of yonder cabaña—a suave, boredom-busting, streamlined, slip-stream shelter—the most dulcent innovation in housing since the invention of the yurt.

This sportsman's delight, this compressed dream of Don Juan, is a modernistic, folding house, designed along aeronautical lines. It can be unfolded and set up in approximately twenty-seven minutes. It will sleep two persons of adult size in Roman luxury; it will billet eight, in an emergency. It makes a perfect beach cabaña, hunting lodge, summer shack, or guest house. It can be transported in a station wagon; and stored in your attic, garage, or cellar. And, in quantity lots, it can be had for some 249 dollars the half-dozen.

In approaching the design of this scientific solution to the semi-transient shelter problem, we asked ourselves a number of embarrassing questions. The first was this: assuming that a man would like to have a number of houses—one for the beach, one for the country, and two or three extra for guests—what form of simplified, cost-reducing construction would make this want a reality?

The second was a defense consideration. Since we are in the midst of a serious war, we can't plan a pleasure item without integrating it into the military emergency. The question then was: how can such a shelter, which in peace time would serve a purely social need, be so planned as to lend itself to the defense housing needs of the country . . . and to auxiliary Army needs?

The third question was one of priorities. Since all strategic materials must necessarily be reserved for first-line fighting equipment, this house must be made entirely with non-priority materials.

Diagramed, on the opposite page, is the collective answer to these several questions.

The Esquaportable shelter—the Esquabaña, if you will—has no uprights. Opposed tension and compression—provided by the pull of guy wire against the thrust of the folding walls—create a truss structure, like the wing of an airplane. This will support enormous loads, yet, in itself, be comparatively light. A suspension bridge makes use of the same principle.

The walls are of pressed-wood—a moisture-proof, warp-resisting composition board, derived from the waste product of a sawmill . . . sawdust. A folding roof, grooved at the outside edges, holds the rigid walls firmly in place. Wooden bars slide through catches on the various panels, locking them together—like the gates of some medieval fortress.

* * *

In this Fordized shelter, innovations are as abundant as rubber is scarce. The walls, for example, which can be folded away for storage . . . can also be folded back to let in itinerant sunshine and the sprightly mountain air.

For sunbathers, nudists, and those who combine phantasies of the wide open spaces with a conservative love of privacy, a happy feature has been included: a fold-back roof. If and when you want a maximum of vitamin D radiated into your moon-pale body, you draw the shades, bolt the door, hang your pajamas on a plastic hook . . . then hinge back the roof. You can be reasonably sure that your view will be shared only with passing butterflies, the bees, the birds, and envious blossoms.

Several decorative schemes are projected, meeting the psychological or protective requirements of the shelter's various purposes. Where quick or emergency defense or military housing is to be considered, camouflage is proposed. Camouflage has two distinct functions: it provides the obvious protective coloring, where enemy observation, bombardment, or bombing is involved. And, in civilian life, it enables a house to follow Frank Lloyd Wright's program for blending in with the landscape.

Mr. Wright's architectural philosophy, you will recall, includes the notion that a house should be heard from, not seen; it should blend in with the landscape, not stand out like a neurotic Soldiers and Sailors Monument. The camouflage house, in round numbers, could be staggered across your baronial acres . . . with no more interruption to the horticultural and sylvicultural rhythm than would be impressed by the sudden appearance of Aphrodite, still spume-gleaming from the sea. "Somehow," as Mr. Wright would say both of Aphrodite and this idea of a house, "it is fitting."

Design No. 2 has to do with form for its own sake: an abstract design, concerned with nothing more than pleasing the eye and the ego. Abstract as a formula in trigonometry, it stands without need of justification.

On the other hand, it should be borne in

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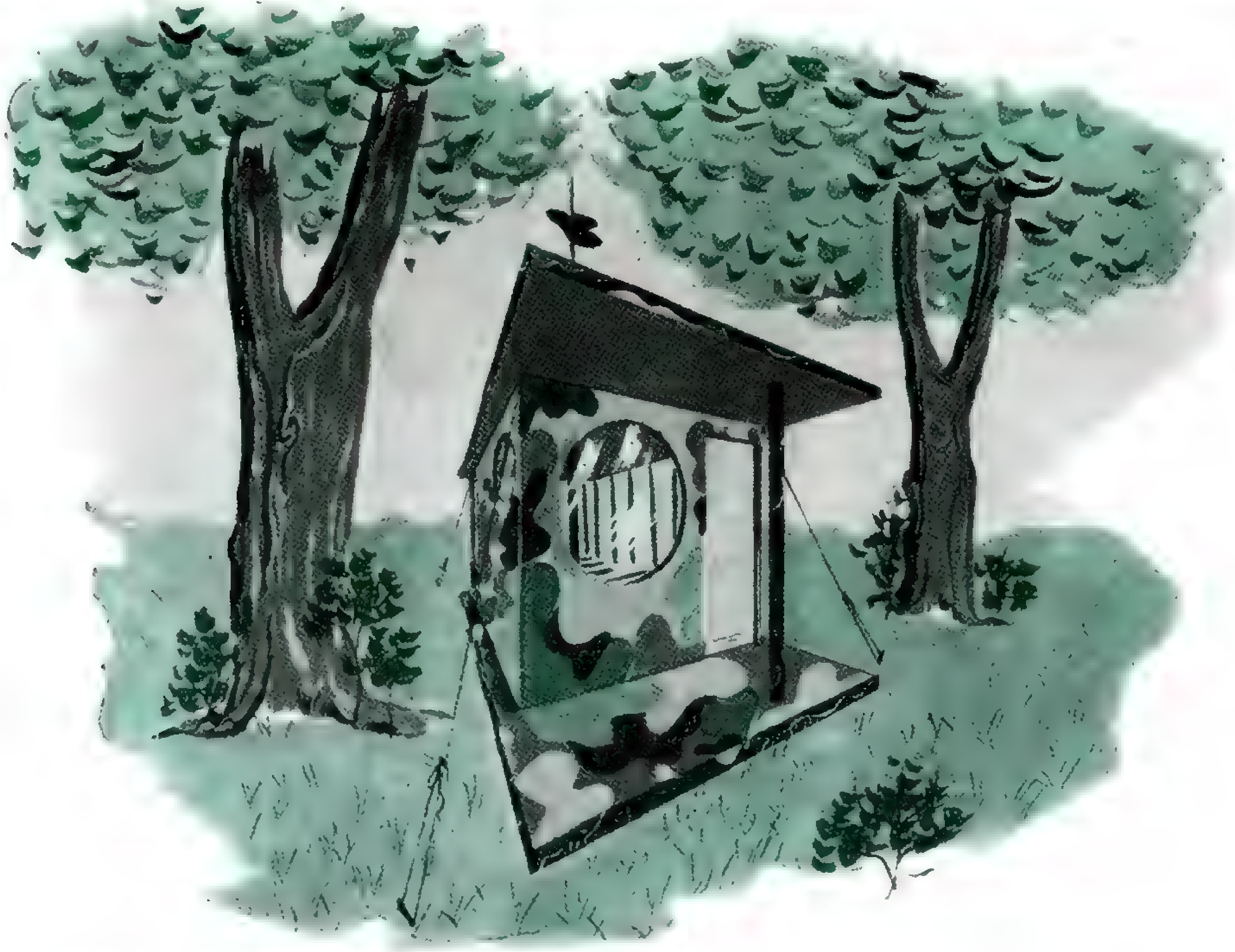
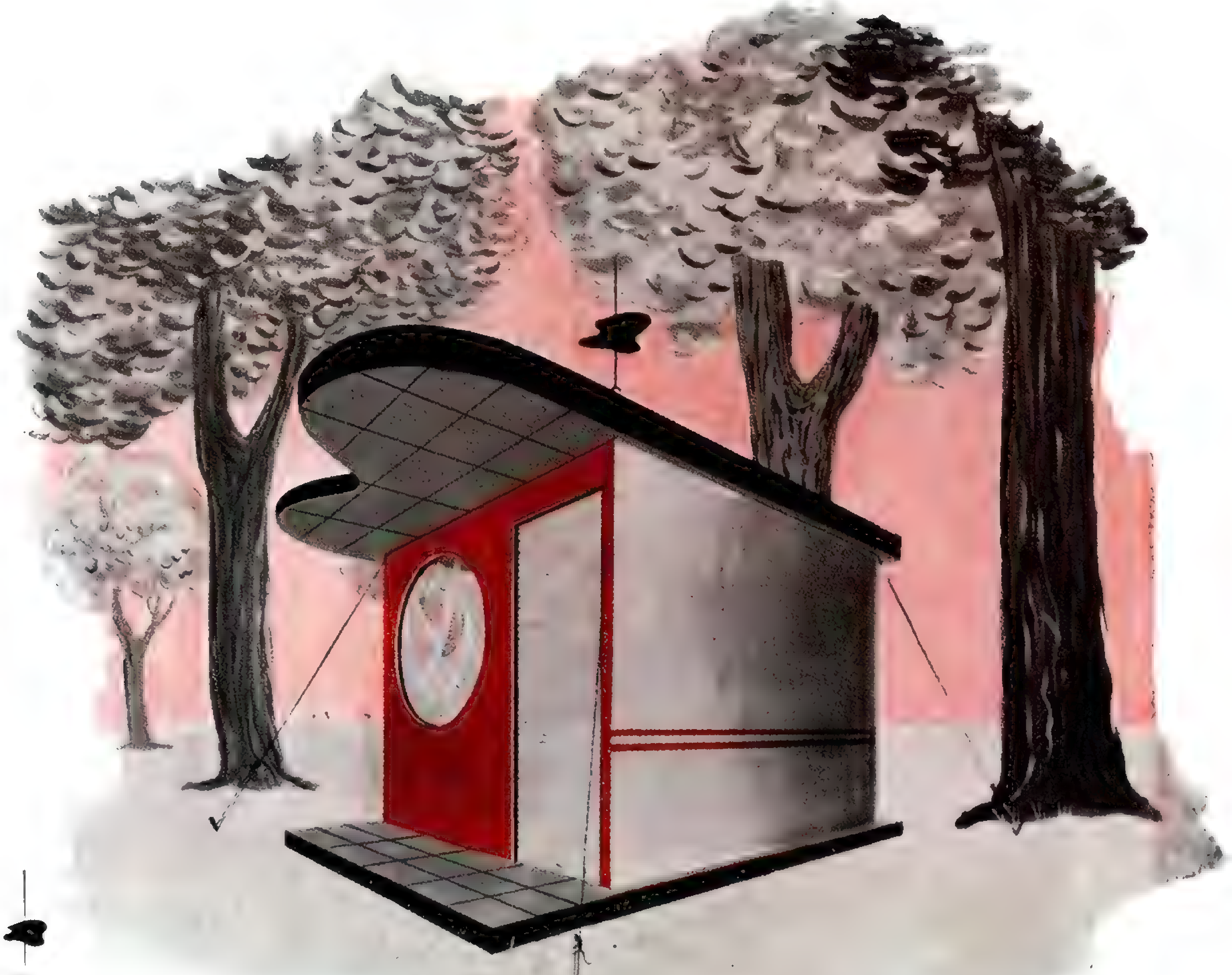
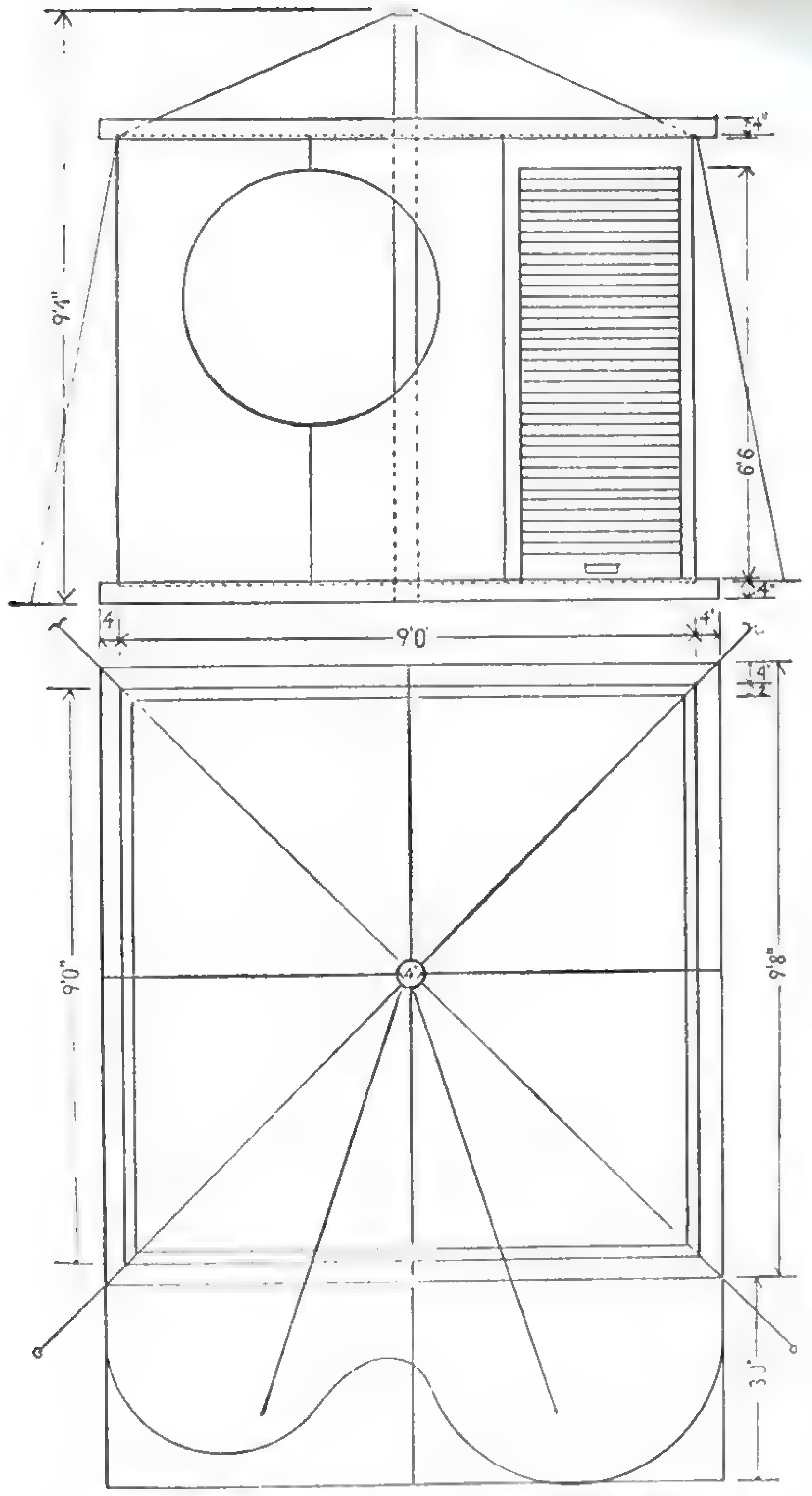
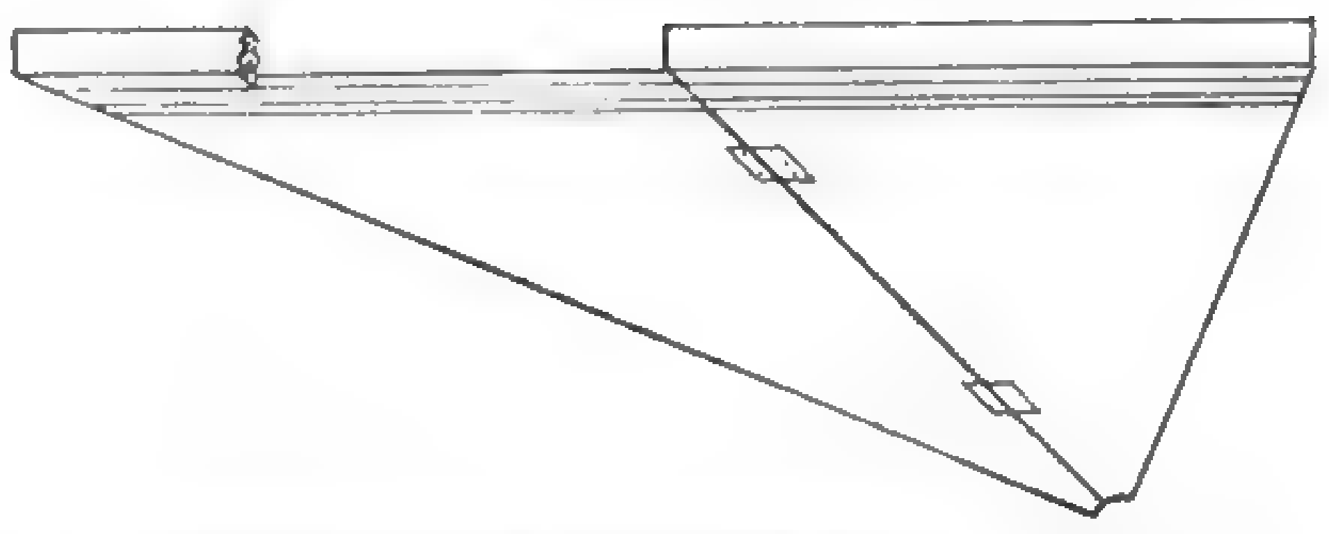


Shown above in a streamlined, camouflaged version to suggest its use for military purposes, the shelter lends itself readily to war time applications for the very reasons of portability and rapidity and economy of construction that make it a perfect civilian adjunct.

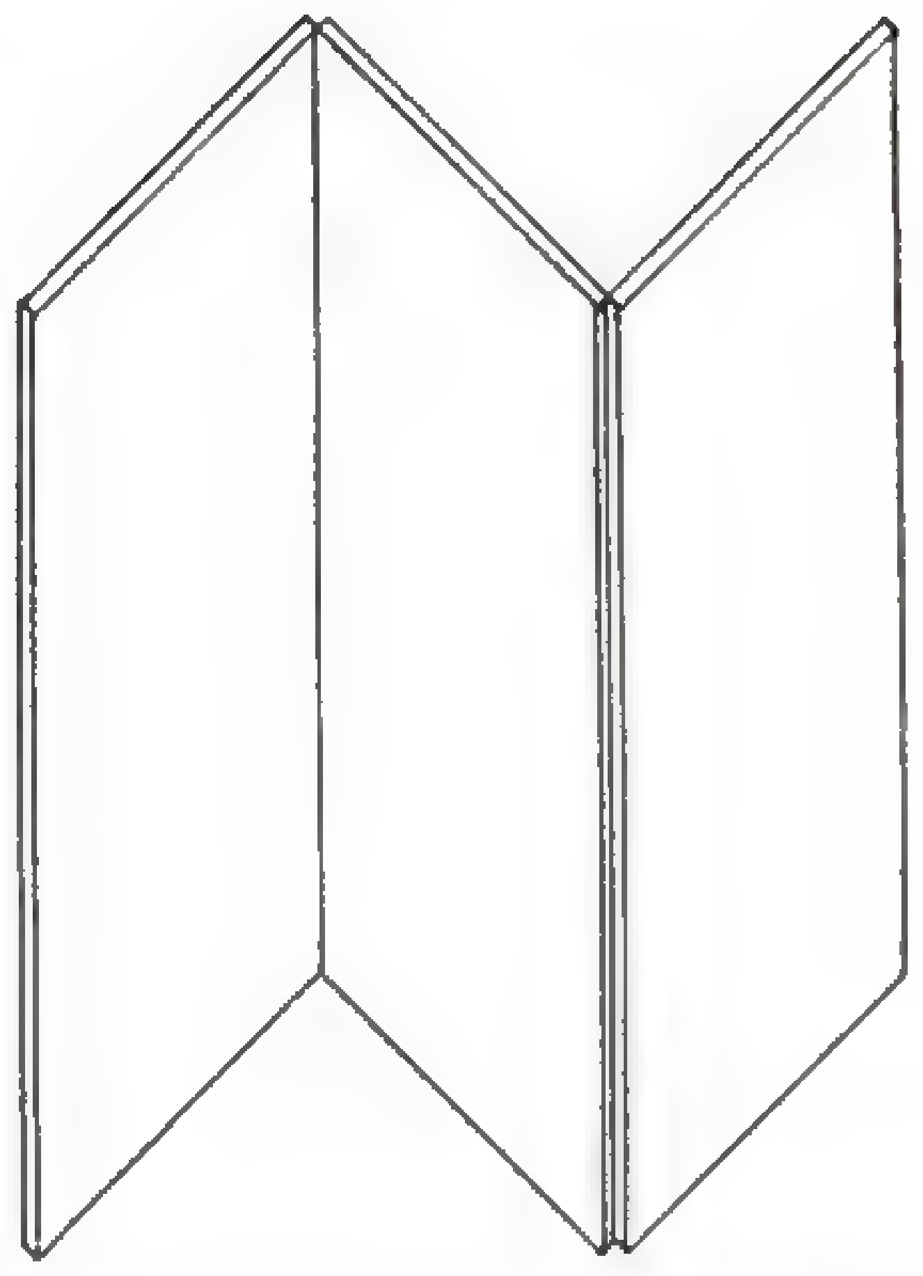




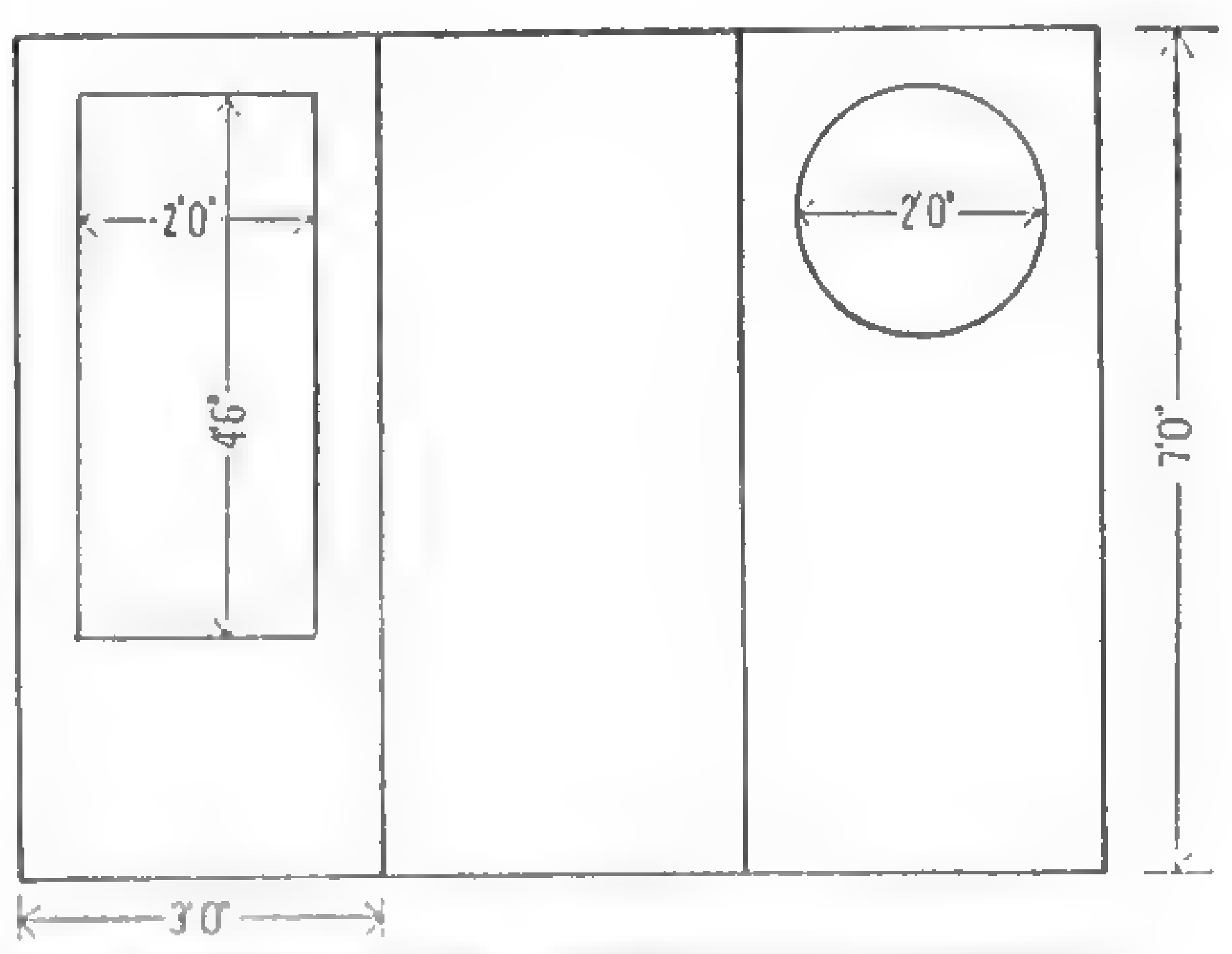
ABOVE-FRONT ELEVATION
SHOWING MAST AND GUY WIRES
BELOW-ROOF ARRANGEMENT
SHOWING WALL GROOVES
AND OVERHANG



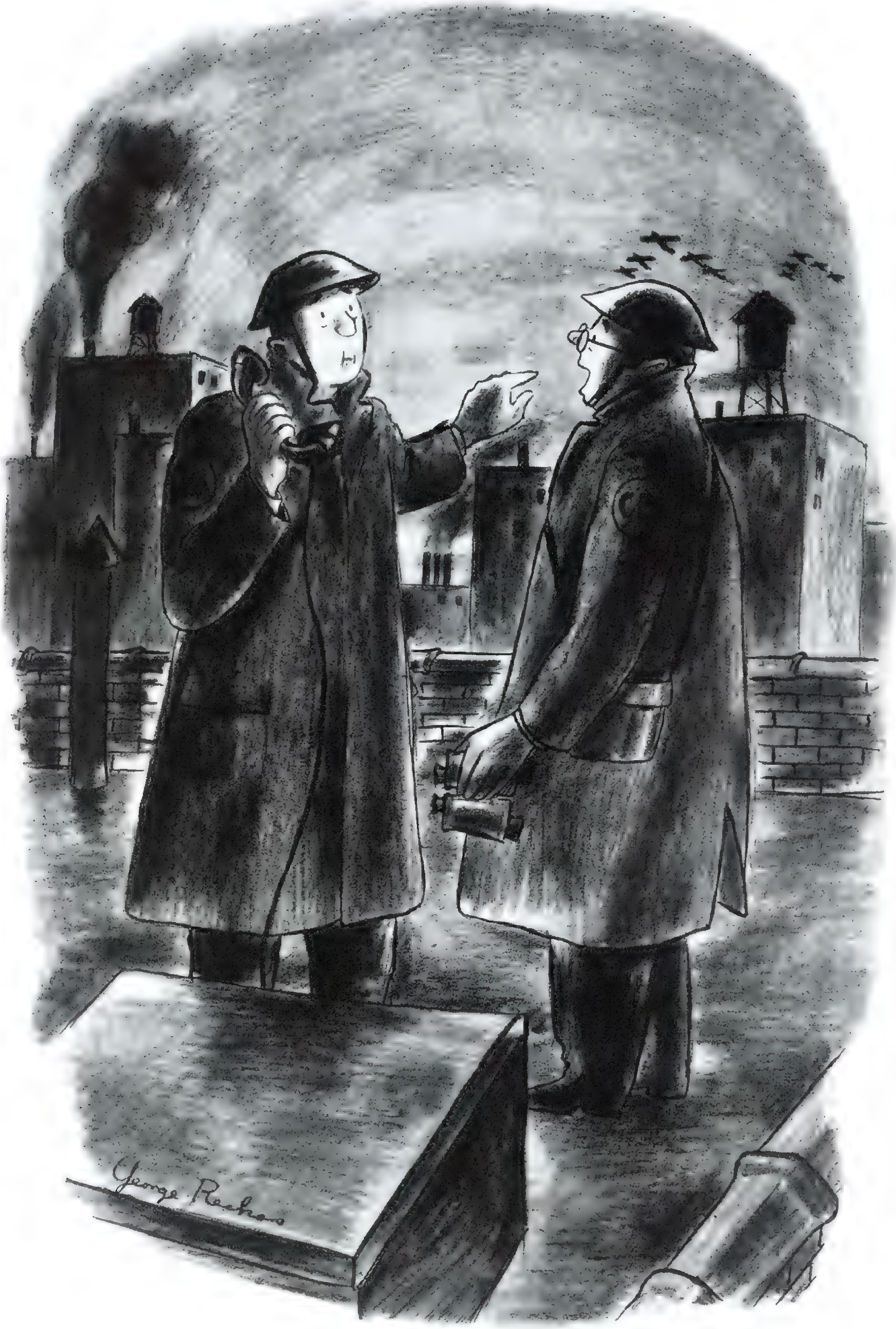
DETAIL OF ROOF-HINGED
TRIANGULAR SECTIONS
ADMIT SUN AND AIR



DETAIL OF WALL CONSTRUCTION
ILLUSTRATING METHOD OF
FOLDING FOR STORAGE OR
TRANSPORTATION



EXTENDED SIDE-WALL SHOWING
CIRCULAR AND VERTICAL WINDOWS


George Reckas

"No, no, Healy—just say, 'Enemy aircraft sighted'—not, 'here come the dirty so and sos'!"

Preserving Cars in Storage

If you *must* put your car up because the tires are worn treadbare or you're going in the Service, at least give it a break

by C. E. PACKER

• ARTICLE •

SO YOU'RE going to "save" your car. Better think this over carefully before you decide to put it away for the duration. Of course if you have two cars and want to store one; or are going into the Service and will be provided with a "car" by your Uncle; or are going to Washington and couldn't find a parking place anyhow—then storage is the order of the day.

By watching a few details there will be practically no deterioration in storage. Failing to take into account the harm that can come to engines, tires, battery, upholstery, and other units, you may find the car absolutely worthless after having been in storage. Or at least it may be in need of extensive and expensive reconditioning.

Obviously, if there is anything mechanically faulty with your car at the moment it would be wise before placing it in storage to have the condition corrected. Good mechanics are probably more plentiful at the moment than they will be in a year from now. The same is true of parts. So whether you plan to use your car personally when it comes out of storage or to sell it, it is still wise to see that it is mechanically right before you put it away.

Maybe you intend to supervise the storage job in your own garage, or possibly you'll hire a commercial garage to do the job. Either way here are the details that should be attended to.

The body and running gear should be thoroughly washed. Don't let false economy prompt you to postpone the washing job until the car comes out of storage. Granted, it will need washing then too, but dirt on an automobile tends to hold moisture and a car that is placed in storage without being thoroughly washed is more subject to rusting out than if it were clean. Furthermore, the chemicals used to remove snow and ice from pavements are highly injurious to all the metal parts of the car and should be most carefully flushed from all cracks and corners.

The engine should be washed thoroughly. The oil and grease that is around an engine is extremely injurious to the hose connections and to the insulation of the high tension wires.

One of the best ways to clean an engine is to scrub it down with kerosene to remove all accumulations of oil and grease. This should not be done, however, without first disconnecting the storage battery to eliminate the fire hazard. The battery has to come out anyhow—but more of this later. It is a relatively simple matter, and an inexpensive one to have the engine thus cleaned, and the protection that this cleaning gives to rubber parts—wire, hose, fan belt, and mountings—well justifies the slight trouble and expense.

Following the wash job, the finish should be thoroughly waxed with more emphasis on the application of the wax than on its rubbing down. This is especially important on all of the bright metal. Such parts should be coated with wax and the film allowed to remain without rubbing. If bumpers are showing signs of rust, this can be removed by an application of ordinary scouring powder such as would be used on porcelain articles in the home. Applied with a brush, it is relatively simple to remove rust and stains from bumpers and bumper guards, and then to prevent further rusting with a heavy application of wax.

Upholstery of the modern car needs and deserves the same care and consideration that one would give to a piece of fine furniture. Moths can wreck havoc with the upholstery when a car is in storage. And if a car is stored in a damp place, it is almost certain that the springs in the seats will become noisy and may even break when the car goes back into service. The breakage of a spring follows the least rusting or corroding of the metal. The ease with which heavy glass is cut by first scratching its surface is well understood. Similarly when the surface of a coil spring has been attacked by rust, breakage follows quickly for the strain of flexing results in breakage where the surface has been pitted by rust.

Extreme care should be used in cleaning the interior of the car. Any food which may have been dropped by children and allowed to lodge between the cushions is an invitation to bugs, worms, and roaches. The owner of a powerful vacuum cleaner finds it easy to clean the upholstery of his car. And this is a service which is featured in most of the better service stations. The general cleaning of seats, headlining, and door panels consists of vacuuming thoroughly, and then taking one section at a time and scrubbing it lightly with mild soap suds. Special soaps for this purpose are on the market and should be used according to directions. The principal point to watch is to see that the scrubbed area has all soap lifted from it by the vacuum cleaner.

Where unusual spots and stains are found, these can be removed in the following manner and should be removed before the general cleaning just described is started:

Blood stains: rub the affected portion with a cloth that has been wrung out in cold water.

Candy: use a clean cloth dipped in hot water (though in general avoid hot water on upholstery except as absolutely required). If the candy is chocolate, a high quality spot remover such as carbon tetrachloride will be required.

Chewing gum: moisten with carbon tetrachloride until soft, and then scrape off carefully with a silver knife.

Fruit stains: sponge with hot water, after which the area should be gone over with

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BARBE
SHO
I'm using 100% less gasoline
CORKY

Mr. Galahad and Mr. Roland

The two old men couldn't stand by and watch Lily Belle and her grandfather in the comic strip suffer, so they decided to take action

by ELIJAH L. JACOBS

• FICTION •

Old Dick Lucas came into the office of the Farmers' Elevator, stamped his feet a little so as to leave the snow by the door and not melt it over by the stove, and came holding his hands out to the heat. Business in the elevator is slow in the winter and there are always chairs and warmth in the office.

Wales Pottorf was already sitting by the stove, peering at Jim Nettleton's paper. Jim runs the elevator. Wales's glasses were foggy with dust, and he moved his lips as he read. He did not look up.

"How's she coming, Wales?" Dick asked.

Wales's lips slowed down. He put a rough finger on the fourth picture in a strip, and looked at Dick. "Huh?" he said.

"How's she coming? Little Lily Belle. And the old man."

"It looks bad," Wales said, slowly. "Looks bad to me. They don't seem to be gettin' nowhere."

Dick stepped around back of Wales and looked over his shoulder. But he was standing in the light from the window and could not read the paper, not with Wales holding it.

"Ain't that old man got started to Floridy yet?"

"They ain't got no money, an' they ain't heard from that sailor grandson. Don't even know where he's at or what's keepin' him."

Dick let himself down into a chair. Wales went back to the troubles of little Lily Belle and her grandfather. Only it was not really her grandfather—just an old man who had been kind to her when she was homeless, and who told her to call him grandfather. Wales finished the strip and passed the paper over to old Dick. Dick bent over the pictures.

"You know," he said, after several silent minutes, "I'm worried about that old man. He ain't got strength. An' he ain't got coal enough to keep that old house none too warm. He's a-goin' to have pneumonia if they don't git him down to Floridy."

"Looks like it," Wales agreed. "It don't look like they make no headway, though." He tamped some rubbish that looked slightly like tobacco into a scarred old pipe, touched a match to the hot stove, and held the flame above his pipe. The blaze sucked down, and he blew out an acrid cloud.

"Ain't nothing we can do about it," he said.

"No. I reckon not." Dick straightened up in his chair and let the paper fall to the floor. "But that little girl—that there little Lily Belle—I never seen such a girl for smart. Ain't many grown women can do what she can." He chuckled fondly.

"Not many," Wales agreed. "Not any, that I ever knowed. Takes care o' that old man like a real nurse. An' cook—he'd been a goner already, 'twa'nt for how she can cook."

Dick got up and turned his back to the stove. Jim Nettleton, working over some books on the plank that served him for a desk by the beam of the big wagon scales, looked around and said, "Listen, Dick, I ain't seen that paper yet. It's under your feet."

"Oh, 'scuse me," said Dick. He gathered up the paper without tearing it much, piled it in the chair, and sat down on it. He leaned toward Wales Pottorf.

"You know what I've got a mind to do?" he asked. "About little Lily Belle and that old man?"

"What can you do?"

"You an' me've got plenty o' time. Why don't we take my car an' go an' take him down to Floridy? He ain't goin' to last long if somep'n ain't done."

Wales took his pipe in his hand, and stared. "That car's purty old. Would it run to Floridy? Purty cold weather for drivin'."

Old Dick laughed. "Purty old—an' so am I. But she's good for any trip I want to take her on, an' I ain't been too old to go where I started yet. An' the farther towards Floridy we git, the warmer it'll be. You come along to help with the old man."

Wales put his pipe back between his teeth. He had to light it again. "We don't even know where they live," he said.

"It ain't but twenty miles to the newspaper office. They can tell us there. They must know. A feller there puts 'em in the paper ever' day."

"You don't reckon he just makes 'em up?"

Dick opened the stove door and spat into the fire. He laughed scornfully. "Make 'em up," he said. "Not that little Lily Belle. Some o' them pictures, maybe, but not Lily Belle an' that old man. I've seen a dozen old men that looked like him."

"Well, I'd like to see 'em. Let's wait till tomorrow. Maybe they'll hear from that grandson in the navy. Or somep'n."

But when the old man saw Jim's paper the next day, little Lily Belle was still nursing her grandfather. The doctor shook his head in the last picture. There was no word from the grandson.

"They ain't makin' no headway," said Wales. "The old man's worse."

"Somebody's got to do somep'n," Dick decided.

An ancient car rattled into a parking space beside the *Sun* building. The back seat was piled with what looked like a collection of old clothing. Two old men in worn overcoats got out, and followed a walk around to the side which faced a small plot of grass. Up some steps and through a revolving door they went, and found themselves in a room where enough people for a good public auction were working—at desks, at typewriters, or just going about among the others. They stepped up to a long counter where girls were receiving copy from advertisers.

A yellow-haired young woman spoke to them. "What can I do for you?" She was a

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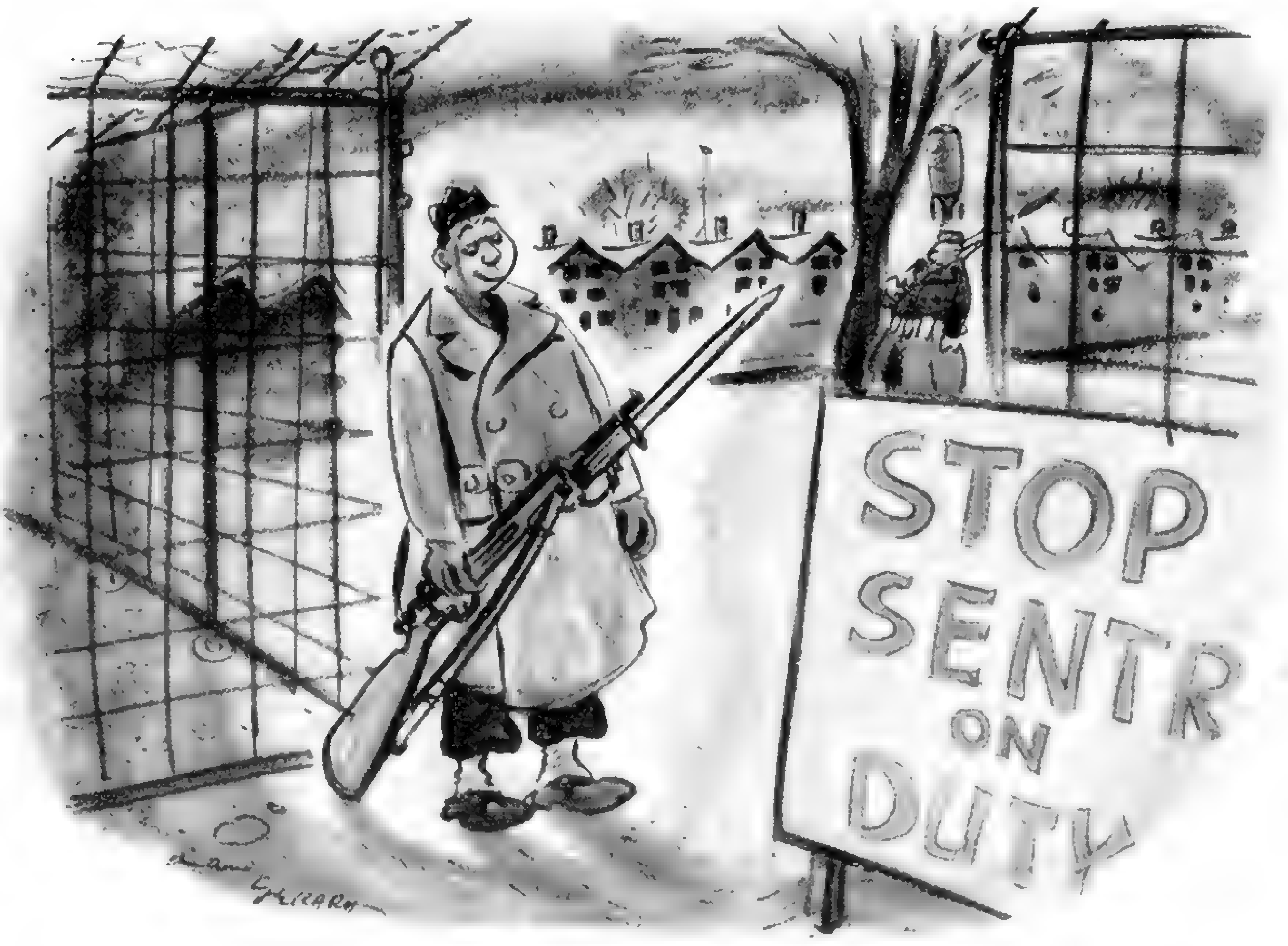
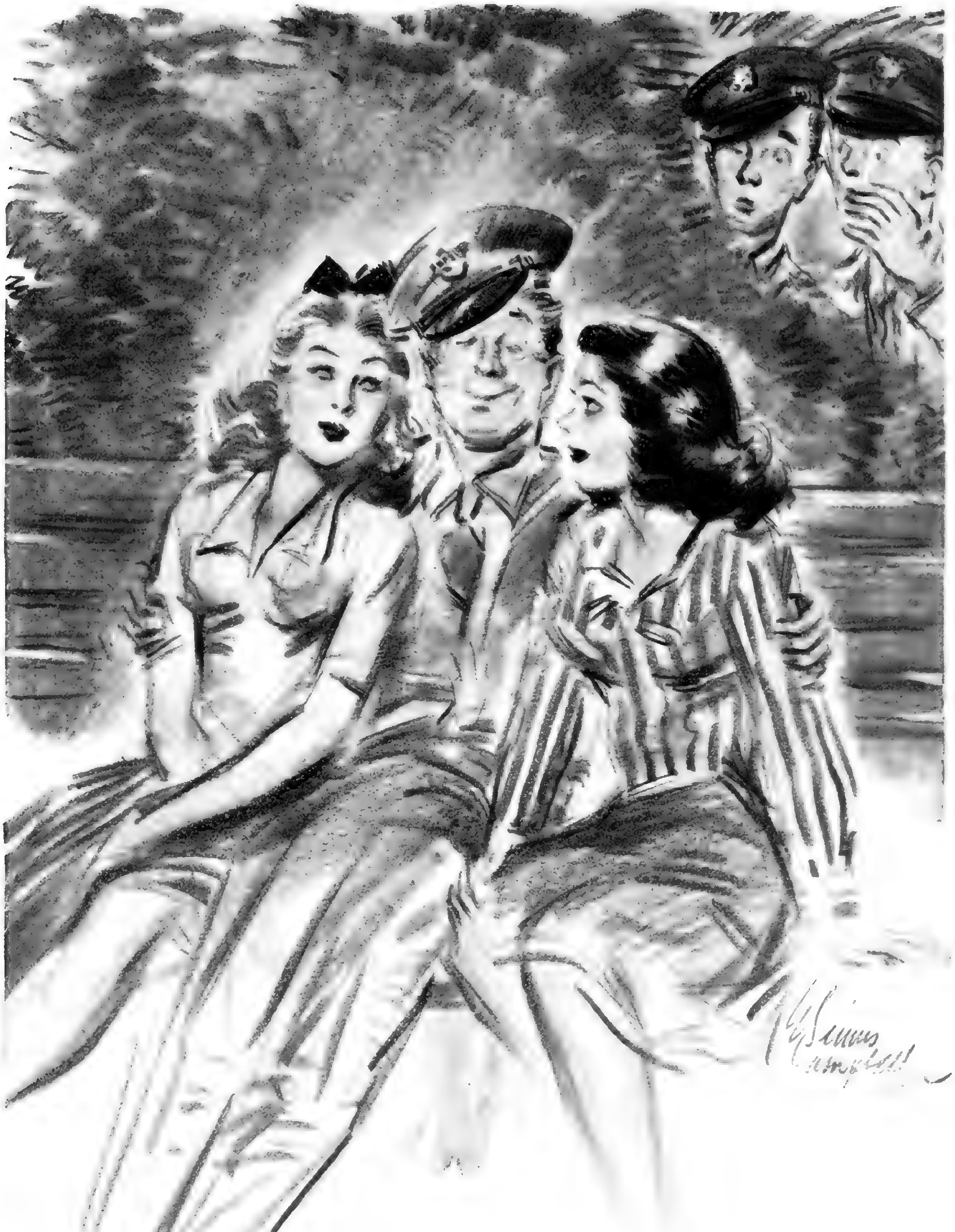


"It wasn't anything, General—any fellow in the outfit could have done it. I was just lucky when I stumbled on Hitler and his General Staff hiding in this deserted barn"


Simms Campbell

"Joe's got a system—he tells 'em he's got a pint of Victor Mature's blood transfused into him"

Ambidextrous Manfred Schwartz

As dealer he sought that art which caught the beauty and fullness of life he now tries to put on canvas

by HARRY SALPETER

•ARTICLE•

The chief external circumstance that differentiates Manfred Schwartz from other American painters is that he was once an art dealer. He undertook the difficult enterprise of seeking for significant talent, exhibiting it, and beating the drum for it, on the naïve assumption that art dealing would give him a set of balanced books as well as leisure for painting. With the best will in the world, he found, after several years, that there was neither profit nor leisure in picture-dealing. Upon striking a liquidating balance, he shut up shop and resumed the less public labors and struggles of the studio. In the paintings he has completed since his return to the easel, and especially in those of the past several years, resides the very eloquent justification of his abandonment of the higher commerce.

It is a pity, however, that Manfred Schwartz, unlike the amoeba, could not have divided himself into two parts of equal energy and intelligence, for if the years he gave to his gallery, 144 West 13th Street, postponed for that length of time his own development as a painter, they indicated what could be done in the field of living art by a man who had ideas, a pair of eyes and a principle of art. About the Fall of 1931, when Schwartz opened his gallery, he had come to the conclusion that contemporary art was becoming cold, dry and hard; that it was concealing its sterility under the guise of sanitation. In his eyes the only art that was worth anything was that which caught the terrific tempo of this nation, and the bloom of life, a quality within and beyond this or any other nation. He desired, as a dealer, to find that living art which caught the beauty and the fullness of life, to the same degree that he desired, as a painter, to capture those qualities and characteristics in his own canvases. It is to his credit that he did not exhibit a bunch of little Manfred Schwartzes.

Manfred Schwartz has the distinction of being the first New York dealer to take on and to exhibit the work of the Pittsburgh primitive, John Kane, out of whose paintings a more professional picture merchant made a pretty penny. He was among the first to exhibit the paintings of Eilshemius and the first to show his drawings. He was the first to exhibit Milton Avery and the first to show the wood carvings of Chaim Gross. He showed the work also of Ben Benn, he was the first to hang the work of Waldo Peirce after that artist's long absence from the New York gallery scene. Moses Soyer was represented in the gallery's group shows. So also were others then unknown. Schwartz proceeded on the assumption that what pleased him—what was significant or worthy in any way—should be shown, and he went after the unknowns who did these things and exhibited them. With more capital, with better social connections, with less of the itch for self-expression he might have survived and prospered as a dealer. But he retired at the end of 1934 with banners flying and went into a modified form of self-exile in his studio until he had found for the things he wished to say the fitting means for their expression.

Manfred Schwartz desires his pictures to strike a musical, gem-like note. He believes that a painting should possess the richness of the earth, and not its poverty, and the gem is the richest thing which the earth has given us. Although the painting of a picture is, for Schwartz, an experience in which there is more than a decent interval between conception and birth, he wants the finished work to seem as spontaneous as an act of Nature. Desiring that art shall enhance Nature, not represent it at its bleakest, dullest and most poverty-stricken, Schwartz takes his place, at least in intention, with the Romantics. There is too much painting, he says, which concentrates on things seen; more important are the unseen attributes. His inclination toward the paintings of the French mystic, Odilon Redon, seems to be founded on a lifetime predilection that goes back to Schwartz's forbears.

In the light of his principles of life and art and of those factors in his own career which he emphasizes, it is easy to understand why his painting of a cafeteria table suggests the leisure and the opulence of an ancient, kingly feast.

On the surface there is nothing in the character of this artist's life and background to suggest anything but dull proletarian pedestrianism. The poor son of poor parents, there was not much promise in the cards for him, but the artist's own statement of his life record has a positive quality unmarred by the suspicion of a self-pitying whimper. He is a Romantic in his capacity to see the brighter side of things and to make light of hazard and misfortune.

The artist discusses painting in musical terms because he was brought up in music and formed by it. In Lodz, Poland, where he was born November 11, 1909, he attended rehearsals of the symphony orchestra in which his father played the flute. Conductors used to enhance the meaning of the music they played for this youngest member of their audience by giving him candy. At home young Manfred was steeped in music for there were frequent chamber concerts of the masters. An only child, Manfred was destined for music. At the age of five a violin was put into his not unwilling hands and, at the age of eleven, finding the range of this instrument too limited, he began studying the piano seriously. He paid for his earliest art lessons in this country with the tuition fees paid to him as a teacher of the piano. Music today remains his passionate avocation, if not his

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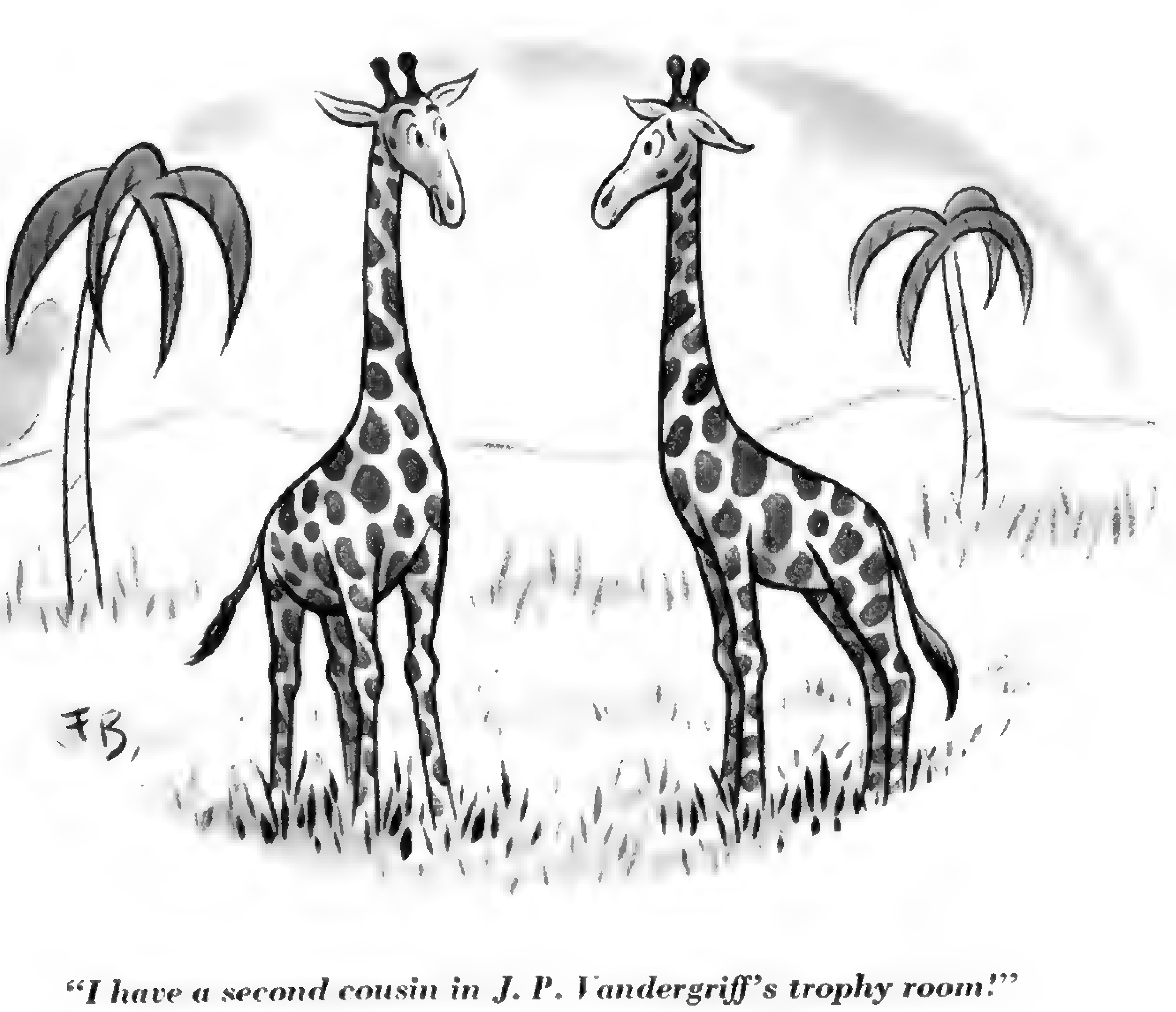
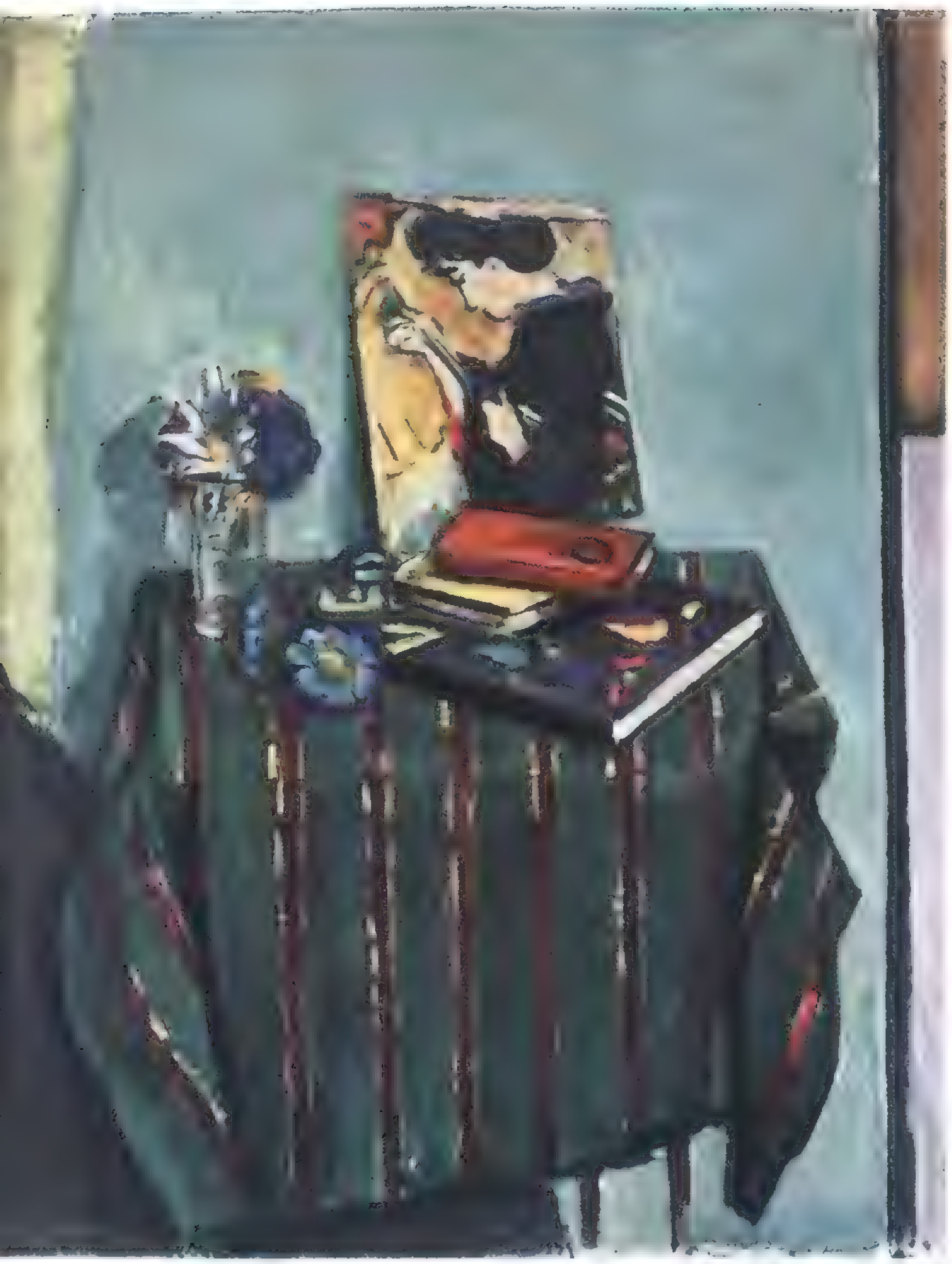
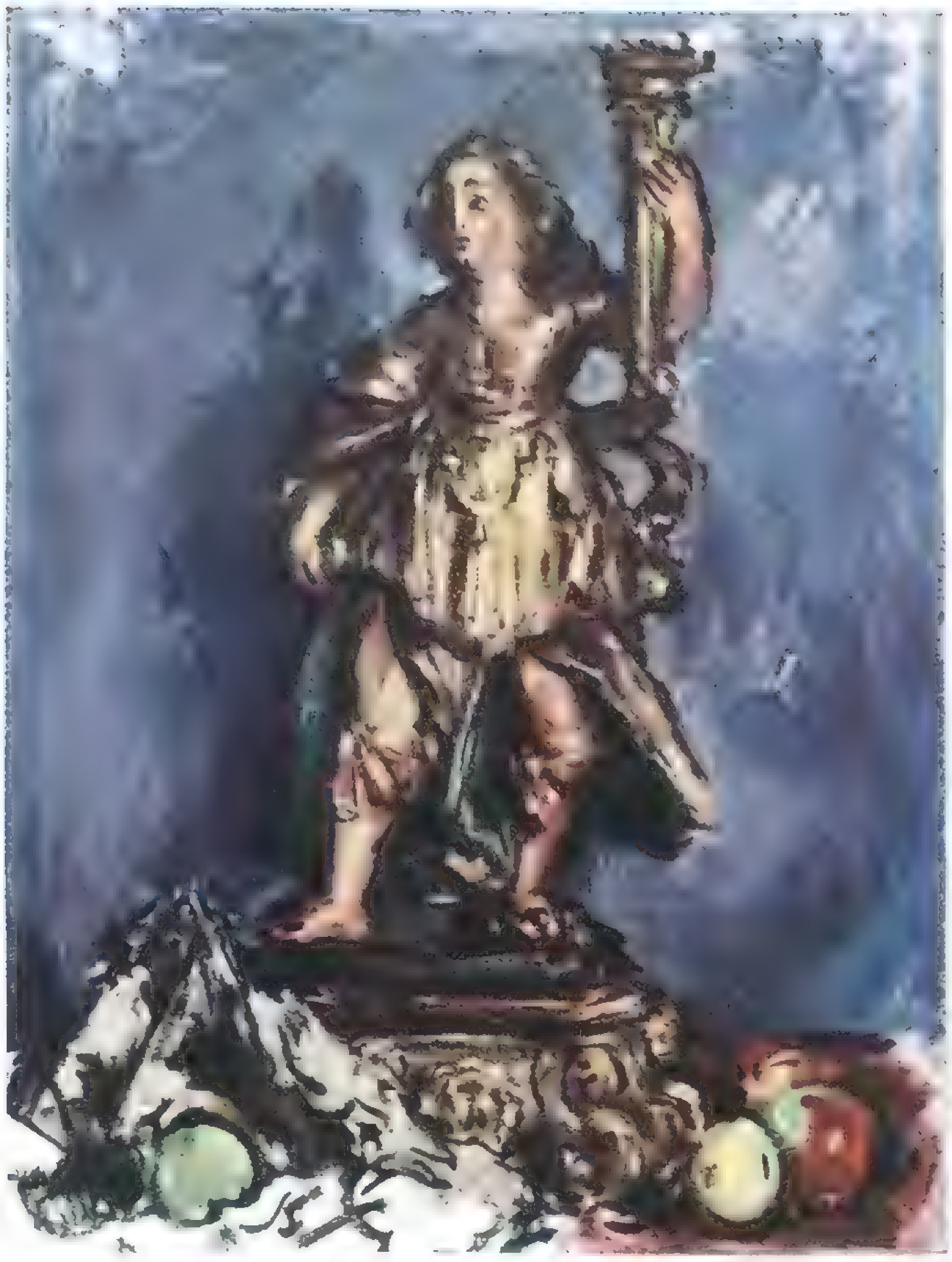


"I have a second cousin in J. P. Vandergriff's trophy room!"



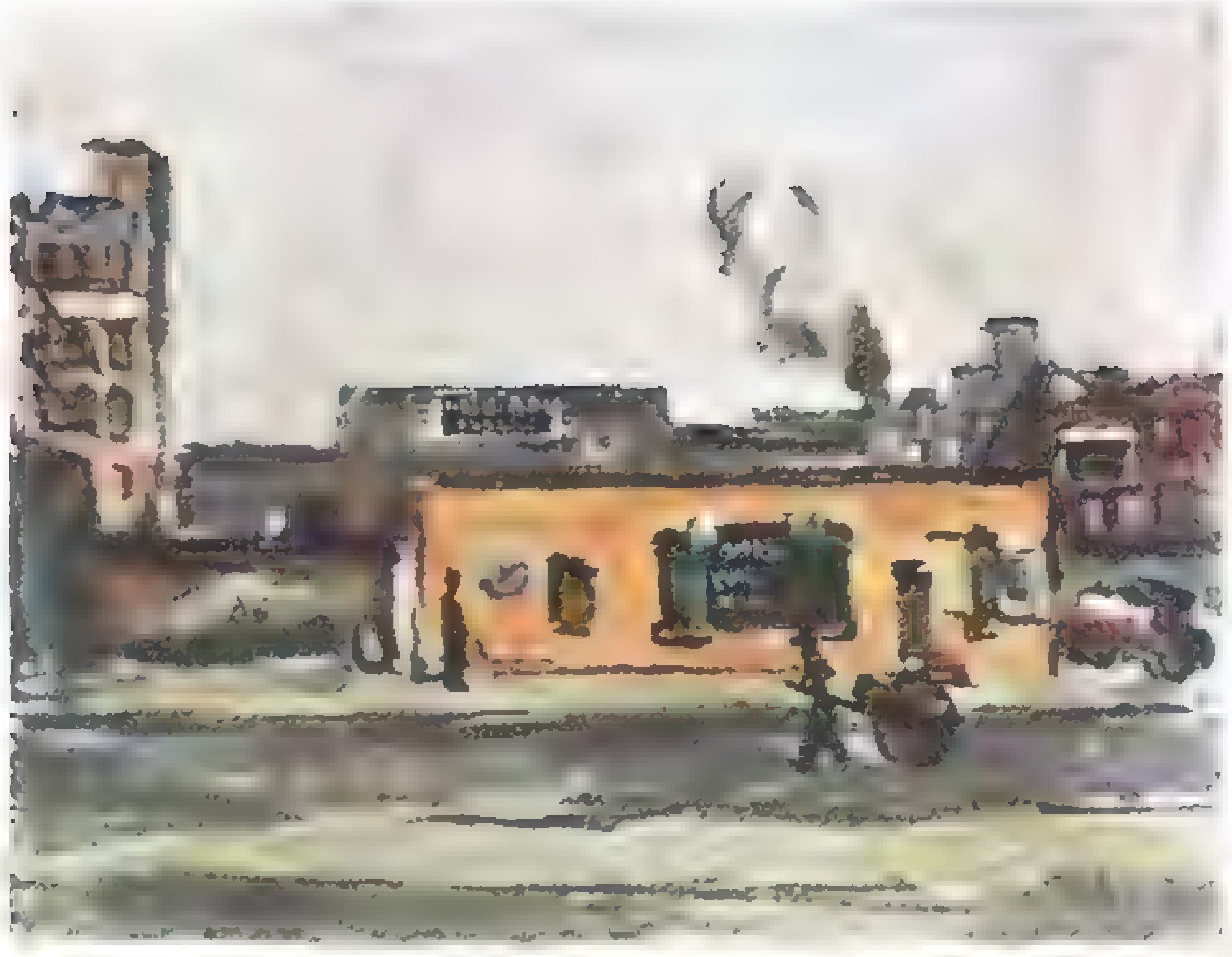
THE GREEN CLOTH



ROCOCO PIECE

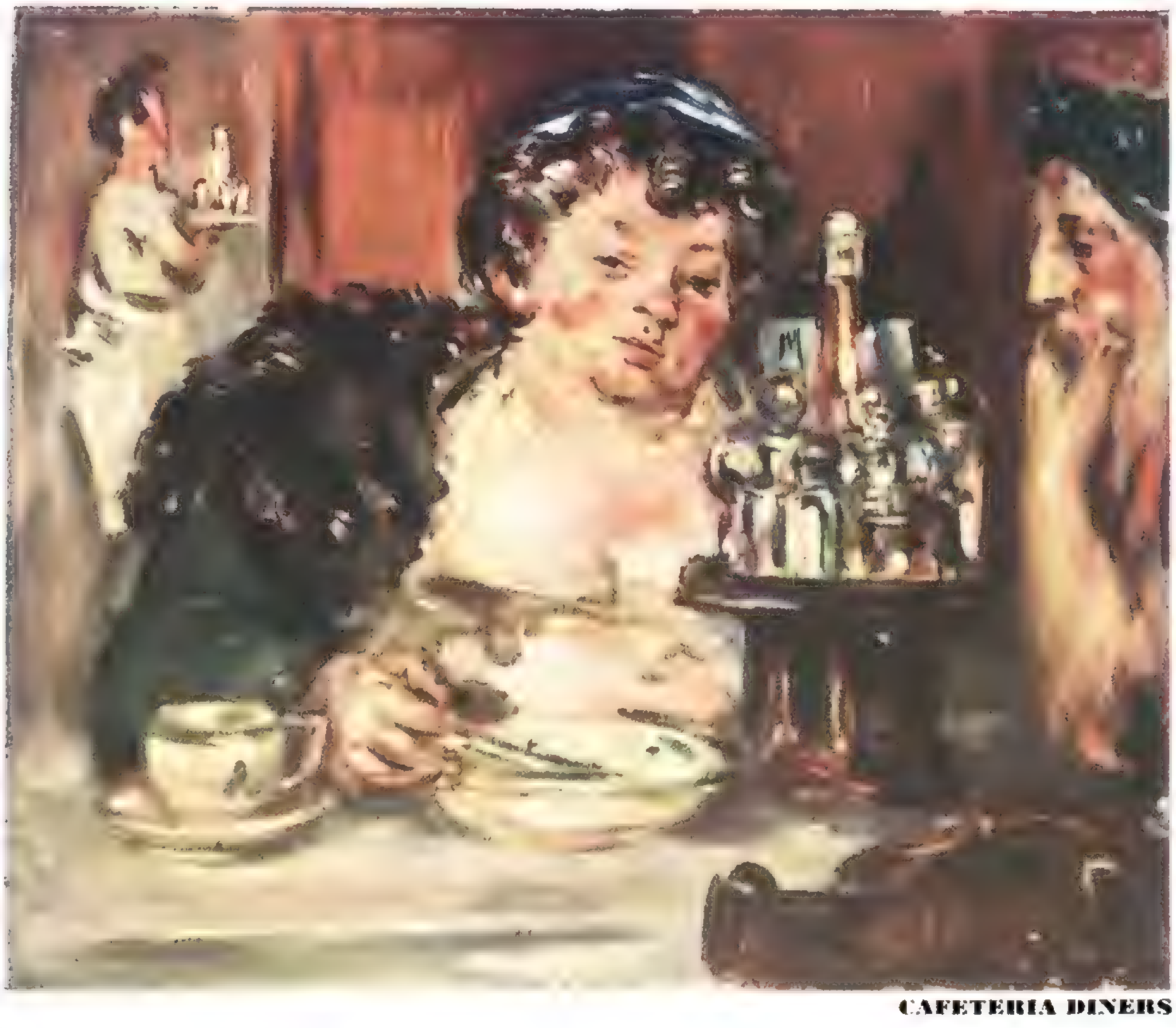
A Group of Paintings

by MANFRED SCHWARTZ



LITTLE MARKET

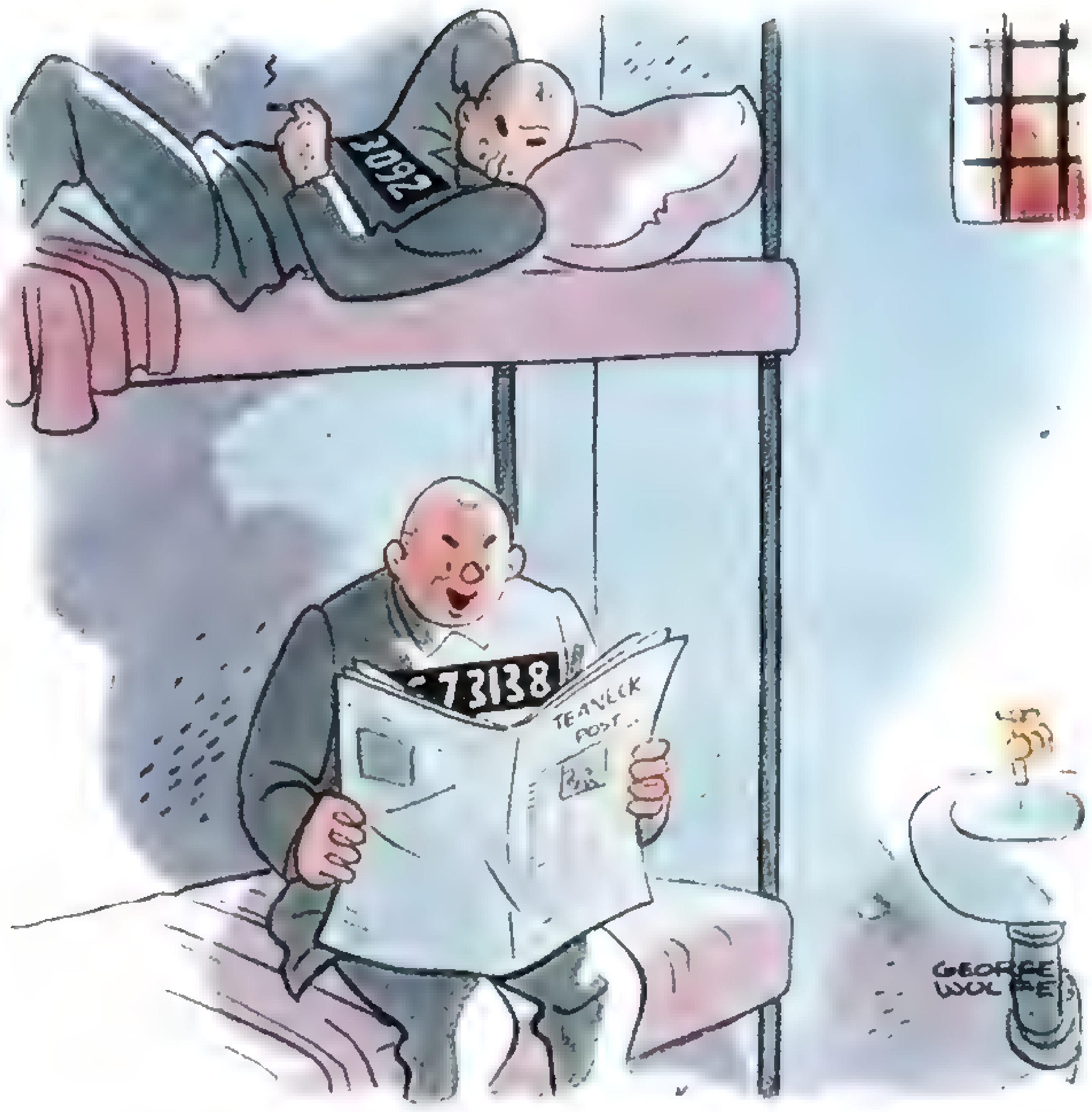
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through courtesy of Lilienfeld Galleries, Inc., 21 East 57th St., New York City



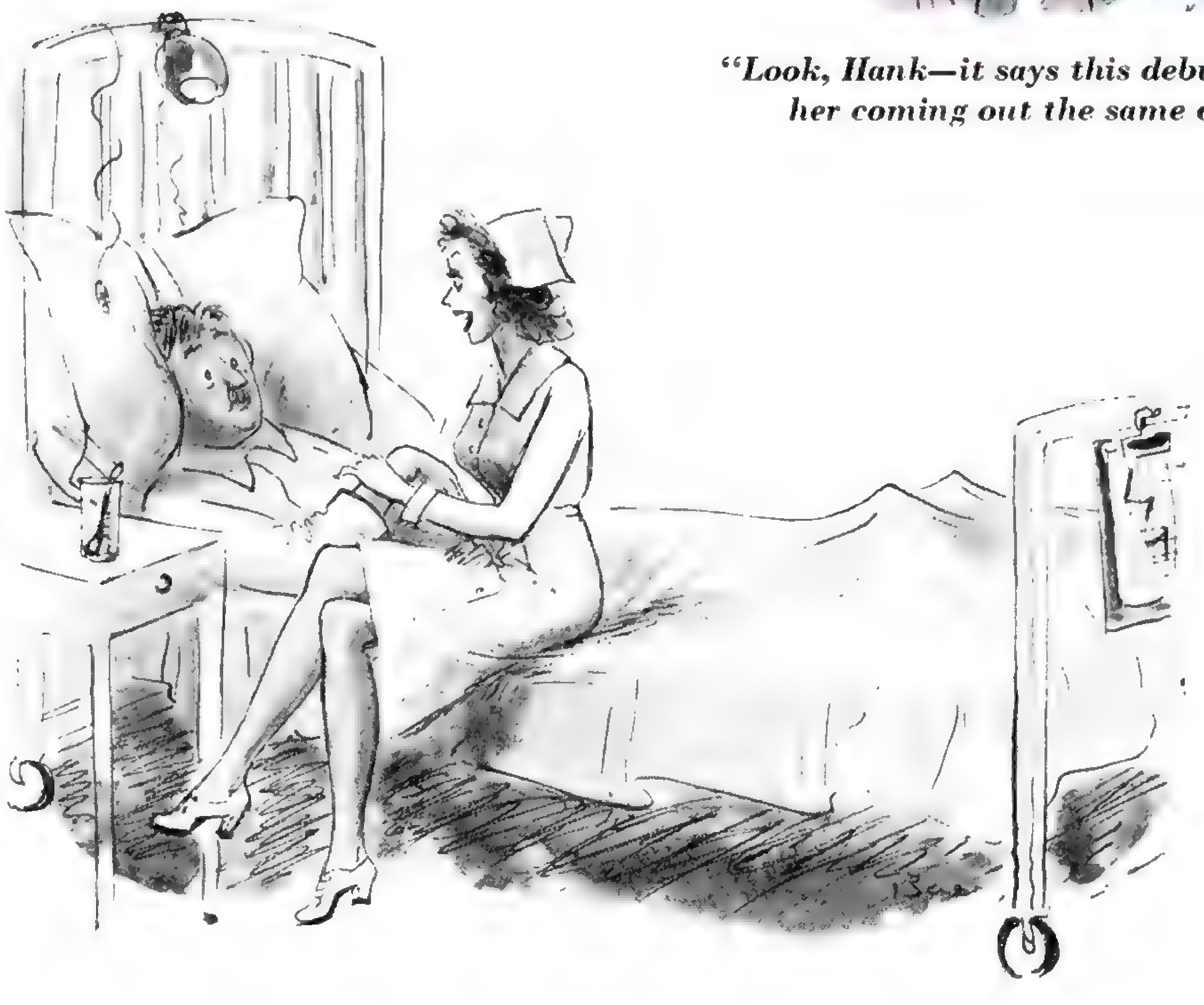
CAFETERIA DINERS

Man Bites Dog, and—

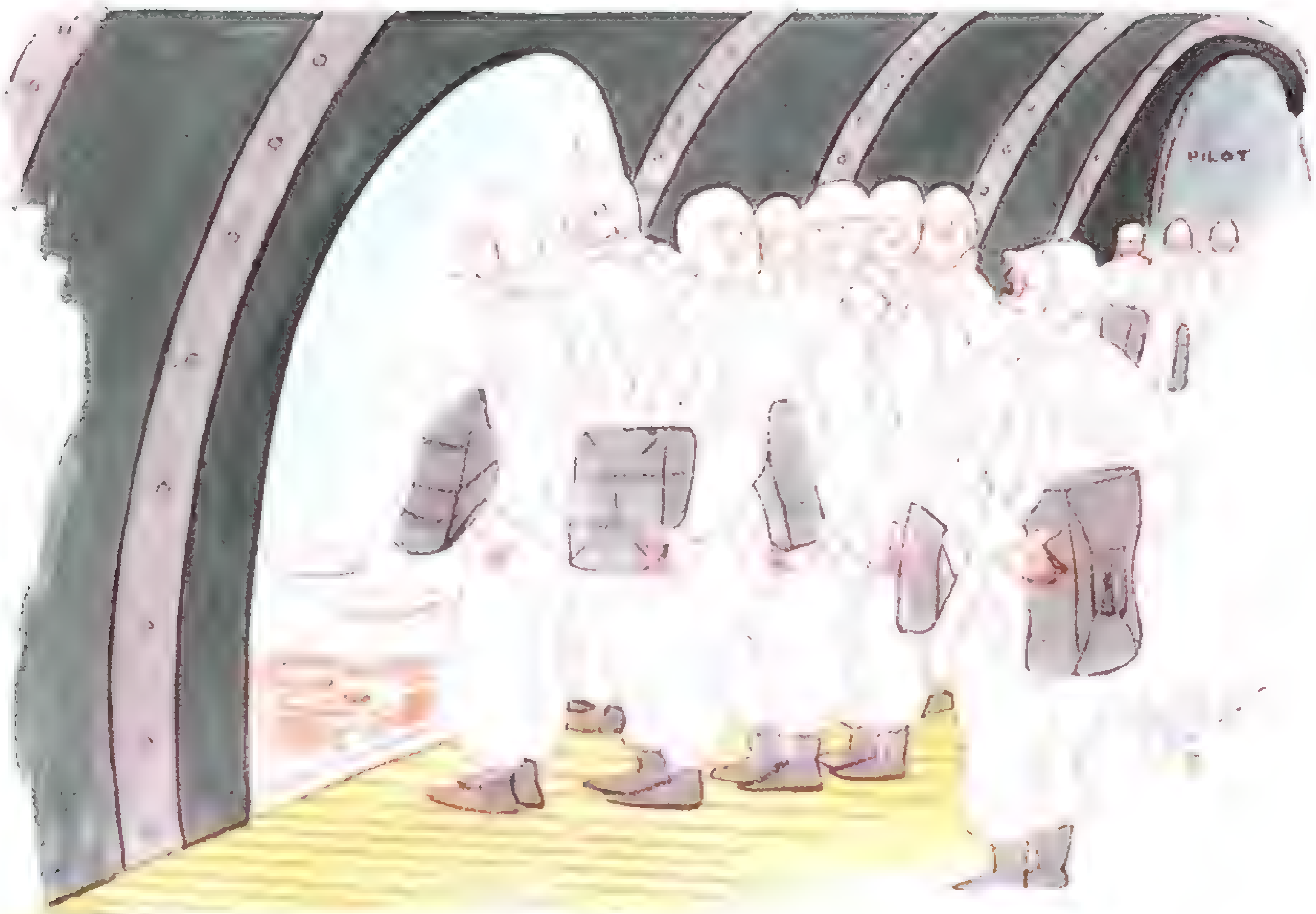
Mayor LaGuardia admits he isn't sore at anybody . . . Harvard states its eligibility rules are very slack and that it would welcome an invite to a bowl game . . . Famous Harlem hot band plays four choruses of a popular song, in all of which the tune can be easily recognized . . . Hitler admits he started the war . . . Lady in Saturday evening mixed dealer's choice game says: "Let's play straight poker with absolutely nothing wild" . . . Prominent football coach states that he is well satisfied with his material and prospects, and that there isn't a chance of his team losing a single game. W. C. Fields stars in a movie wherein he never once takes a drink.



"Look, Hank—it says this debutante is having her coming out the same day as me!"

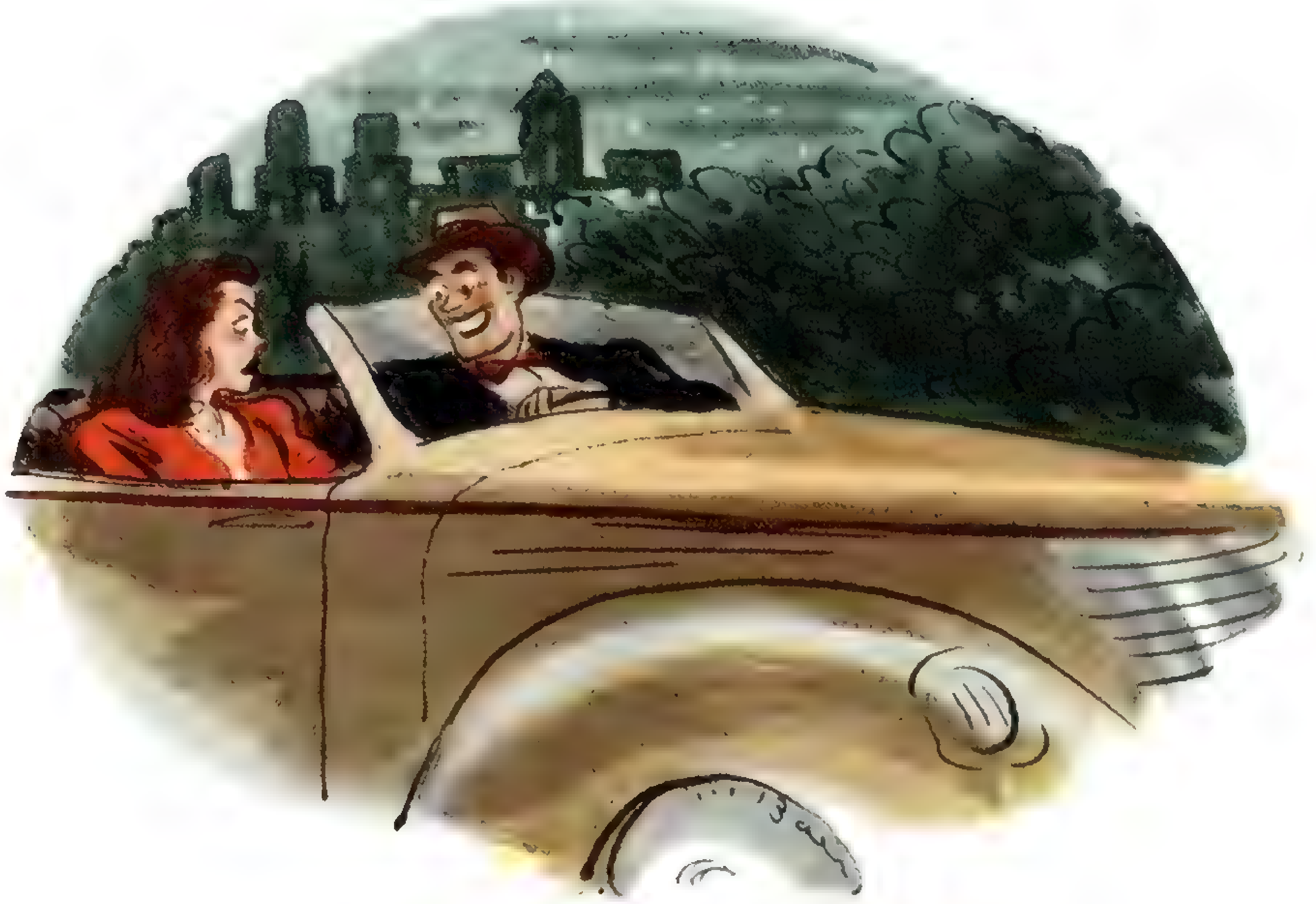


"Now let's try to get that pulse beat up a little"

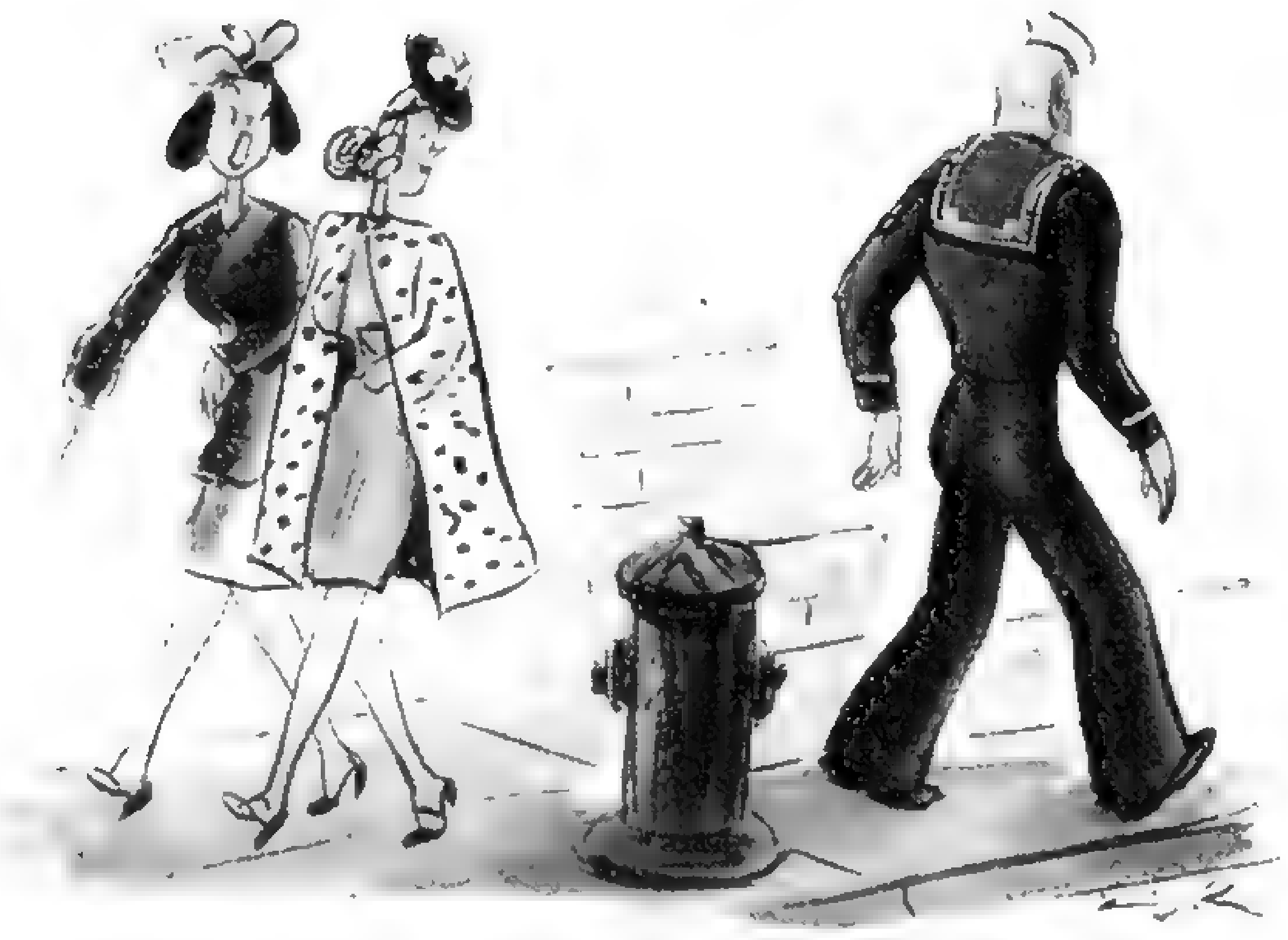


"All out, gents—watch your step!"

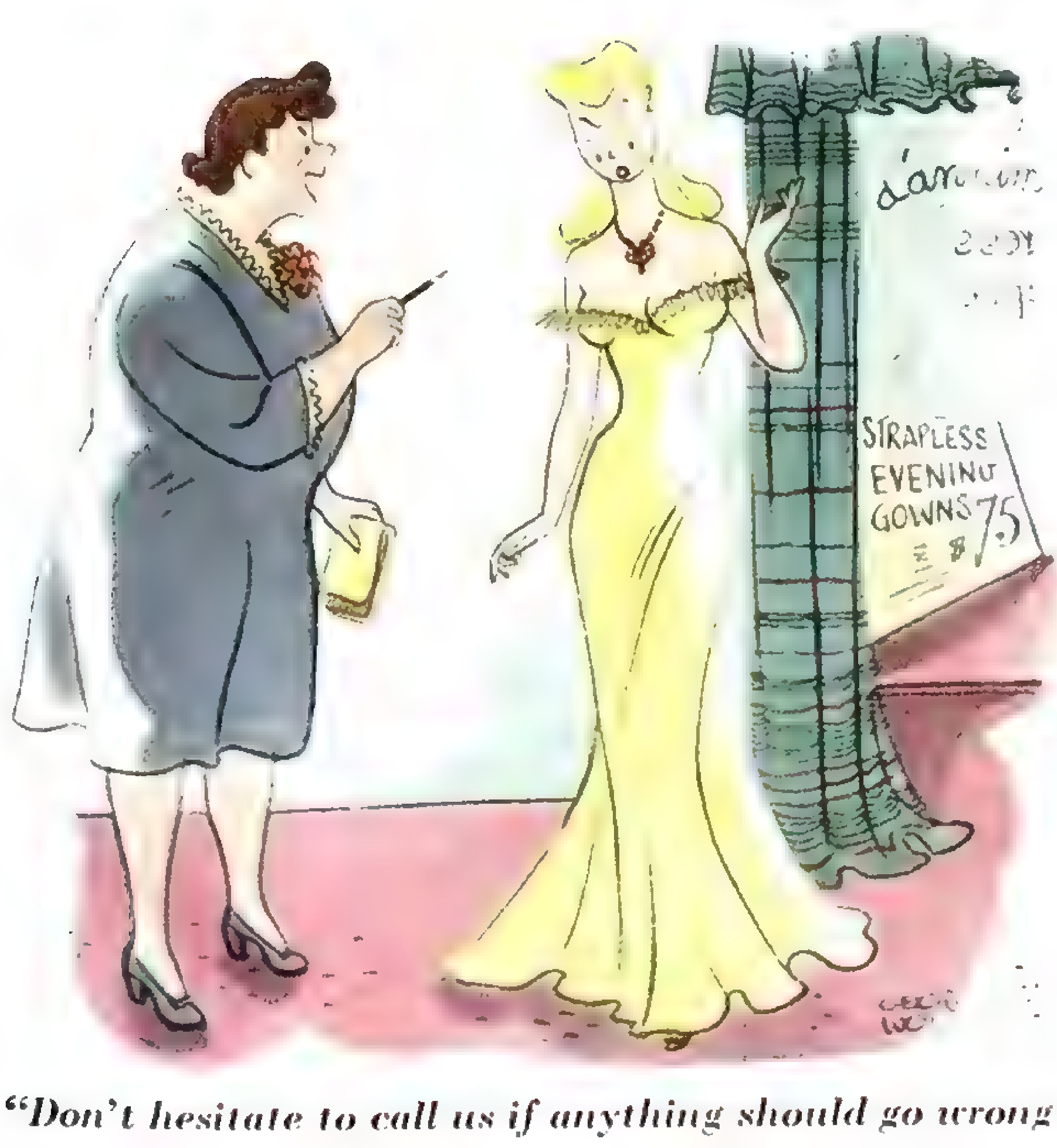
It's hard to worry about the fuel shortage this time of year. The quantity of leaves on our front lawn appears sufficient to heat our house until at least February.



"Let's stop here and conserve some gas"



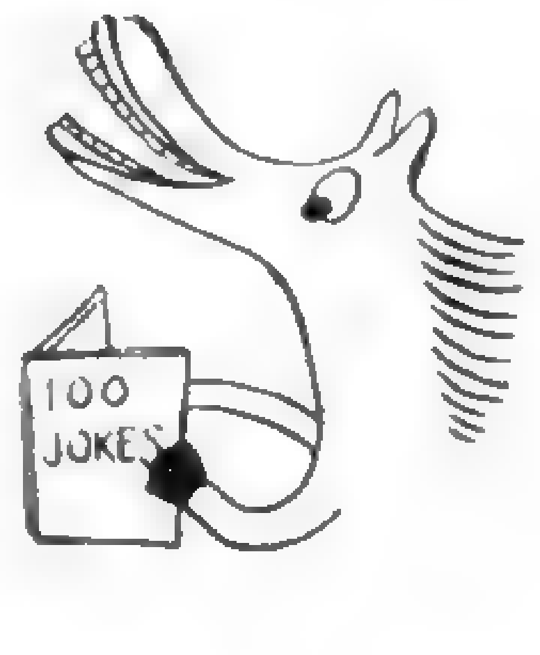
"What a figure!"

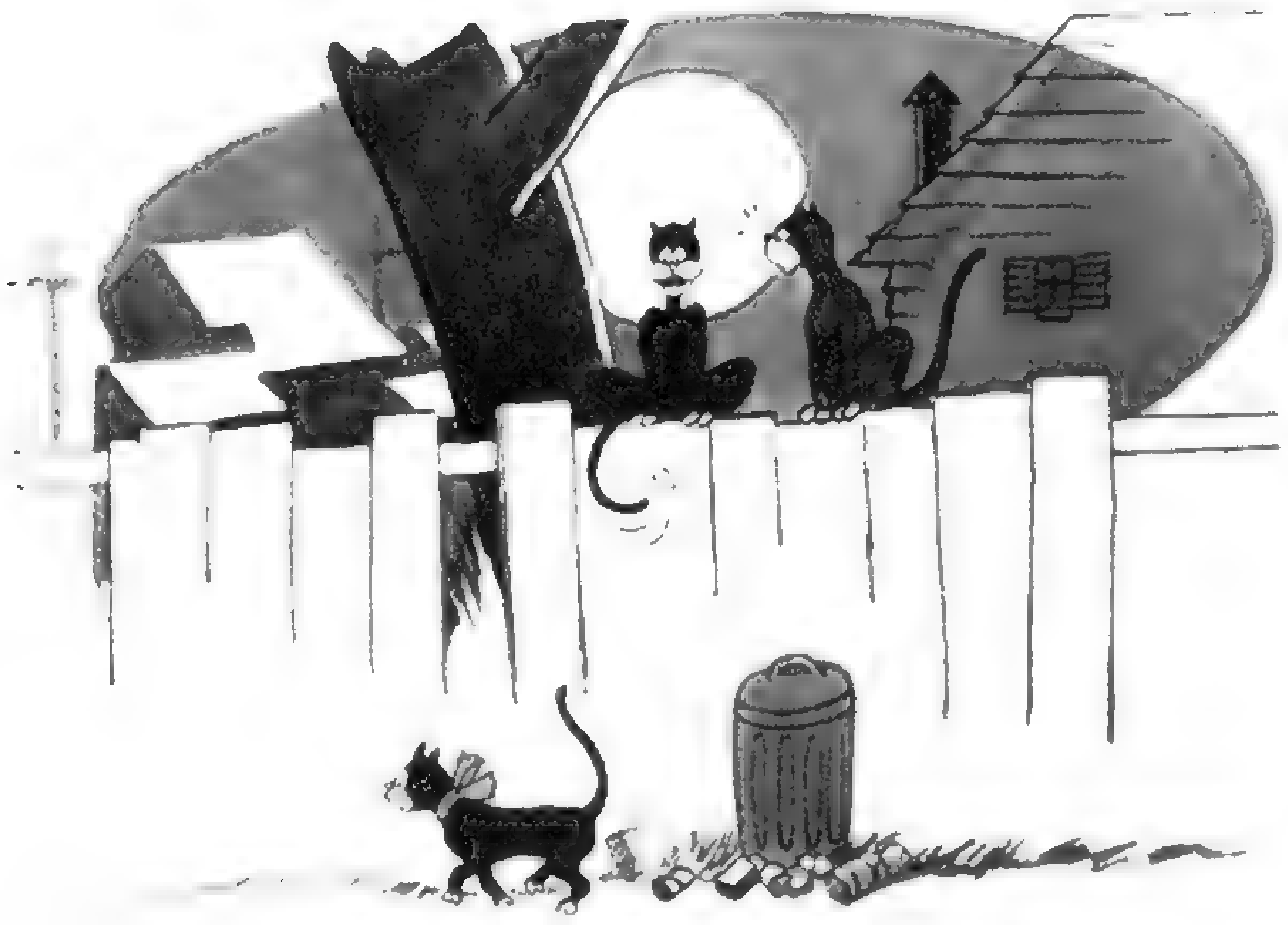


"Don't hesitate to call us if anything should go wrong!"

Vindication

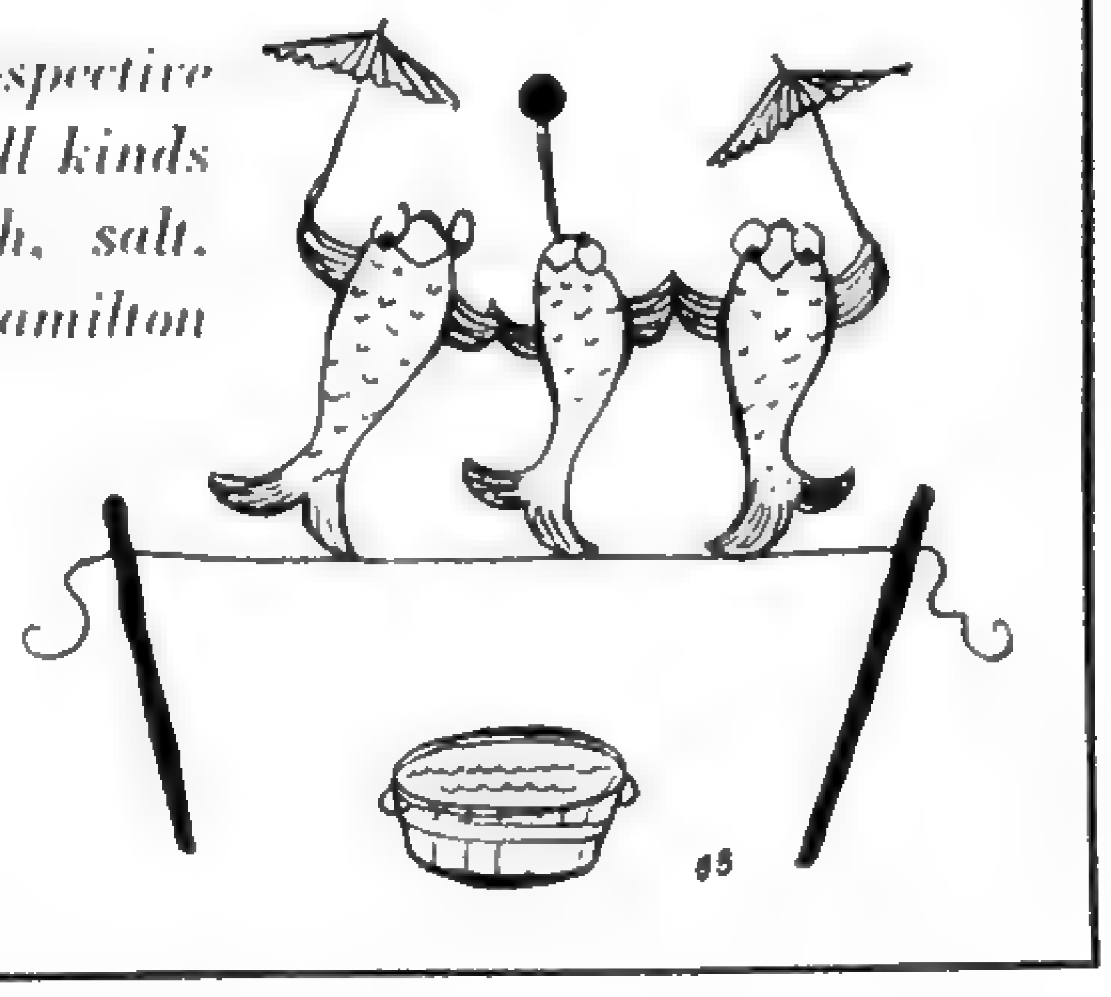
They've led Old Dobbin from his stall
And as he heeds his country's call
That's not a whinny that you hear,
It's just a horse-laugh, loud and clear!

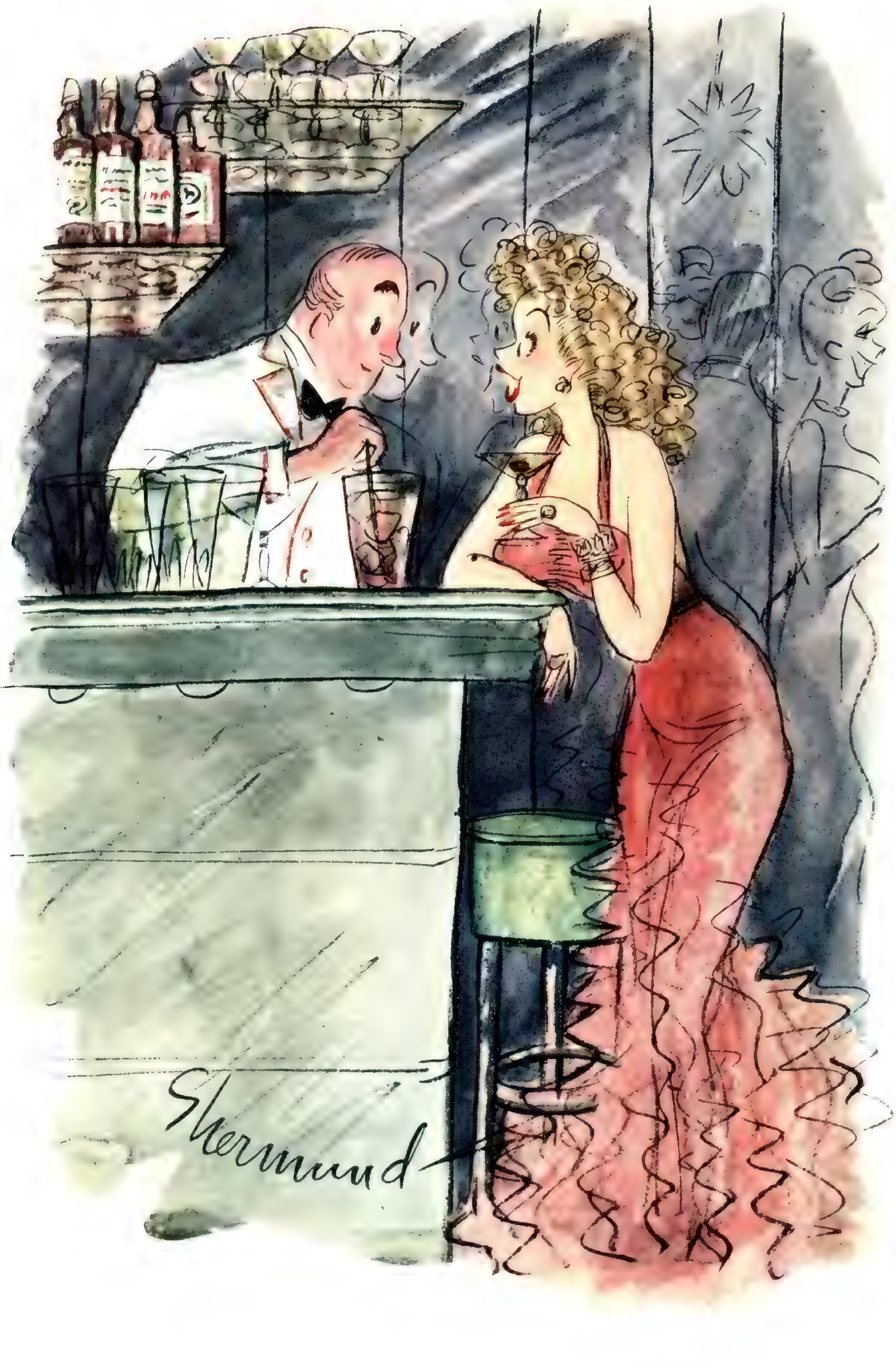




"Oh, boy! Right up my alley!"

There is a prospective shortage of all kinds of fish– fresh, salt, canned and Hamilton





"Would you tell me how you mixed it? It's got my friend thinking he can't live without me"

The Sporting Scene

Major Hanley, ex-football coach, hardens Marine rookies with a rigorous athletic program with emphasis on contact sports

by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

The Colonel is a gruff and tough-looking man. In his Marine uniform and with that cocky glint in his eyes he is a smart looking soldier, too. He is a lazy-talking man; one of the sort you'd figure had flattened his belly against hostile soil with the slugs singing over him, and drawled to himself, "they ain't bred one of these bastards that I can't take." He has the cosmopolite air of a fighting fellow whose social life had spread from saloon fights with gaboons and chairs in an Orient waterfront bar to cocktail parties in embassies.

The Colonel grunted, in what from him passed as an accolade, as he watched 400 new Marines drill in one of the sunken squares of Chicago's lakefront Grant Park. The sun was a blast furnace in the sky. Officially the temperature for Chicago at that hour read 93. In Grant Park it was 100 on the line. In the soft patois of Dixie a young Marine said, "When Ah shakes mah fanny in the Caldron, mah sweat lays fifty acres o' dust." The young men in the Marine aviation mechanics' school on Chicago's Navy Pier called Grant Park in the summer The Caldron for its climatic semblance to Libya's fiery wastes. It's a bum rap on Chicago, but when one gets the workout the Marine acolytes get in Grant Park the weather bureau thermometer is no accurate register.

The Colonel watched one of those workouts and started away.

He returned in a few minutes and, addressed the Major.

"Major, Marines are Marines, but we have to be military about this," said the Colonel. "There are some of your men, without any shirts on, talking to girls up by the walk."

"Yes, sir, I'll attend to that immediately," said the Major. "Sergeant, have those men run the romance out of themselves. Four times around the field, fast, to remind them they signed up to fight. Six times for that husky blond kid. That'll tame the wolf in him."

So, as a bonus on an hour and a half's vigorous exercise under the blistering sun of mid-summer a half-dozen young Marines legged two miles dripping their brine on the clay of Grant Park. After that they had a march of two and a half miles back to their quarters.

"Darn if they don't even hold it against you for wanting to get in love," audibly reflected a young Marine observing his comrades paying penance for confab with the sidewalk ladies. "And, honest, Major, I just went up to get a drink of water at the fountain and those two girls, that blonde and that redhead, were there; and I just said 'how do ladies, can I have a drink?'" explained the Marine who drew six circuits for his overture to amour.

Against the handicaps of a drill field two and a half miles from the quarters, a drill field that's hard clay with rocks popping up in the spots where a fellow's sure to fall, a drill field where strolling maids may distract the valiant gladiator, where loafing bums loll in the shade and watch the Marines lard the lean earth, the Marines' aviation mechanics have been undergoing a physical training program that may become the standard for the entire corps.

All through the twenty-four weeks of the school, six days a week and one and one half or two hours daily, these grease monkeys get toughened for battle. The lads average nineteen and a half years old. Most of them have been through high school. Some of them have come from sedentary jobs, although the majority of them have been garage mechanics and service station men. Many of this outfit come from the South.

Working out this noble experiment in making novitiate leathernecks leathery all over is Major Richard Hanley, formerly noted as a football coach. With him is Sergeant Ben Rippy, a sturdy Marine with fifteen years in the service. Sgt. Rippy was a backfield man on the Quantico football team when the Marines were going in for football to entertain their corps and such of the general public as desired to see the pastiming.

Major Hanley was a Marine in the warm-up World War. With his pride in the Corps and his savvy about football it was believed that when Hanley got back with the Marines he would come up with a football team that would shine in the autumn's gridiron exercises. But Hanley, who in his career as a football coach was no slouch at developing championship talent, passed up the glamorous possibilities of an All-Star Marine team. Time did not allow sport specialization, in the opinion of Marine authorities. The men had to be made hardy quickly to fight a foe that wouldn't stop to read a collection of sport-page clippings. Hanley was selected as a hard, smart coach to harden Marine rookies.

Discussion about the Marine athletic program impressed on Hanley the objective of training rookies of merely fair physical standard into championship caliber as fighters.

Major Hanley began his program by appraising a hunch. He had noticed that during the past fifteen years most of his football squads were boys much larger and brawnier than their fathers. He conceded that football almost automatically attracted the huskiest specimens of young manhood who wouldn't whine at rigorous training. He was confident that the Marine Corps also would be highly selective. He had the hunch that the lads he'd get basically would be much better physically than their fathers were, but would require strenuous conditioning to develop potential stamina. At the time he started his program twenty per cent of the Navy Pier Marines were in sick bay. In eight weeks after

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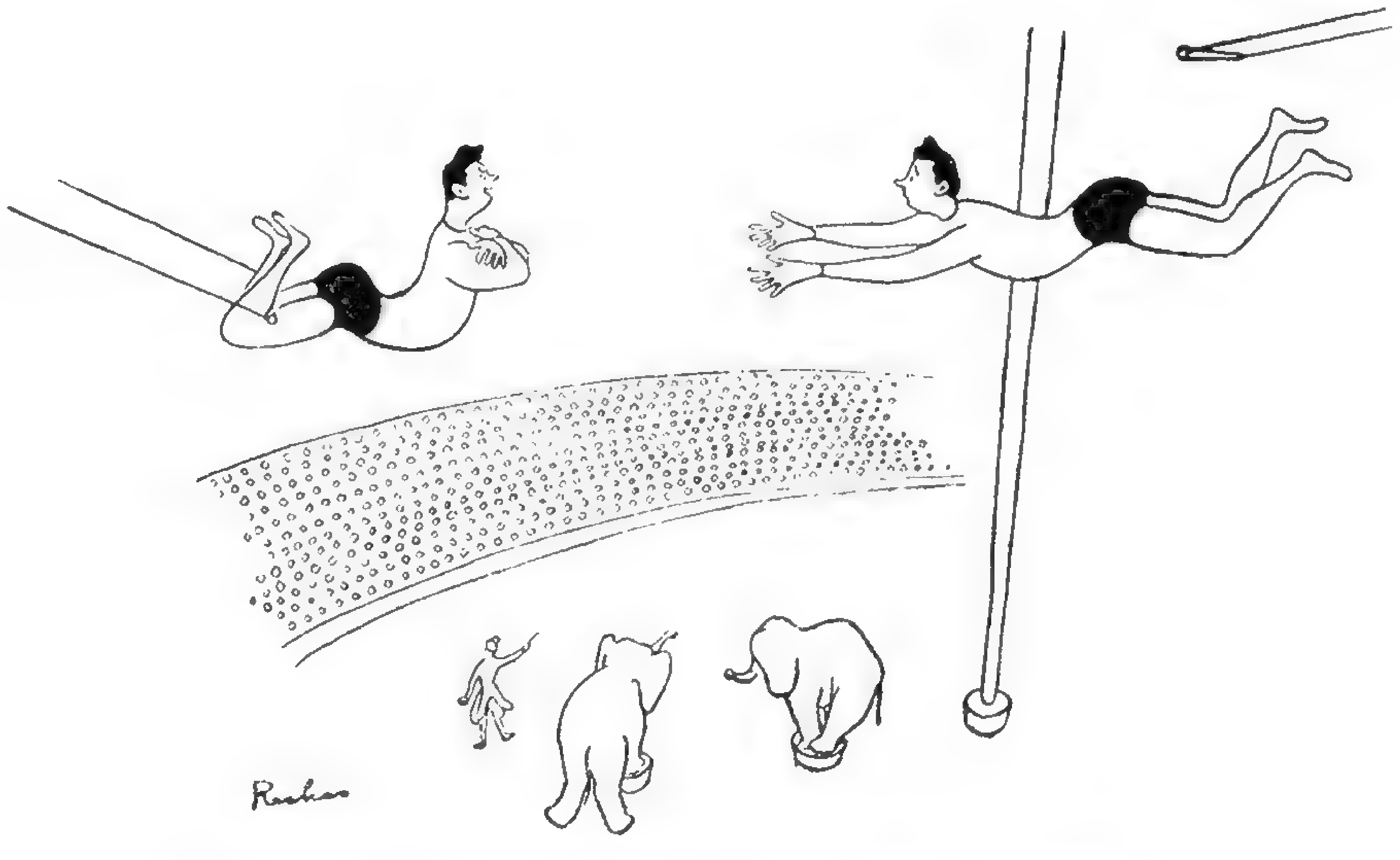

"I understand you were out with my wife last night!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Voters favor post-war international sports as well as a strong permanent program to build up national fitness

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

Should machinery be set up now to revive after the war international sports aimed at the promotion of good will through competition "on the fields of friendly strife"? Similarly, in our own country what should be the policy on sports, which have been emphasized as having utility to the nation at war? Should there be a stronger program of athletics for all, a rehabilitation of present sports control bodies, more government control of sports; or should sports be allowed to continue informally? Will the need for permanent preparedness enforce a continuation of our present war-time policy of stressing sports; or after the war do you feel that all nations will be ready to forego military might, thus precluding the constant necessity of mass muscular readiness?

Now it appears that sports actually weren't over-emphasized as was alleged by critics for fifteen years or so prior to December 7, 1941. It was the critics who were over-emphasized.

There is a somewhat wistful expression concerning the lost sports opportunities of pre-war days revealed in this month's Esquire Sports Poll. But we won't make the same mistake twice, the majority of voters declare in outlining their ideas about sports when the world again gets a chance to operate rationally.

In proposing the place and conduct of sports in days to come voters in this month's poll came forth with great majorities for:

The revival of international sports competition on a more frequent basis than ever before; A stronger permanent national policy on athletics; Retention of sports control by non-political organizations rather than by government bureaucracy.

In this poll Advertising Executives were the special class voting along with the customary national cross-section of voters among the general public, newspaper and press service sports editors and radio sportscasters.

The military viewpoint was represented by the officers at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, the Air Force's research and procurement center, and the men at the Presidio of San Francisco, which was established way back in the good year 1776 by a Lieutenant Moraga. The original "praesidium," or walled camp, was an inclosure of adobe walls fourteen feet high and five feet thick, with small bastions flanking the angles, which surrounded the church, soldiers' quarters, houses of colonists, storehouses, workshops, stables, wells, and cisterns. The original Commandant's Headquarters located on the rising ground overlooking San Francisco Bay has been restored and now constitutes the Presidio Officers' Club. Within this building, by lifting a panel in the wall and pressing a button a light floods a section of the old original adobe wall —silent testimony of a picturesque past.

Among the many intriguing ideas advanced was that of increasing international sports competition after the war. It was suspected by some voters that the failure of the Olympic Games revival effected by the late Baron Pierre de Coubertin was due to the four-year gaps between the games. Air travel after the war will make it possible to conduct international sports competitions virtually on the basis of a world league schedule. Frequency of these contacts "on the fields of friendly strife" will ease the sting of defeat, allow no time for nursing grudges, and lessen the offense of the victor's strut.

The fundamental principle justifying sports competition as an education in understanding is, academically, that the game exposes to correction or excommunication the competitor who persistently displays himself to be a sonovabitch, and reveals to decent humans that the game fairly played, regardless of its outcome, shows the other fellow is a good guy.

It is interesting to note in the voters' comments alarm at the prospect of U. S. sports control by a government bureau. But there also is continuance of complaint about control by sports officials who pin badges against their nipples and act important until everything's snafu. This damning of sports officials is an old American custom, and in the personal opinions of this poll's two conductors, frequently unfair. But it's much on the order of condemning elected public officials as thieves, thugs, crooks, stinkers, chumps, loafers and traitors, as such condemning is done by critics who won't go out to vote on a rainy day and who wouldn't run for office under any circumstances.

Among those commenting on the future of American sports is **John B. Kelly** who originated the physical fitness plan he's now conducting for the Office of Defense Welfare and Health Services. Kelly as head of the Physical Fitness division of Civilian Defense often got more slugging than there was in the first round of the historic Dempsey-Firpo fracas, but has come out a winner under the management of Paul (Platinum Fox) McNutt.

Kelly, a competitor in the 1920 and 1924 Olympics, and a spectator at several other Olympics, believes that international athletic competition provides an incentive for those who by diligent application, self-sacrifice and conscientious training may aspire to qualify themselves to uphold their countries with honor.

Jack points out that a recent survey showed that American school students up to the high school graduate get less than twenty-eight minutes a week physical training. He maintains "there should be an H.Q., or health quotient," as well as an I.Q. test applied to young Americans, with the government supplying corrective medical care for those unable to pay. The saving of illness expense and the increase of strength and fitness would be a tremendous economy to apply against the nation's tax bill, he asserted.

And now for the comment and vote of those who participated in this latest one of Esquire's sports polls:

"The Olympic Games and similar international sports events," wrote **Richard Aldington**, "merely exasperated nationalist aggressiveness. The losers always felt hurt in their national pride. Much better abolish. After this war America will be a permanently beleaguered fortress or the headquarters of a large international military police force. The muscular sports will probably be co-ordinated with education and military service. There has been too much watching and too little doing. It is not 'sport' for scores of thousands of more or less flabby citizens to sit and watch over-trained specialists perform. It would be far better to have no champions, but for every community to have its sports grounds. It would also be good to put less stress on blood sports and ball games and more on the inexpensive exercise sports—mountain-climbing, cross-country running, cycling, rowing, short or long distance hiking on trails, swimming."

As **J. N. Darling** of Des Moines (*DING*, the cartoonist) pointed out: "We need not look for any great contribution towards peace or world unity as a result of international sports. There is, however, ample justification for world sports within themselves. There never was any virtue to the claim that international sports would have a curative effect on Mars. That was just a hope expressed by over-enthusiastic fans. The discipline essential to competitive sports contests is a fine conditioner of body and mind, and if Mars must come, those who have produced the best athletes will do the best job of producing the best army."

The great difficulty is that while sports may create good will among peoples, they have little effect on certain governments where sportsmen are few and far between, if any. "International sports events did more for promoting peace than any of the other peace organizations," contended **Fred Kemp, Jr.** of Kansas City. "In fact, I believe that the participants of such events, knowing their international brothers more than the average man, were the last ones to want a war. It is also my honest belief that if Hitler had tried to hang up a few records on the athletic field instead of wall paper in his early days, the world would not know the bastard as we know him today."

"Contests like the Olympic Games," wrote **G. H. Wright** of Baltimore, "are ineffectual because they reach only a comparatively small number of people, and they are in no way effective in changing Messianic monomanias of the men at the top. Friendly feeling among the masses is okay, but much more important is enlightenment that they are the victims of men whom they look upon as leaders. Sports—hell! It's not strong bodies they need, so much as it is strong, well-informed minds. Truly smart peoples wouldn't countenance such leaders."

"I'd like to suggest a World Wide Sports Union to promote continuous contests of national games between international teams," recommended **Mahlon A. Glascock** of Ryan, Virginia. "Teams from every country would be meeting teams of other nations on a continuous year-round schedule."

Stuart Chase saw a value in these sporting events as "an alternative to the martial spirit by working off steam in non-lethal fields." **Walter Prichard Eaton** suggested holding the Olympic Games "always in Greece, without rivalries of nations to make a nationalistic show of them." **Lee Shubert,** the producer, favored international sports, as did **Dr. Theodore A. Schmidt,** member of the International Olympic Committee and former President of the Austrian Olympic Committee, who said: "The Olympic Games should continue with greater simplicity and with special encouragement for the small nations. The cardinal point should be spiritual and sportsmanlike participation. The following set-up would be most satisfactory—Establishment of two powerful bodies in each country: (1) A National Committee of Sports directing and controlling all national sports; (2) A National Olympic Committee, as provided in the Olympic Charter for each Olympic Nation. There must be positively the conviction among all that the Olympic Games are a world wide gathering of friendship, good will and understanding and that the sportif results, though very glorious are not the main point."

Lieutenant Robert Tisdall, who won the 400-meter hurdles for Ireland in the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles, and is now with the South Africa Irish forces, wrote: "I still believe that sport can help tie the bonds of peace the world over. But we must first teach ourselves more thoroughly the real meaning of sport, as well as instruct those other nations so keen to compete that there is a far more important motive behind the Olympic Games than the mere breaking of records. What struck me at the time of the little run I took round Memorial Stadium in Los Angeles ten years ago was the friendly informality and the spirit of human openheartedness of you grand people that made me feel so at home and happy while in your country—a spirit, sprung, I suppose, from the pull-down of class and racial barriers in your land, and nourished, I do believe, by the doctrine of sport which seems the common background to your educational system."

"Whatever form the after-war world takes," wrote **Erskine Caldwell,** "sports will undoubtedly become more international in character than they have ever been before. For one thing the world is going to be a much smaller sphere after the war, and remote nations will be able to compete in international events. Military or non-military in character, the world will always indulge in athletics."

The statistics on whether an effort should be made now to set up the machinery to revive international sports after the war were all favorable, in the following proportions: The Public, 83.67 per cent; Sportscasters, 89.58 per cent; Sports Editors, 86.90 per cent; Advertising Executives, 73.33 per cent; Presidio of San Francisco, 71.43%.

A need for change and improvement apparently is felt strongly in this country now with regard to our own future sporting scene. Up to the moment of Pearl Harbor, we had been an easy-going, free-for-all country. We had "just growed"—all right in some sports, in others not so hot. Now we are in a period of reckoning up. And there seems to be a strong undertow of turning away from the commercialized spectacle in favor of a permanent plan of physical fitness for all.

Perhaps **Ben Wahrman,** *Richmond News Leader*, was snipping at the root of all the evil when he wrote: "If there were some way to have sports played for sports' sake and not for financial remuneration—either in the form of salary or scholarships or 'expenses,' there would be a definite upward trend in competitive sports and a downward trend in spectator sports. That, I believe, is what this and every other country needs. Perhaps the solution for post-war sports would be some graftless method (and I know I'm asking the impossible) of government-controlled sports, which would eliminate the necessity of raising finances through gate receipts or subscription. If a certain portion of our taxes were set aside to provide sports equipment and instructors, and if gate receipts, and the necessity for them were removed, our sports definitely would be on a competitive—and healthful basis."

P. A. Lightner, *Wichita Eagle*, supported this theme by saying: "The great indictment of American sports is that they prepared super-champions, while the man in the stands went soft. The sports pages need a new department, one for the common competitor, not now mentioned because all the room goes for the big leaguers. Often they discourage instead of encouraging the run of the mill sports-inclined person."

Walter D. Edmonds complained that: "Most of the sports you're talking about are only money-making schemes," and **George H. Gibson,** New York, claimed that: "The value of professional athletics is negative so far as conditioning the mass of the population is concerned." **Harry Keck,** *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, urged: "Yes, by all means better control of sports. Have the colleges stress sports for the many instead of for the money. Stress physical fitness in the individual and cut down emphasis on public spectacles designed to fill stadiums. Reorganize the A.A.U. to make it a controlling body of semi-professionals, since that is the closest approach we have to the ideal, anyway. Get real national control of professional boxing and eliminate ridiculous prices for the bouts such as 25 dollars or 50 dollars for ringside seats. Eliminate politics from sports, as in the case of paid boxing commissions, which give their judging and refereeing assignments to

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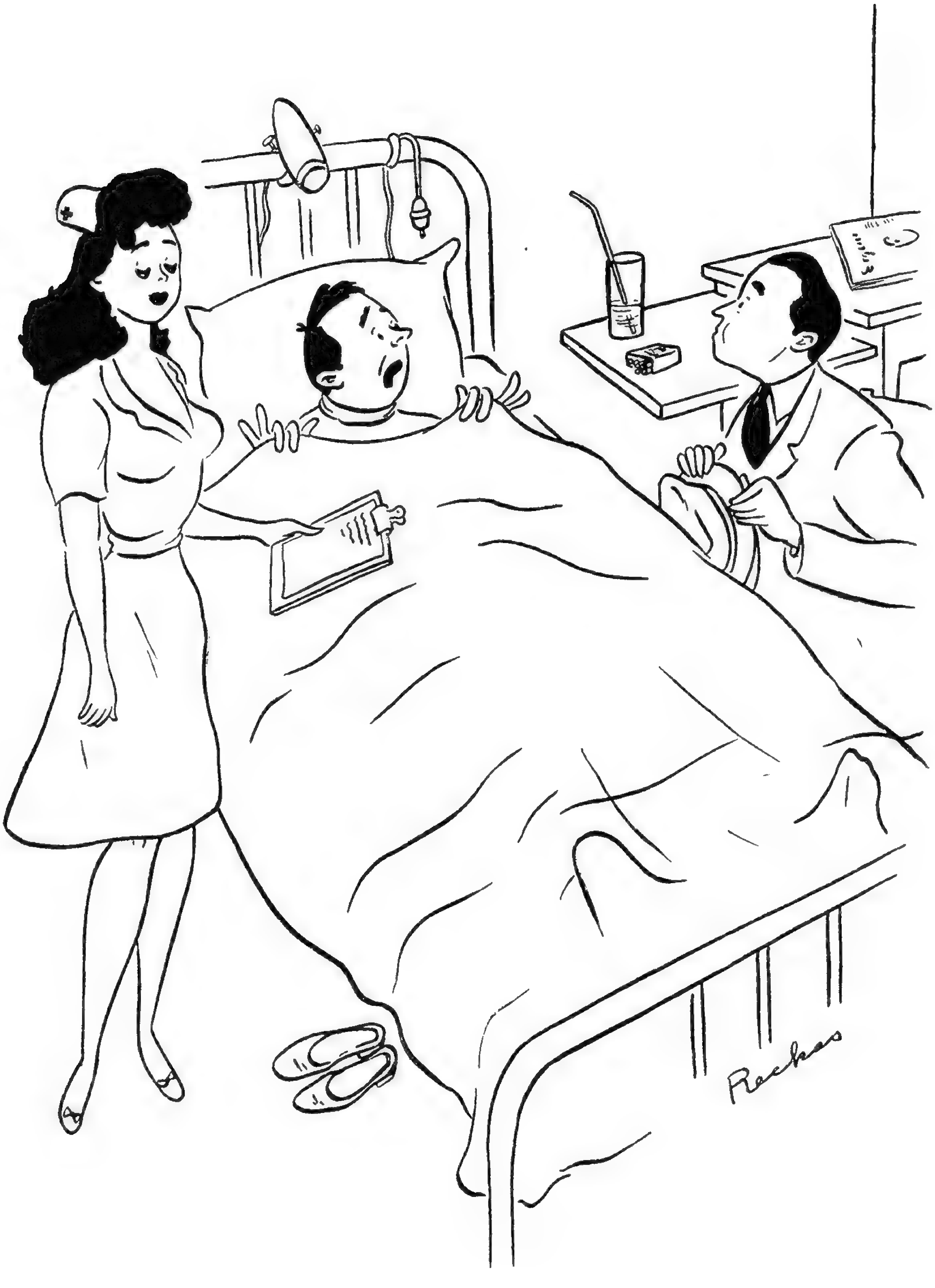

"I don't mind the nights, but oh! those long days when my wife's here!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

This year of war yields a rich harvest of verse from Canadians and from Robert Frost, Robert Nathan, Ficke and the brothers Benét

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

▪BOOKS▪

JAMES GOULD COZZENS is the author of a new novel, *The Just and the Unjust*, the best he has thus far written. In fact, it is remarkable, and for several reasons. It is steadily interesting from first page to last, which in itself is not remarkable because there are plenty of murder stories of which that can be said. But in this book, although technically a murder story, we are not particularly interested either in the murder or the murderers. We are interested in the citizens of the small town where the trial is held. This full-length novel opens with a murder trial and closes with the verdict. What we have is a picture of the county court house, the judges (for sometimes two are on the bench), the District Attorney and his partner, the lawyers for the defendants, the witnesses, the spectators, and the families who for one reason or another take an interest in the case. *This kind of book*, which in the days of Howells used to be fairly common, has become extremely rare, so rare that I hope neither Mr. Cozzens nor my readers will misunderstand me when I say it is an admirable illustration of true realism, as distinguished from naturalism, sensationalism, or sub-humanism. After I finished it, I felt as if I had lived for years in this town, and were intimately acquainted with its inhabitants. The chief character (we can hardly call him a hero, for there are no heroes and no villains, not even the murderers) is the lawyer who assists the District Attorney in conducting the case. His father, the bedridden old Judge, is a fount of wisdom; Mr. Cozzens is able to prove that *not* by description. The clever criminal lawyer for the defense is a perfectly drawn character; the book is filled with citizens whose truth to life is instantly apparent in their actions and in their conversation. Without any resort to the unusual, the sensational, the heroic, or the degenerate, Mr. Cozzens has written a fine work of literary art—immensely interesting not because it is romantic or fantastic, but because it is real. And the verdict of the jury is interesting, not because it is Guilty or Not Guilty, and not because of its effect on the accused, but because of its effect on the lawyers and on the people.

Whatever may be thought of the lack of good new plays during the past theatrical season, in the important field of original poetry the last twelve months show a rich harvest. Robert Frost's *A Witness Tree* is the best single volume of verse he has written; W. R. Benét deservedly won the Pulitzer Prize; Robert Nathan's *Dunkirk* is a beautiful poem in itself, and a perfect illustration of how a patriotic poet can solve a problem; Stephen Benét writes a powerful indictment in *They Burned the Books;* and one of the most important productions of the year is the new edition of his *Works* in two volumes; Edna St. Vincent Millay has republished her Sonnets; and Arthur Davison Ficke's new book of poems, *Tumultuous Shore*, is filled with beautiful verse and original thought. I have mentioned only a few of the numerous flowers in the garden of poetry, but there are enough to make me believe that it is in verse, not in novels or biographies or war books, that the literature of the year is most notable. Another American poet, David Morton, has in a little volume, *A Letter to Youth*, written prose that no one but a poet could have written. It may be remembered that during the depression when Hoover was President, Christopher Morley called upon him and asked him what was America's greatest need; and the President replied, "A great poet." Surely it is significant that in these terrible times so much original poetry is published. Arthur Ficke writes me, after making it clear that he himself is not complaining of any lack of recognition:

> "Most readers are so bewildered by books in flocks, about 'How I Almost Sassed Hitler' or 'How to Run the War' or 'How to Make the Peace if you Ever Happen to Get One,' that they really do not know that poetry exists or that it can have the least relation to them as living beings. But it seems to me that the sciences—in which I include all forms of practical knowledge as well as the more abstract kinds—merely provide us with the data for living—and that then it is poets, the imaginative interpreters, who have always assigned to those facts the emotional and moral and truly human valuations."

Many people, I fear, assume that any book in prose is more *interesting* than any book in verse; this is an error; verse is often just the reverse (sorry).

Years ago I made a statement in print that the surest road to oblivion was to be a *Canadian poet*. I got exactly the result I hoped for; ardent denial of my statement from many Canadian newspapers. All I wanted was to remind my Canadian friends (and I am ardently pro-Canada) that there were many living Canadian poets of whom they should be proud. Well, now I salute a small (cheap only in price) *Anthology of Canadian Poetry*, edited by Ralph Gustafson. Browning said Lyric Love was half angel and half bird. This little volume belongs to a series called the Pelican Books and is published by Penguin Books, Toronto. It contains poems from fifty-six Canadians—some of the better-known names being Lampman, Drummond, Bliss Carman, Sir Charles Roberts, Wilson MacDonald, and the Editor, who has written a fine Introduction.

This is the first time that a Canadian anthology has been offered for distribution by a United States publisher. Furthermore, here is the first opportunity to get a whole collection of Canadian poetry for a very small price. This book is also to be distributed among the Canadian armed forces and to ship libraries. But while these facts are interesting, the most important fact is that these

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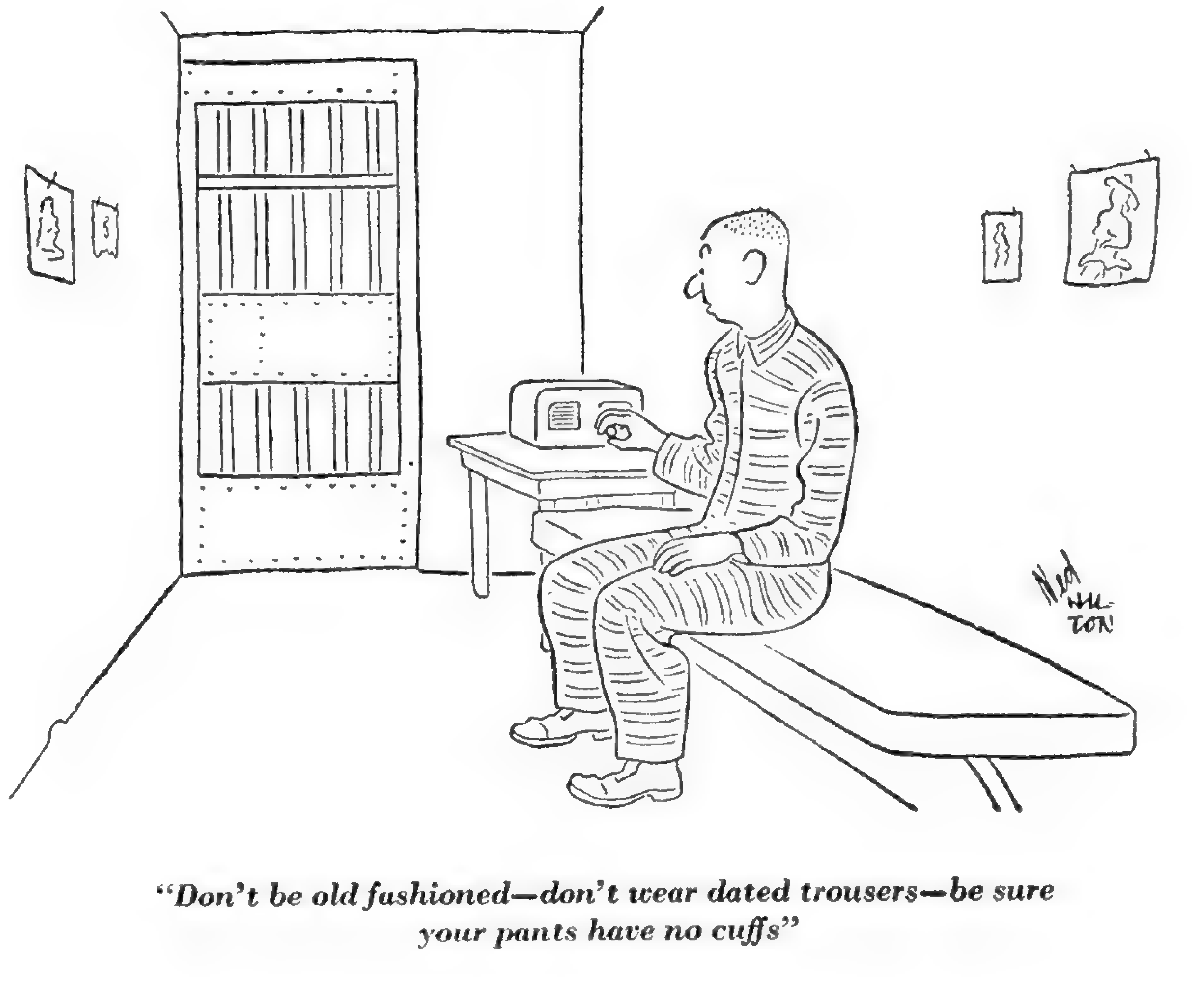


"Don't be old fashioned—don't wear dated trousers—be sure your pants have no cuffs"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Reviewing *Laugh Town Laugh, By Jupiter* and *Star and Garter* after reminiscing on slapstick that made generations howl

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

The curtain went up and disclosed a couple of dilapidated old shanties. An Irish comedian entered, looked around him quizzically and said he thought he "smelled a mushrat," whereupon issued forth a Dutch comedian. They sat down at a table and the Irish comedian put his feet on it, whereat the Dutch comedian commanded him to take them off and "give the Limburger a chance." Followed a colloquy on the Dutch comedian's newborn son, during which the Irish comedian idly passed a remark that the baby resembled *him*. This brought on a gala rough-and-tumble fight, the star feature of which was a fifteen-minute throwing of dozens of dead cats at each other.

The name of the sketch was *Krausmeyer's Alley;* it brought Billy Watson, the burlesque comic, to fame; it played all over America to audiences who laughed their heads off at it; and it ran for all of thirty-one years. It never failed, and it ranks as one of the champion all-time laugh-getters in the history of American show business.

The history of that eccentric business reveals various other comedy acts whose longevity remains the wonder and awe—and the acute envy—of present-day showmen.

More than twenty-five years ago a man in the tattered clothes of a hobo one night came out on a vaudeville stage trundling a hand-me-down bicycle. He mounted it and the handlebars fell off, dejecting him on his rear. Gathering himself together, the tramp drew a whiskbroom from his pocket and, with the elaborate meticulousness of a Brummell's valet, flicked the dust from his already filthy rags. The audience yelled.

The bum remounted his bicycle and the pedals and one wheel fell off, again landing him on his posterior. And again came forth the whiskbroom and again delicately he brushed off his shredded vestments. The audience yelled louder.

This business was repeated until all that was left of the bicycle was half its frame and the pedestrian-warning little bell and all that was left of the bum's clothes was his underwear, and throughout it the audience's mirth continued apace. The act played to roaring customers all over the country—incidentally, all over Europe too—for more than a quarter of a century; it was, indeed, until lately still playing to customers who could hardly restrain themselves from falling into the aisles; and it made oodles of money for the illustrious late Mr. Joe Jackson.

The most prosperous laugh-getter of all times is, of course, the farce *Charley's Aunt*, which has now been running successfully all over the world for fifty years and which will in all probability go on running for at least another fifty. Its chief comic asset is a comedian who dons women's dress in order to help out a couple of college chums who are in trouble and whose masquerade brings on a succession of uproarious embarrassments, among them the conviction of the girls that he is really a sweet old lady and their consequent confiding in him of their intimate problems. Apparently so irresistible are the humors of the exhibit that when it was shown in New York again season before last—it has been shown in New York time and again—it ran for no less than 233 performances.

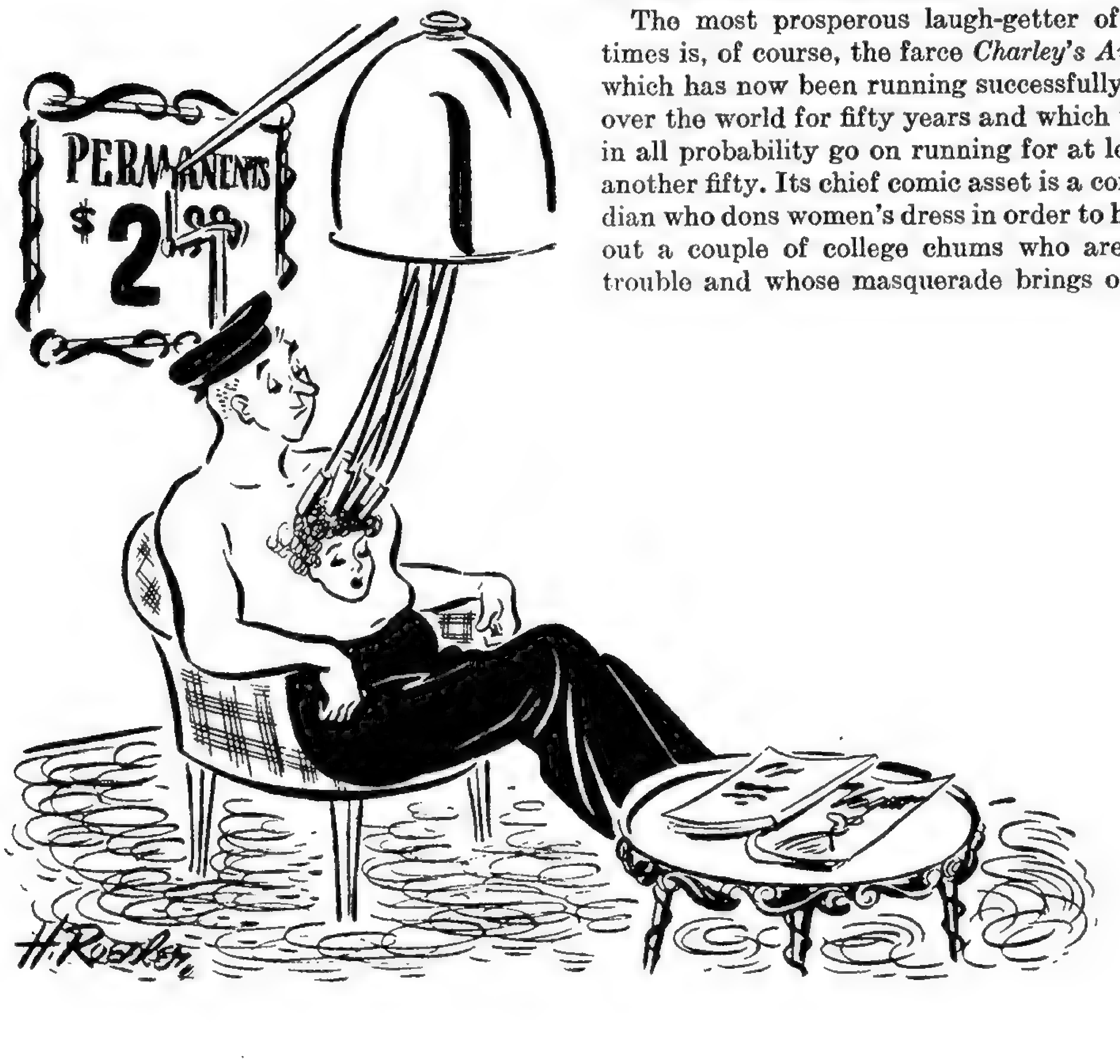
Produced originally in London in 1892, where it played for years, it came to America in the following year and ran for three successive years. It was subsequently revived and ran for another two years. And since then, as noted, it has had audiences here and in other parts of the globe in stitches.

Long years ago, there came into the field of entertainment a couple of blackface comedians who billed themselves as the *Georgia Minstrels*. Their main comedy act was based on a consuming hunger. Always stranded in a livery stable or what not without a cent to assuage their enormous appetites, the one would tell the other of a geographical locality not far away to which they would one day make a pilgrimage and richly satisfy their palates, gratis. The locality, it appeared, had vines on which pretzels grew in profusion, trees blooming with luscious Virginia hams, swamps full of fried sweet potatoes and hominy, and streams running with unbelievably delicious schnapps. As for watermelons, they were so thick on the ground that one had to walk half a mile around the spot not to tumble over them and break a leg; and as for fried chicken—but by this time the smaller blackface comedian had fainted.

McIntyre and Heath were the boys who became famous in that one and who delighted audiences with it season after long season.

A quartet of comedians who went by the name of the *Avon Comedy Four* enriched the American scene for years. The two leading members of the act were the Messrs. Smith and Dale who, after all the passing of time, are still going strong. Seemingly for ages their antics, absolutely sure-fire, have revolved about a doctor's consulting room with one of them as the medico in charge and the other as a patient. The patient enters, inquires if this is the doctor's insulting room, and forthwith demands to know of the doc what is the matter with him. The doc, vouchsafing a quick glance at him, promptly launches into a lengthy description of his various dangerous ailments. "I'm dubious," allows the patient. The doc grabs his hand and shakes it cordially. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dubious," he says. He thereupon seizes his stethoscope and applies it to the visitor's bosom. "What are you doing?" demands the latter. "I'm making a Diogenes," replies the doc. And so

Continued on page 173



MARJORIE WOODWORTH

Hurrell Photograph

THE CAMELLIA GIRL

Kodachromed by

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

Return of an Aristocrat

After a period of exile the romantic camellia blooms again, in colors pale to riotous, as the flower of fashion

by FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

• ARTICLE •

If, gentle reader, you are a grandmother in the deep South, the above title undoubtedly calls for a few haughty sniffs and a barrage of General Jackson's choicer oaths. For the prim loveliness of the camellia has never lost favor in the South. Sell the old plantation house, suh, if you must. But don't let them put a finger to that camellia tree!

But if you're from the North, it's ten to one you've never even seen a camellia. All the more reason why you should start now to discover its strange charm. Camellia blooms for her hair, or a cluster to perch on her wrist, lads, will do wonders in the right direction. The camellia today is the newest mark of social prominence. The queen has returned.

Say "camellia" and right away you think of Greta Garbo, Sarah Bernhardt, or Eleonora Duse, depending upon just how long it's been since you turned a distinguished gray hard by the ears. Or if bars mean marks on a page of music to you rather than a few quick ones between the acts, camellias will probably recall *La Traviata* rather than *Camille.* No matter how you take it, though, the story goes back to *La Dame aux Camélias*, the old play by Alexander Dumas fils. Who knows how many buckets of salt water were shed over that sentimental old Victorian cocktail of champagne and tears?

Yet the complete story of camellias has sharply modern overtones. The flower was named after George Joseph Kamel, a Moravian Jesuit born in Czechoslovakia, who was thus honored for his work among the flora of Luzon, an island in the Philippines you may have heard of. That was in 1739!

How the camellia ever got to Europe again smacks of tomorrow's headlines—for even now the Japs are trying to muscle in on the Chinese for the credit in originating the flower! It's a subject that you mention softly among horticulturists, and then only after a cautious glance about to make sure of the nearest exit. *Camillus Japanicus* vs. *Rosa Chinensis* is a touchy subject that like as not may call out thwacks on learned pates and rusty left hooks to the jaw at any flower show. Well . . . *Camillus Japanicus* is an accepted title for a prominent variety of camellia. Yet in 1702 a British doctor, James Cunningham, brought a series of exotic flowers home from China, and one was the "Chinese Rose," the camellia. Supporters of the *Rosa Chinensis* will point firmly to the camellia as shown on Ming vases and Chinese picture manuscripts, as absolute proof of their theory. Take your choice—or conclude as I did that the camellia comes from the Far East, and let it go at that.

Why not? The camellia belongs to a small family of evergreen shrubs called *Theaceae*, and the other important member of that family is Tea! In the eighteenth century, the great Swedish botanist Linnaeus (who named the camellia after Kamel, by the way) did his best to wangle a few tea plants from the Chinese for the famous gardens at Upsal. But the Chinese, anxious to protect their tea trade, craftily fooled him again and again with camellia plants! Will you have lemon with your iced camellia, madame?

The camellias got there after a while, however. The English, ever the lovers of the formal garden, liked the staid, precise outlines of the Chinese Rose. But the worship of the camellia reached its greatest fury and ecstasy in the France of the nineteenth century. What passionate Gallic nostril would not quiver at the thought of this exotically colored beauty, this lush and frigid tease that yields never a whiff of fragrance to the most imploring nose? What Frenchman could resist the sharp cry of scarlet flecked with white, set in rich green leaves? For the camellia is indeed a combination of the voluptuous and the restrained. Its colors range from white through delicate pinks to the most torrid reds, flecked or candy-striped with contrasting color harmonics. Its prim perfection of form, and fresh sharp outline were enough to titillate any Frenchman worth the name. Yet this classic beauty gave forth no fragrance! Small wonder that in France—the land of painfully precise literary forms and music so architectural it might have been written with a slide-rule—the camellia reigned. It was a poor Parisian dandy who couldn't sport a camellia in his buttonhole. And, as for Marie Duplessis, the "Lady of the Camellias," ah, there was a gal! Ask Alexander Dumas the Younger.

He never was much more than a name in her date book, although he talked pretty bravely about his "affair." She was after bigger fish than small fry novelists of twenty-odd years. All France, every boulevard in Paris, buzzed with tales of her matchless beauty and her kindly interest in how young noblemen of the day disposed of their money. For all her saintly fragility, she probably was as hard as nails. She was a lass who had "left her virtue, together with her petticoat, underneath a bramble bush in a hedge" at an early age. She served an apprenticeship when her father hired her out to an old roué three times her age. And from there, she ascended the ladder, from merchant to shabby sportsman to nobleman, until she was the toast of Paris.

At one time she was supported by a syndicate of seven gentlemen of the court, to each of whom she dedicated his own night every week. Quite without jealousy they even chipped in and bought her a bureau with seven drawers, to house their bounty and keep the credits straight.

An everlasting bouquet of camellias hovered

Continued on page 148

"Well, what did you expect to find here—Dorothy Lamour?"

U. S. Grapes Are in the Groove

Forgetting all stuffy lore about wine temperature or wines for various foods, simply drink them, and drink American!

by LAWTON MACKALL

•POTABLES•

THEY never took a lesson in fermentation, having been born with plenty on the ball. As microscope-squinter Pasteur explained it to an enthralled world (he was the guy who said "Wine is the most healthful and hygienic of beverages"), the outside of the hide of every grape offers free parking space to picnic crowds of yeast-fungi, called *Saccharomyces*, of the tribe of *Mycoderma*, less laboriously known as "Flowers of Wine." These little invaluables start flocking while the vine is still blossoming; they thrive and prosper, so that by the time ripeness has been reached, there is almost a glut of talent to go to press. In other words, instead of any "See directions on package," it's an organized setup with an expert crew ready to jump in and perform their stuff.

Then why all this hue and cry about soil and climate, and all this fracas about breed which has involved us in name calling: Zinfandel, Cabernet, Delaware, Catawba, and so on? Simply because the further we pursue happiness, the more we split hairs. And some of these hairs are rail-size as far as quality is concerned. For grape characters *do* differ enormously and the most gifted of them will sulk and balk unless the accommodations and attentions accorded them are to their liking. Species X wants a mezzanine berth on a hillside, with plenty of gravel to wriggle its roots in, and just the proper amount of sun over its left shoulder, and so many inches of rain, served as desired. Species Y craves clay, moist breezes, well chosen warmth, and the tinkle of mission bells. Species Z won't come along unless given seats on the middle aisle of a magnificent sun-dazzled valley flunkied with white-wigged mountains.

Mankind has spent thousands of backbreaking years at the job of humoring such caprices, which is a slow way of obtaining a drink. But when he who has delved, planted, pruned, watched over, gathered, pressed, and stored away, finally sits down under his arbor and partakes of with his meal, the chain of endeavors really seems to have led up to something. You can have your Thomas A. Edisons with their incandescent lamps and other trick "home comforts"—he'll take the sunset and Bacchus, the Life-giver.

I regret to report that the New World, though vine-rampant, handed this sterling deity the runaround. Vainly did colonists try to produce wines similar to those they had been raised on. The wild native grapes had a gamy flavor which just didn't seem civilizable, and vine shoots brought over from the Old World refused to flourish here despite attempted coaxings and nursings by ambitious individuals or pepped-up groups throughout the Thirteen Colonies. American Independence, calling for toasts in full-fledged American wine, could be responded to only in imported.

But our clever continent had *another* seaboard which, though too far for convenience, and hence used only by the Indians, contained a great splurge of scenery and fertility: California—Spanish by virtue of discovery exactly fifty years after Columbus's West Indies cruise. For more than two centuries, monarchs of Spain had been intending to do something with this remote possession as soon as they could think what, but the mental ordeal always terminated in a siesta. Finally, to avoid further strain, the development job was wished onto the Order of St. Francis, with the result that in 1769 it was California, here comes gray-robed Padre Junipero Serra to found at San Diego the first Spanish Mission and set out the first European vines.

Horticultural skip-tracers wrangle as to whether these vines came from the Valdepeñas region of Spain or from Sicily. Whatever their origin, they bore grapes and still do, of the robust, swarthy complected kind now known as Mission grapes. So by the time a certain bell in Philadelphia was excitedly ringing out news of a Declaration, quiet Padre Junipero was tasting some pretty promising red wine. All that was needed was for the two seaboards to get together and swap experiences.

But National Wine Week wasn't that close at hand on account of poor service around Cape Horn and delay in organizing the Pony Express.

Indeed, quite a number of preliminaries were necessary. California, awake to the fact that it had soil and climate to fit the temperament of any and all European vine varieties, would have to become a peerless Golconda of Grapes with 500 expertly operated wineries of all sizes, pressing, maturing, and blending them for roundness and reliability of bouquet. And the East and Middle West, evolving or developing distinctive American grape types such as the Delaware, the Scuppernong, the Isabella, the Catawba (boomed to fame by Cincinnatian Nicholas Longworth, grandfather of the gavel-wielder), the Elvira, the Ives, the Iona, would have to create an "Eastern" galaxy of delectabilities different from any the human palate had ever encountered.

I could buttonhole you at great length about these little wonders and how they grew, but I did that very thing in this department last November under the title *Wine Lovers Go Native*, of which I send out reprints on the least provocation. So let's breeze on to the blunt fact that, with one coast and another, and things like New York Finger Lakes and Ohio isles in between, America now produces successful examples of every sort of wine you ever met on your travels abroad, plus fascinating novelties that speak messages in our own tongue to our own

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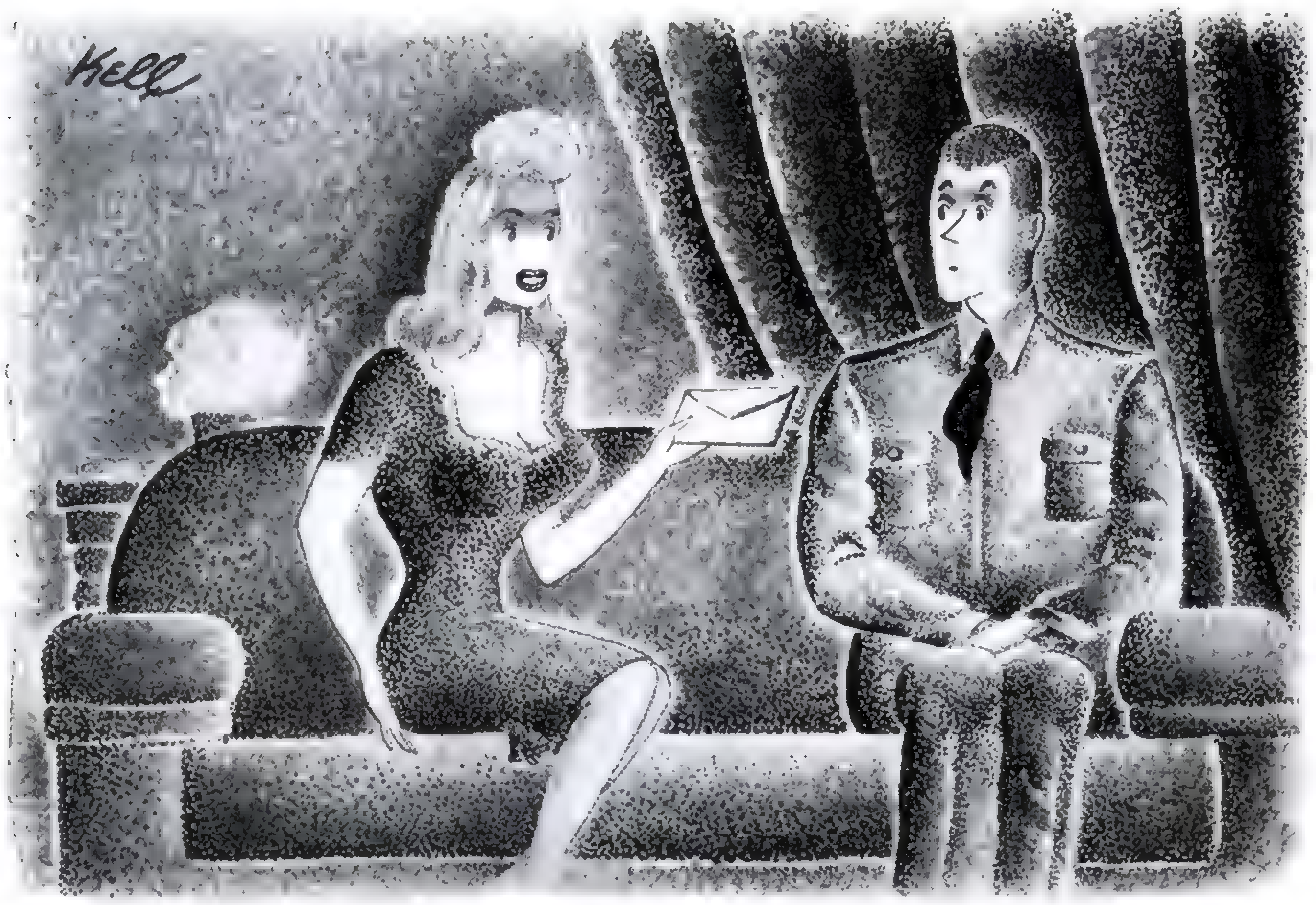
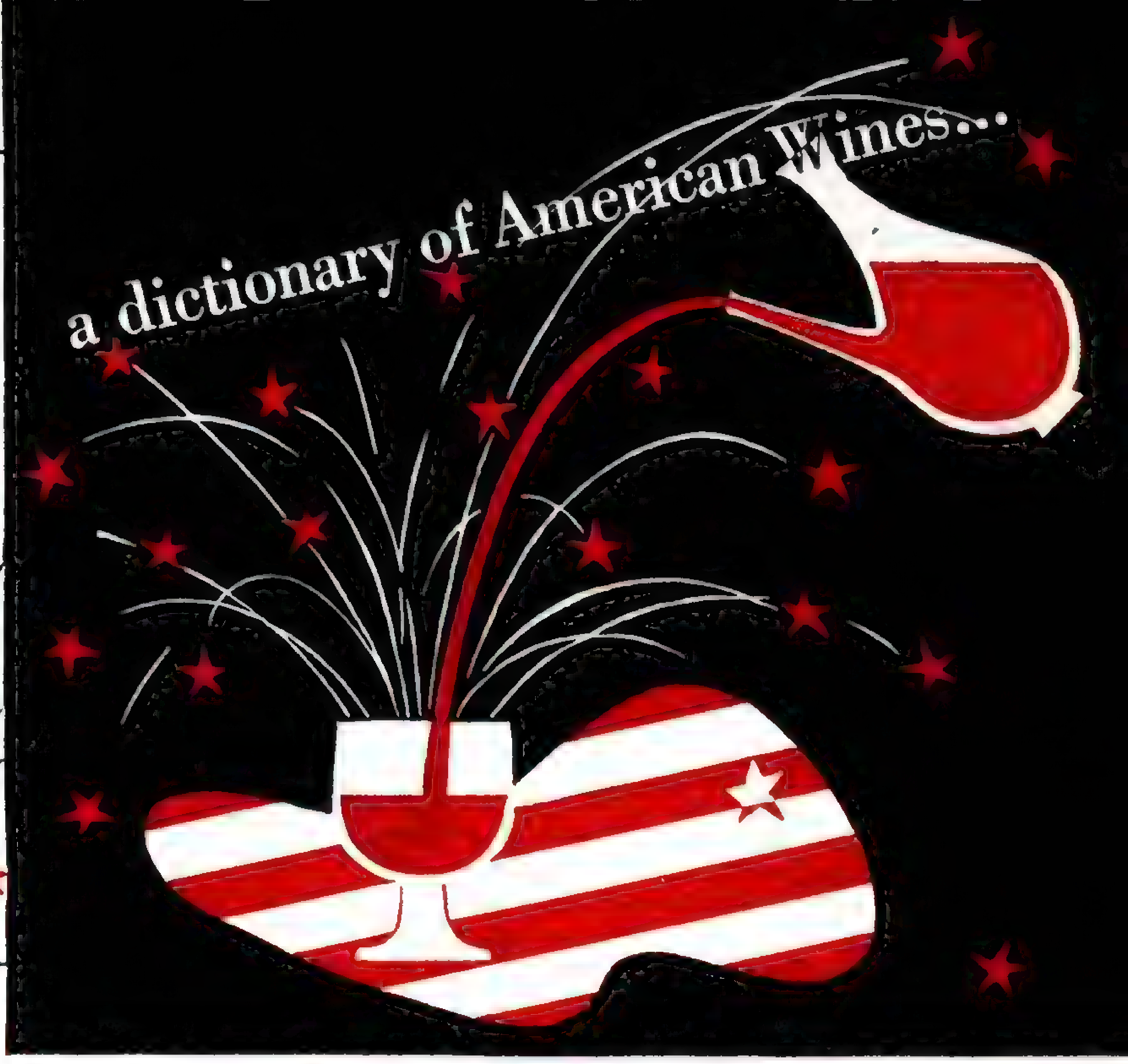


"Nobody can say I'm jealous—here's your letter of recommendation to the girls of Ireland"



a dictionary of American Wines...

Somewhere along the North Atlantic coast of this continent, Leif Ericson landed 492 years before Columbus. Because of the profusion of wild grapes he called the newly discovered world Vinland. Today, this country still justifies its original name —offering a greater wealth of grape varieties than exists elsewhere on earth. This Dictionary of American Wines is in itself a tribute to the abundant fruitfulness of our native vines, and to the intelligence and foresight with which they are being nurtured.

A

ALEATICO *(ah-lay-ah'-tee-co).* Wine made from, and having the spicy, fruity flavor of, the Aleatico grape. Made both as a medium-sweet red table wine and as a sweet red dessert wine. Good with or following dessert, or with between-meals refreshments. The Aleatico table wine is also served with meals. Served chilled or at room temperature. Grown in Southern California and the south San Joaquin Valley district.

ANGELICA. White dessert wine. A sweet, straw- or amber-colored wine of cordial type. Mild and fruity in flavor. Made from one or more of a number of grape varieties, including Mission and Grenache. Good with or following dessert, and between meals. Served chilled or at room temperature. Grown in California.

B

BARBERA *(bar-bair'-a).* Heavy-bodied red table wine made of the Barbera grape. Dry, tart, good with highly seasoned foods. Served at room temperature or chilled. Grown throughout California.

BARBERONE *(bar-bair-o'-nay).* Red table wine of the Barbera type, not necessarily of the Barbera grape. Raised in California.

BURGUNDY. Red table wine. Dark ruby-red wine stronger in flavor, body and bouquet than Claret. Medium heavy-bodied. Good with game. Served at room temperature or slightly chilled. Grape varieties: Pinot Noir, Carignane, Mondeuse, Petite Sirah, and Refosco in California; Clinton and Ives in the East.

C

CABERNET *(kab-er-nay').* Red table wine, made of Cabernet Sauvignon grapes, and having their distinctive, fruity flavor. Stronger in flavor than Claret, lighter than Burgundy. Medium-bodied. Especially good with red meats. Served at room temperature. Grown in the Napa, Sonoma and Santa Clara districts.

CARBONATED WINES. A wide range of white and red table wines, both dry and sweet, are made effervescent by carbonation, and are therefore less expensive than naturally sparkling wines. According to whether they are white or red, carbonated wines are used like Champagne or Sparkling Burgundy. See those classifications for usage.

CARIGNANE *(car'-een-yahn).* Red table wine made from Carignane grapes. Claret type. Grown in California.

CATAWBA. White table wine, pale, tart, very dry, containing the flavor of the Catawba grape. Grown in Lake Erie Islands district, Ohio, Finger Lakes district, New York, and in eastern districts.

CHABLIS *(shah-blee').* White table wine, similar to Rhine wine, but less tart than wines in that group, and with more fruity flavor and body. Especially good with seafood and white meats. Served chilled. Grape varieties: Pinot Blanc, Chardonnay, Burger, Golden Chasselas, and Green Hungarian in California; Catawba, Dutchess, Delaware and Elvira in the East.

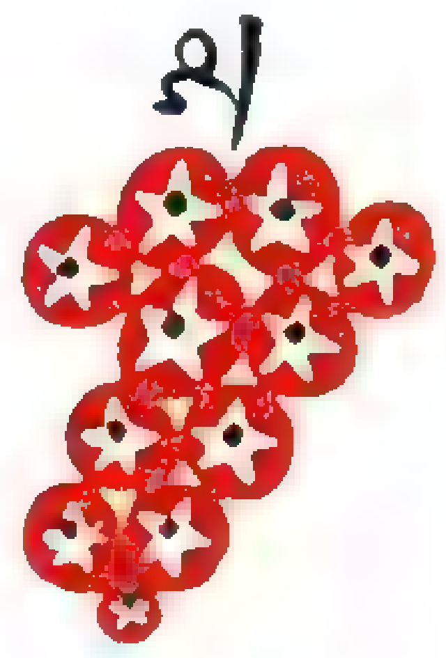
CHAMPAGNE. White table wine made sparkling by the Champagne process, which is a secondary fermentation of finished wine, creating a natural effervescence. Champagne comes dry, usually labeled Brut (broo); semi-dry, usually labeled Dry or Sec; and sweet, usually labeled Doux (doo). An all-purpose sparkling wine. Served chilled. There is also a Pink Champagne, frequently labeled Oeil de Perdrix (eul-d'pair-dree'). Grape varieties: Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc, Folle Blanche, Burger in California; Catawba, Delaware, Isabella, Elvira, Dutchess, and Eumelan in the East.

CHARBONO *(shar-bo'-no).* Red table wine made from Charbono grapes. Barbera type. Napa, Sonoma, Santa Clara-Santa Cruz districts of California.

CHARDONNAY *(shar-doe-nay')* or **PINOT** *(pea-no)* **CHARDONNAY.** White table wine made from Chardonnay grapes. Chablis type. Grown mostly in Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys of California.

CHIANTI *(kee-ahn'-tee).* (See also White Chianti) Red table wine. A medium-bodied, ruby-red wine, strongly flavored and of Italian character. Dry, fruity, slightly tart. Traditionally made from Sangioveto grapes. Especially good with red meats and pastes. Served at room temperature or slightly chilled.

CLARET. Red table wine. Dry, red medium-bodied wine. Claret type wines are the leading mealtime wines all over the world. Especially good with red meats. Served at room temperature or slightly chilled. Grape varieties: Carignane, Mataro, Zinfandel, Mondeuse, Beclan and Charbono in California; Ives, Norton and Fredonia in the East.



D

DELAWARE. White table wine with the fruity, spicy flavor of the Delaware grape.

DIANA. White table wine, with characteristic freshness and bouquet of the Diana grape. Grown in Finger Lakes, New York, and Sandusky-Lake Erie Islands Districts, Ohio.

DURIFF *(doo'-riff).* Red table wine made from Duriff (also called Petite Sirah) grapes. Burgundy type. Grown generally throughout northern California.

E

ELVIRA. White table wine, pale straw colored wine, with the distinctive flavor and aroma of the Elvira grape. Used frequently as a base for eastern Champagnes. Grown especially in New York State.

F

FOLLE BLANCHE *(foal blawnsh).* White table wine made from Folle Blanche grapes. Chablis type. Grown mostly in the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara valleys of California.

FRANKEN RIESLING *(franken reezling).* See Sylvaner.

G

GAMAY *(gam-ay).* Red table wine made from Gamay grapes. Burgundy type.

GOLDEN CHASSELAS *(shah'-sal-ah, often Anglicized to shas'al-us).* White table wine made from Golden Chasselas (also called Gutedel) grapes. Chablis type. Grown in the San Francisco Bay area.

GREEN HUNGARIAN. White table wine made from Green Hungarian grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown generally throughout northern California.

GREY RIESLING *(reezling).* White table wine made from Grey Riesling grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown in the districts of the San Francisco Bay region.

GRIGNOLINO *(green-yo-leen'-oh)*. Red table wine made from Grignolino grapes. Claret type. Grown mostly in Southern California and the South San Joaquin Valley districts.

GUTEDEL *(goot-aydle')*. White table wine made from Gutedel (also called Golden Chasselas) grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown in the San Francisco Bay areas.

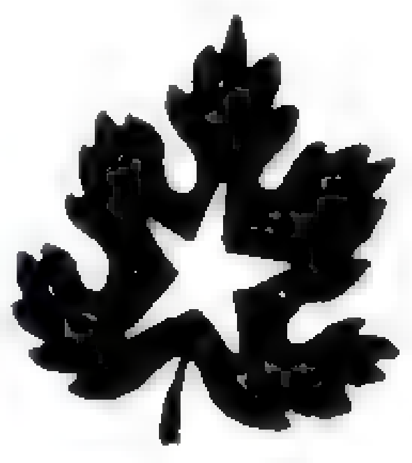
H

HOCK. See Rhine Wine.

J

JOHANNISBERGER RIESLING *(yo-hahn'-iss-bear-ger—often Anglicized to joe-han'-iss-berger—reezling)*. White table wine made from Johannisberger Riesling (also called White Riesling) grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown in the Napa, Sonoma, Santa Clara-Santa Cruz wine districts of California.

L



LIGHT MUSCAT. White table wine. Both dry and semi-sweet; also called "Dry Muscat." A light wine of Muscat grapes with the Muscat flavor and aroma. Dry types are used with white meat or seafood, semi-sweet with or following dessert, or with between-meals refreshments. Produced in California.

M

MADEIRA *(mah-day'-rah)*. Deep amber-colored semi-sweet appetizer or dessert wine, resembling Sherry, but darker in color, drier than Tokay. Medium-bodied. Made from several grape varieties, including Palomino and Mission. Good as an appetizer, with or following dessert, or with between-meals refreshments. At room temperature or chilled. Sweet Sherry type. Made in California.

MALAGA *(mal'-aga)*. Deep amber-colored dessert wine. Heavy-bodied. Made from several grape varieties. Produced generally throughout California.

MARSALA *(mar-sah'-la)*. Deep amber-colored appetizer or dessert wine, resembling Sherry but sweeter and darker in color; sweeter than Madeira but drier than Tokay. Medium-bodied. Made from several grape varieties, including Mission and Grenache. Good as an appetizer, with or following dessert, or with between-meals refreshments. Served at room temperature or chilled. Produced generally throughout California.

MOSELLE *(mo-zell')*. See Rhine Wine.

MOURESTEL *(moor'-ess-tell)*. Variously spelled. Red table wine made from Mourestel grapes. Claret type. Grown generally throughout California.

MUSCATEL. White dessert wine. A w with the distinctive flavor, aroma sweetness of the Muscat grapes which it is made. This sweet wine ra in color from golden to amber. Med bodied. Good with or following de or with between-meals refreshme Served chilled or at room temperat Produced in California.

MUSCAT DE FRONTIGNAN *(moo-ska usually Anglicized to muss-cat—d'fron'- yawn)*. Muscatel made from Muscat Frontignan grapes. (Also called Mus Canelli). Grown throughout Califor

P

PETITE SIRAH *(pet-eet' sir-rah')*. Red t wine made from Petite Sirah grap Burgundy type. Grown throughout C fornia.

PINOT BLANC *(pea-no blawnk)*. White table wine made from Pinot Blanc grapes. Chablis type. Grown mostly in the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys of California.

PINOT CHARDONNAY *(pea-no shar-doe-nay')*. See Chardonnay. Grown mostly in the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys of California.

PINOT NOIR *(pea-no nwahr)*. Red table wine made from Pinot Noir grapes. Burgundy type. Grown mostly in the San Francisco Bay region wine districts.

PORT. Red dessert wine. A rich, heavy-bodied sweet wine, ranging from deep red to tawny color. Good with or following dessert or with between-meals refreshments. Especially good with cheese. Served at room temperature or chilled. Grape varieties: Trousseau, Carignane and Petite Sirah in California; Ives, Norton and Fredonia in the East.

R

RED PINOT. See Pinot Noir.

RHINE WINE. Sometimes called Hock or Moselle. White table wine. Dry, tart wine. Light-bodied. Good with white meats and seafood. Served chilled. Grape varieties: Folle Blanche, Traminer and one or more of the Riesling varieties in California; Delaware, Catawba and Dutchess in the East.

RIESLING *(reezling)*. Rhine Wine made of Riesling grapes, traditionally from White Riesling. Produced in California.

ROSÉ *(roe-zay')*. Pink table wine. Rosés are the lightest of the red table wines, being light in color, body and in alcoholic content. Dry, fruity wines, from a number of grapes including Gamay, Grenache and Grignolino. Served chilled or at room temperature.

S

SAUTERNE *(so-tairn'—often Anglicized to so-turn' or saw-turn')*. White table wine. A golden, full-bodied wine, sometimes dry but usually semi-sweet. Especially good with white meats and seafoods. Served chilled. Grape varieties: Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc and Sauvignon Vert in California; Delaware, Catawba, Dutchess and Elvira in the East.

SAUTERNE, SWEET, also labeled Haut (oh) or Haute (hote) Sauterne. Sweeter than most Sauternes. Usually served with dessert or with between-meals refreshments, though often to accompany white meats and seafoods. Served chilled.

SAUTERNE, CHATEAU *(shat-oh')*. The very sweet types of Sauterne are frequently labeled "Chateau" Sauterne. Good with or following dessert, or with b tween-meals refreshments though o often served with meals.

SAUVIGNON BLANC *(so'veen-yawn blaw* White table wine made from Sauvign Blanc grapes. Sauterne type. Grow mostly in the Napa and Livermo Valley wine districts of California.

SEMILLON *(say'-me-yone—often Anglicized sem'-ill-cn)*. White table wine made fro Semillon grapes. Either dry or sem sweet. Sauterne type. Grown in th San Francisco Bay region.

SHERRY. White appetizer or desse wine. Wine characterized by a "nut flavor. Ranges in color from pale to da amber. It is made dry, medium dry an sweet. The dry Sherry is the most popul of all appetizer wines. Besides its use a an appetizer, Sherry is an all-purpos wine, served on any occasion when ap petizer or dessert wines are require The sweeter Sherries are usually serve with dessert, or between-meals refresh ments; but they are also popular as appe tizer wines. Sherries are light or mediu bodied. Most people prefer Sherr served chilled, but it is also good at roo temperature. Grape varieties: Palomin and Mission in California; Catawba in the East.

SPARKLING BURGUNDY. Red wine made naturally sparkling by the same process as Champagne. Smooth, slightly sweet. Light-bodied. Made from one or more of several grape varieties, including Carignane, Mondeuse, Zinfandel and Petite Sirah in California; Clinton, Ives and Catawba in the East. Served chilled.

SPARKLING WINES. Beside Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy, there are several wines made naturally sparkling by the Champagne process. Among the most important of these are Sparkling Moselle, Sparkling Muscat, Sparkling Sauterne. These sparkling wines are used like Champagne. Served chilled.

SYLVANER *(seel-wah'-ner—often Anglicized to sill-vay'-ner)*. White table wine made of Sylvaner (also called Franken Riesling) grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown in the Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valley districts of California.

T

TOKAY. An amber-colored dessert wine. A blend of sweet wines, with a slightly "nutty" flavor. Medium-bodied. Usually made by blending Angelica, Port and Sherry. Used with or following dessert. Served chilled or at room temperature. Produced throughout California.

TRAMINER *(trah-meen'-er)*. White table wine of aromatic flavor made from Traminer grapes. Rhine Wine type. Grown north of San Francisco.

U

UGNI BLANC *(oon-yee blawnk)*. White table wine from Ugni Blanc grapes. Chablis type.

V

VERMOUTH *(vur-mooth' or ver-moot'—usually Anglicized to ver-mooth')*. White appetizer wine flavored with aromatic herbs. There are two kinds—dry (French type) and sweet (Italian type). The dry is pale amber and the sweet is dark amber in color. Vermouths may be served alone, well chilled, or used in numerous mixed drinks. The dry Vermouth is lighter bodied than the sweet. The base of the dry is usually a Sauterne-type wine; and the base of the sweet, a sweet dessert wine.

W

WHITE CHIANTI. *(kee-ahn'-tee)*. White table wine. A medium-bodied mealtime wine of Italian character. Dry, somewhat fruity, slightly tart. Especially good with white meats and seafood. Served chilled

WHITE PINOT *(pea-no)*. White table wine made from a white Pinot grape. Chablis type. Grown in the San Francisco Bay region wine districts.

WHITE PORT. White dessert wine. Usually straw-colored. Sweet, heavy-bodied. Made from a number of grape varieties. Used with or following dessert. Served chilled or at room temperature.

Z

ZINFANDEL *(zin'-fan-dell)*. Red table wine of Claret type, made from, and having the distinct taste and aroma of the Zinfandel grape. Dry, fruity, medium-bodied. Especially good with red meats. Served at room temperature or slightly chilled. Grown throughout California.

What Cooks with Wine

A *sotto voce* confession and recipes for flossing up the humble potato, spinach, prune and baked bean with American wine

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Since cooking with wine is the acme of culinary refinement and is easy of accomplishment even for bachelors with just a single burner in a small one-room apartment, let's get right to work on a really grand dish. Prepare this well, and you'll make strong women weak, and weak women willing.

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MATELOT AU VIN BLANC

More simply, Fish Stew in White Wine. It is made the following way: Brown three or four different kinds of fish (carp, perch, pike, or whitefish are suitable, and the more variety the better, but eels should definitely be included), after having cut it into sections, in butter and in a saucepan, and add minced shallots, two cloves of garlic whole, a carrot chopped, a little parsley, a few peppercorns, small mushrooms and small onions, and cover with dry white wine. Don't forget to put in a bayleaf and a little thyme and salt and pepper. Cover the pan and simmer slowly until cooked. Now take out the fish, put it in an earthenware dish near the fire so that it will keep warm, reduce the liquid by some more cooking, strain it and thicken it with a little butter that has been mixed with flour, pour it over the fish and serve. If you have a little French Cognac left, be lighthearted and pour it in the liquid before straining—just a couple of tablespoonfuls—but American brandy is good and getting better.

This *Matelot au Vin Blanc*, by the way, was the superb dish a French gentleman ordered a long time ago in one of those charming country inns on the banks of the Marne. When the plate was set before him, he took one bite and abruptly stopped eating. The *patron* rushed over and anxiously inquired what was wrong. The guest, possessing old world courtesy, was reluctant to state curtly that the fish stank. He remarked instead that he had stopped eating because he was having a serious conversation with the fish. "And what did you talk about, if I may ask?" inquired the proprietor sarcastically. The gentleman quietly replied, "I was walking along the river a couple of weeks ago when my watch accidentally fell into the water. I just asked the fish if they had seen it. They said they didn't. That they had been caught long before then . . ."

Incidentally, it *was* a well-known fact that some of those lovely inns on the river Marne could not get fresh fish, for it was spirited away to Les Halles, the Paris market, as soon as it was caught.

Speaking of France, I do not wish to bore you but I must say it again that I am very happy that I am privileged to live in the United States and that I am living here now, in the present era, gastronomically speaking. I do not enumerate the more serious reasons; anybody can guess why a foreigner is tickled silly to be a candidate for citizenship in this country. But gastronomically, we all ought to be overjoyed that we are living here now and not in the eighties. American cookery then was very bad, I am sorry to say.

Although food and wine was always more plentiful here than in any other country in the world, and European epicures eternally envied America for her vast and gorgeous culinary raw material, the meals in general were terrible. In this country which Leif the Lucky nine centuries before had called Vinland on account of the abundance of luscious grapes, they knew nothing about cooking with wine. Instead, the majority of the people cooked with something that resembled the drippings from a tallow candle, and it was common knowledge that if your grandfathers traveled from the Eastern Seaboard, they could not get a decent restaurant meal until they reached Mexico. Gastronomy of a nation matures slowly, but today, even if there weren't a terrible food shortage all over Europe, the United States would be the winner in culinary competition, because what takes centuries for another country is accomplished here in a few score years.

We foreign born know better than the natives what power this wonderful country possesses. I am not only thinking of concrete things such as a hundred and thirty million souls, the mines, the factories, the mighty rivers, the forests or even all the tons of gold in Fort Knox. I am thinking of such a light and frail commodity as wine, for wine too stands for power. You remember Belloc's poem:

"... Wine, true begetter of all arts that be
Wine, privilege of the completely free
Wine the recorder—Wine the sagely strong
Wine, bright avenger of sly-dealing wrong . . ."

Statistics have it that in this country you only consume three-quarters of a gallon yearly of this safely strong beverage, redder than ruby, more golden than topaz. European nations on the contrary, used to drink twenty to thirty gallons a year per capita. Food preparation is wonderful today in America, but wine drinking is still not what it should be. This is merely my own opinion. I'm not trying to make a wine consumer out of you if you don't wish it—the loss will be yours. But to a gastronome it is astonishing that so little advantage is taken of the country's natural gourmet treasures. An epicure cannot imagine a meal without wine, preferably two kinds, a dry white at first, and a heavier red afterwards, and he cannot imagine a great many dishes without wine in them. Wine embellishes a dish, brings the flavor out. The presence of wine assures you that the particular dish has been cooked with thought and to perfection, and it also makes you and your guests feel like true cosmopolites.

Back to that word "embellishing." For instance, I like vegetables—if I have to. I eat them because ever since childhood it has been instilled in me as in everybody else that greens are good for the health and we must eat a certain quota of them. I still eat spinach without conviction (unless prepared according to the recipe I give you below) and simply because I want to please someone opposite me at table, for I easily respond to gentle

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"Well, if I can't have any more sugar—can I have a picture of Betty Grable to look at while I drink it?"

Return of the Minute Man

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usually with ten rounds!

Even the moot question of ammunition for rifle practice is not serious. In the first place, virtually all of the thousands of active rifle clubs have re-loading equipment for the production of their own "ammo" with empty shells. Secondly, practice shooting can be confined to .22 caliber rifles without any loss of efficacy—a principle which the Army is adopting at many posts. And experts estimate that 100 million rounds of .22 long rifle cartridges would consume only 285 tons of lead and 100 tons of copper and represent about a fortnight's output for a "hole-in-the-wall" factory.

The truth is, no country on earth is as well heeled as we are for effective guerilla warfare. Most civil populations have been disarmed for generations—as witness the distraught Dutch, standing around helpless, as Nazi parachute troops landed in the public square of Rotterdam. Even the British had to send frantic appeals to American sportsmen early in the war for cast-off guns.

In contrast, we have 290,000 licensed hunters in the State of California alone — 7,000,000 for the country as a whole in a normal year. Without considering the target and skeet shooters, who are probably better marksmen as a class, these hunters have the basic equipment, the knowledge of woodcraft and the temperament which go to make guerilla fighters.

Guerilla warfare is elaborated on by Tom Wintringham, chief of the British Home Guard School at Osterley Park, and author of a pamphlet which soon became the bible of English guerillas, *New Ways of War*. Says he:

"The guerilla exerts against the communications of any enemy force; against his dumps as well as his lorries; his headquarters as well as his stragglers, a continual pressure—a threat that wears out men and forces. And guerilla warfare is a useful method of fighting that will, I believe, become absolutely essential to success in future campaigns."

To many people the term itself is distasteful, smacking too much of the late lamented "gorillas" of gangster days. Perhaps the fact that Lawrence of Arabia is considered the guerilla genius of modern times may sweeten the flavor of the word for the squeamish. Or the fact that Washington fought most of the Revolution in guerilla style may clothe these tactics with proper respectability.

Actually, the term is Spanish, meaning "little war" or "war of the partisans" i.e., citizens who are not in the regular army. They are not lawless, roving mobs like the Mexican bandits of twenty-five years ago: they are organized, trained volunteers operating under jurisdictional government.

Their function is not to engage the enemy and overwhelm him, it is to torment and nag and obstruct; to hit and run; to smash nerves and morale as well as communications and supplies. "The guerilla," says "Yank" Levy in *The Infantry Journal*, "is the mosquito in the dark tent that you slap at all night and never hit."

Today the guerilla has a new function that has rallied every householder in England to the ranks of the irregulars: protection against glider-borne or parachute troops and Fifth Columnists.

"How Dear to My Heart . . . ."

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The Village Smithy sags
Exhausted from a trying day
Of shoeing ancient nags,
And gazing up the busy street
The stray observer notes
The Service Station flaunts this sign:
DRIVE IN FOR HAY AND OATS!

—Phil Stack

The essence of guerilla warfare is a meticulously intimate knowledge of scads of things which don't seem very warlike. In fact, a thorough Boy Scout training would be the finest elementary schooling for the "partisan fighter," giving him the confidence and skills to take care of himself alone in the open. In addition to woodcraft and scout lore, nothing is so important to the guerilla as a painfully exact familiarity with his own terrain: knowledge of every hill and gully; every lane and highway and back road; every ditch and stone fence and hidden cave. Just about the first thing Minute Men study is map reading—especially contour maps. Map drawing or sketching is likewise a frequent assignment, chiefly to compel individuals to familiarize themselves with minute details of their own territory which might go unnoticed throughout an entire lifetime. Normally inconsequential, the knowledge of one obscure short cut might be of priceless military advantage in an emergency. In fact, it is no fantasy to say that our present form of government is founded on the colonists' knowledge and the Hessians' ignorance of just such homely fundamentals!

In addition to flat maps, every good guerilla headquarters also constructs a relief or "sand map" of its area for the further study of its terrain. Urbanites can better adopt the theory of the Sanborn maps, used for years by the Fire Underwriters, on which reams of useful information are given about the nature, occupancy, construction and physical features of buildings by means of standard colors and symbols.

Such intimacy must extend, too, to the knowledge of people: acquaintance with every man, woman and child in the neighborhood. For the local Minute Man is not only the thorn in the side of the raider; he is also the real stumbling block to the saboteur and Fifth Columnist. Far better than any outside Secret Service operative, he knows the individuals in his area; will recognize a strange face quicker; will be much more alert to strange activities on the part of familiar people.

British guerillas are also urged to acquaint themselves with all of the units of regular troops in their districts; their insignia and regimental markings; especially the faces of their officers—for a very interesting reason. At Dunkirk thousands of British uniforms were lost with other supplies and, in direct violation of International Law, the Nazis have widely employed these uniforms as disguises for German troops. It is said that on more than one occasion a detachment of Germans in RAF uniforms have been landed in a transport plane, walked quickly across the field and flown away a half-dozen fighter planes without hindrance.

British guerillas, therefore, are drilled in this business of matching faces with uniforms. And their technique, when a strange face is spotted, is to engage the visitor in conversation, speaking *rapidly* and with liberal usage of local colloquialisms and slang: an ingenious device most apt to trip up a student who has learned a foreign tongue academically. Somewhat similar was MacArthur's expedient in Bataan where American passwords always included many L's—one letter in the alphabet the Japs have never been able to conquer.

Reverting to our guerillas, however; they have a fund of things to learn in the military field. Not the close order drill of the regulars, which is useless to them, but such knowledge as: efficient utilization of the terrain; range estimation; defilades; the art of cover; preparation of fox holes and slit trenches; the concealment of caches; the study of "dead ground"; night reconnaissance; the "staggered triangle" method of scouting; ambush; the construction of road and landing field blocks; anti-tank tactics without anti-tank weapons; the "mouse hole" technique of house-to-house fighting; the use of land mines and home-made grenades such as those made of caviar tins in Russia or cocoa tins in Britain—and so on through page after page of the two handbooks already referred to.

To the peace-loving civilian, of course, the modern tank is the epitome of the irresistible force, yet for over five years foreign dispatches have carried repeated accounts of the successes of poorly armed guerillas against them. Negri's barefooted Ethiopians made great sport of running up the back of an Italian tank, standing on the conning tower and bashing the gun barrel out of shape with a rock—or of setting fire to the scrub growth on the plains and suffocating the tank crews with rolling clouds of smoke. Both the Finns and the Spaniards did great damage with bottles of gasoline, tied with a bit of lighted, oiled rag, and hurled at the window slits or the rubber tracks. Homemade bombs, dragged across the road on a string as the tank passed, put many of them out of action as did resolute guerillas with crowbars or pickaxes who jumped out of doorways and jammed their weapons in the cog wheels.

Just as effective as stalling tanks completely is the art of slowing them down and gumming up the traffic by barricades or even by psychology. The former may be massive blocks of concrete or railroad irons; or it may be something as simple as a roll of accordion wire tossed across the road and fastened at each end. Such stuff is very hard to see; when the tank breaks it, the wire snarls itself in the vulnerable cogs and jams them.

When nothing else was handy, Spanish guerillas crossed more than a few tank commanders with a mere rope across the road or street on which a few blankets were hung to block his view. Such a device is pretty certain to stop the motorcyclists who invariably precede or follow the tanks, making them better targets than shooting gallery ducks. And out of Russia recently came word of two boy guerillas, aged twelve and fourteen, who had run up quite a bag of Nazi motorcycle troops by merely stringing a two-foot high wire across the road without benefit of blankets!

To be sure, tank fighting sounds pretty remote to us now: it is mentioned primarily to show that well-trained, courageous guerillas stop at nothing. It also emphasizes the point that is likely to be overlooked; i.e., that the dependence of modern armies on motor vehicle transportation is more of an advantage to the Minute Man than appears at first blush. For one thing, motor transport requires gasoline—and whole units can be immobilized by the deft addition of sugar or moth balls or linseed oil in the fuel or supply tanks: a thought which never seems to have occurred to anybody in unprepared France.

Motorized divisions also carry

vast quantities of oil, which makes lovely and devastating fires. And they run on tires which are susceptible to the proper treatment from nail-studded sticks.

Guerillas have also discovered that tank crews are especially fine game when they lay up over night. Exhausted and half sick from the pounding and the foul air in their iron monsters, they are heavy sleepers. The old Abyssinian custom was to slip up each night and slit the throats of two sentries, then disappear into the darkness. There were no pitched battles. But after two weeks of finding two men dead every morning, the nerves of an entire Italian tank battalion blew sky high, and when the long-postponed engagement did come, they were wiped out by a much inferior force.

Two other vital roles of the modern guerilla are air-port and sea-coast defense. We have hundreds of regulation landing fields and thousands of miles of sparsely settled coast line, either of which are logical objectives for air borne or sea borne troops or for the organization of raiding parties from within. The mission of the Minute Man units is to furnish immediate local protection against such threats, serving as a holding or delaying force pending the arrival of better equipped regulars.

With submarines coming in close enough to shell oil tanks on the California coast or to sink barges off New Jersey, such thoughts do not seem so academic as they did several months ago. Hence it behooves us to shake off the old Bryan doctrine of "a million men springing to arms" with the sober thought that when a million untrained civilians spring to arms, their greatest threat is to themselves.

The protection of a landing field, for example, is not a job for an armed mob who will doubtless waste all of their ammunition shooting futilely at parachute troops or gliders while they are still in the air. Rather is it a task for a disciplined, drilled group who have gone through the motions in rehearsal until they have become automatic; who are intelligent enough to have prepared suitable cover positions in advance; who know enough elementary military tactics to place their men so they won't be shooting each other; who are cool enough under pressure to withhold their fire until the parachutists or gliders touch the ground and the enemy personnel is in its first confused and helpless scramble.

In short, a handful of guerillas who know what it is all about are worth twenty times that number of eager but excited neophytes whose chief success is in getting in each other's way. Smart Minute Men could render yeoman service against a very ambitious landing party on a beach by refraining from the natural error of all shooting at the same boat and overlooking others that are deploying up and down the beach for landings on their flanks.

Such things are elementary to trained soldiers; civilians have to learn them. You can get a pretty quick summary of many such fundamentals by going to your local library or rifle club and reading two articles in *The American Rifleman* by Sergeant Joe McGann on *Airport Defense* and *Coastal Defense.* They won't make you a finished guerilla; but they will dramatize for you the complexities involved in this home defense job and show why good Minute Man organizations insist on retired Army, Navy or Marine officers to teach their groups.

The word "teach" instead of "train" is used advisedly because a guerilla band should not be a poor imitation of a regular rifle company. Wintringham has stressed this point in his Home Guard Training School on the grounds that while discipline is absolutely essential to guerillas, it is different from the discipline of the regular army. Each man must be able to think for himself and act for himself should he become separated from his fellows. This means he must not only have all of the basic knowledge of his craft, but he must also know in advance the object of any given mission. He goes out on a group job instead of merely being given a set of orders to obey blindly. And while obedience is essential and team-work is paramount, initiative is just as important.

Effective guerilla groups always discuss a mission in advance and exchange ideas on procedure. But the leader is always leader, with the final voice in case of dispute. And once a plan has been adopted and orders given, those orders must be implicitly obeyed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM RITTER

Model Conduct

How America's most popular models size up the male of the species

FLORENCE DORNIN

•INTERVIEW•

A FRONT rank fashion model, Miss Dornin is famous for her slim waist and hips, among other visible assets. Because the camera adds pounds, Miss Dornin is one of the very few who can face the lens foursquare without turning her hips sideways to appear more trim amidships. Within the last few years, she has had the privilege of turning down three offers of screen tests. On the other hand, she would like to be a singer but hasn't received much encouragement.

Miss Dornin on Men:

I think men ought to be—well, men. If there's anything I hate it's a wishy-washy escort. Fellows don't have to be bossy about managing the evening but most of them could be a lot more decisive. I like a man to order dinner as if he knows what he's doing and to manage all the mechanical details about transportation and meeting people without bothering me. I like a man to have definite opinions too; I'd rather have him tell me my new hat gives him the willies than mumble vague words of praise. To sum it up, the general idea is that I'd rather dance with a bad dancer who has a firm lead than a good one who doesn't know how to steer a girl around."

VITAL STATISTICS: *Name:* Florence Dornin. *Model Agency:* John Robert Powers. *Home Town:* Baltimore. *Age:* 23. *Height:* 5′ 9¾″ with heels. *Weight:* 115. *Bust:* 33. *Waist:* 22½. *Hips:* 33. *Hair:* Brown. *Eyes:* Hazel.

Cool caution is far more valuable to guerillas than wanton bravery. Obviously, cowards need not apply, for not only is the work dangerous but captured guerillas are not put in prison camps: they are promptly shot or hanged. On the other hand, the blustering hero is a menace to his own comrades and hot heads die quickly. The hit-and-run tactics of partisan fighters carry no Hollywood glamour. The guerilla has his own peculiar brand of courage—the courage which sustains a man fighting alone in the dark. To that he adds the knowledge of where and when to hit—when and where to run so that he may live to fight another night.

There is a definite place for the properly organized Minute Man organization in the present scheme of war and many leading military minds agree that they should be cultivated. Even those who disagree, are faced with the fact that we already have thousands of Minute Men—and are getting more weekly. Hence the paramount effort must be to keep them out of the colored shirt category and under the strict jurisdiction of local governments. Essentially rural and suburban forces, they must not be confused with the Auxiliary Police organized in our cities under the OCD. Their function is totally different and is clearly recognized in the program formulated by the National Rifle Association now operating in California and Maryland.

Such organizations hold promise of rich dividends even if the threat of invasion never becomes any more acute than it is at the moment. Inadvertently, perhaps, Director James M. Landis, of the Office of Civilian Defense, added weight to that promise in his Boston speech in which he outlined the reason for expecting enemy raiding within our boundaries.

Visualizing a bombing of San Francisco with a hypothetical loss of 5,000 homes and 2,000 civilian casualties, he pointed out that such a raid in itself would be of small value to the enemy. "But," he added, "if the consequence was to raise general fear and increase the cry for home protection which resulted in the immobilization of 1,000,000 men on the Coast, that would be worse. We can prevent that *by showing we can take care of ourselves.*"

This is no attempt to trick Dean Landis or the OCD into an endorsement of something which is definitely out of their province. But it is manifest that the average Joe Smith can see in the Minute Man movement a direct answer to that prayer. And with his heritage of the American Indian and the frontier fighter—

With 20 million rifles and shotguns in his collective hands—

The average Joe Smith can go for guerilla warfare in a big way! ##

The Three R's of Training

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secret of relaxation."

How can a boy get relaxation? For the majority, I would say that relaxation can be achieved chiefly by acquiring confidence. The coach who is continually giving his players a bawling out, with few words of encouragement interspersed, will not succeed as well as a coach who corrects a boy when he is wrong but still does not neglect to pat him on the back when he does well. Fear has a tendency to tighten up a man, and subconscious fear of a coach's abuse for a misplay may drive some players to tenseness.

Instinctively a great many ball carriers will tighten up from a false sense of protection when they are being tackled, and so be injured in a "pile-up." I believe that when a ball carrier has traveled as far as his good sense tells him he can go, he should then relax every muscle in his body and become a bundle of mush. If you are hit when you are relaxed your body gives and injury is unlikely. On the other hand, if you tighten up when you are hit, something has to give.

At Michigan we had in Paul Kromer as fine a halfback as ever drew on a suit. We were playing Michigan State in the opening game of our junior year. Paul was back in the safety position waiting for a punt. It came and he took it in full stride. He cut to the right and saw that he was trapped. A big end came up fast and caught him going backwards. Instead of falling back he gamely fought to go ahead, and his knee snapped like a rubber band. After that unfortunate injury, which was the result of his personal courage, he never played the football that would have made him a cinch All-American.

By relaxing I don't mean to be "leg-shy." Neither do I mean that you must fall over every time someone touches you. But it won't take you long to know when you are going to get loose and when you are not going to get anywhere. That judgment comes sooner or later from experience.

Another art that a football player should master is falling. And when I say falling is an art, I really mean it. If you fall the wrong way just once, you will remember not to do it that way again. This is another training *must* that too many trainers neglect. The art is to learn just the exact instant when you should go limp; become a bundle of mush.

This principle of knowing how and the instant to relax is one of the basic fundamentals of training in all its phases. For instance, football coaches often lay down the law (erroneously in my belief): "Men, you have to eat, sleep and drink football." Such a practice can be very harmful, if carried out literally, or exaggeratedly, as it is very likely to be by eager and impressionable young athletes.

I agree that in order to be any good at any type of athletics, an athlete must follow the cardinal conviction: "When I am in there I am going full blast and not letting up for an instant." Unless you are in the game for everything you have, then you have no right to be in it at all. But a boy who has worries about this and that, and then at the same time tries to "eat, sleep, and drink football" won't be at his best during the game because he has burned up so much of his energy and enthusiasm *before* the game. I would like to impress on the young athletes of the country to go full blast with everything they have on the field, but forget it as soon as possible afterwards. Eating, sleeping and drinking football all week long merely dissipates and dilutes your pepper and drive. You need to develop a sort of rhythm, or timing, in your concentration.

Add Football Definitions

Plunge: *What you do if you bet on your team to beat Minnesota.*

Unsung Hero: *The anaemic guy with glasses who wrote the star fullback's history themes for him, thereby keeping him off probation.*

Reversing Your Field: *What you feel like doing after inviting your girl to the big game and discovering that tickets, flowers, meals, accommodations and dances cost more than ever.*

Desperate Tackle: *Tackling the coach for a starting assignment after you fumbled four punts in last week's game.*

Pass Defense: *What every girl should have—if she wants to use it.*

Usually when we think of training, we think of three or four simple things: enough sleep, proper eating, no smoking and drinking. It is very true that these are indeed necessary to maintain athletic stamina for any sport. The majority of high school athletes need more sleep than do the more mature athletes in college. Most athletes believe that eight hours of sleep is the required amount, but they neglect to specify that these hours should be regular. The hours before midnight are still the best, and not the late morning. The most important thing about sleep is the regularity. If a boy sets a schedule, he should be in bed at the same time every night, not nine one night and ten the next, and then back to nine the following night. Regularity sets the body to a schedule. Of course, some athletes have different requirements from others. Some people feel better if they sleep only six hours, whereas others may need nine or ten. Oversleeping is as bad as under-sleeping. When an athlete has too much sleep he is logy and dull. For the average athlete eight hours of sleep is about the right thing. Don't try to imagine yourself a power house. By all means get all the sleep you need.

Eating during the football season runs along the same diet lines as most of the routines for evading fat-producing foods. Fried foods are the thing to be shied away from mostly, while plenty of vegetables and steaks build strong bodies. Here again as in sleeping, eating should be regular. Sweets usually are not advisable in large quantities, but there are exceptions to this rule also. Ed Frutig, Michigan's All-American end, could train better on banana splits and cream puffs than he could on steaks. It was no trick for Ed to eat three chocolate sundaes before practice and then go out and play a whale of a game of football.

Smoking and drinking are two things that no athlete ever operated on to the best of his abilities. For the high school player, they are an absolute No! This also holds for the college athlete. No coach should ever tolerate a drinker or a smoker on his team. If he does, then the rest of the team will do likewise because they know that the coach is afraid to act. To get right down to facts, you have only eight years to participate in high school and college athletics, and you have the rest of your life to smoke and drink if you want. This is one sacrifice that the athlete must make.

To get back to one of the most important of the R's of success in athletics, Relaxation, I want to insist that the athlete requires relaxation off the field as much as he does on it. When on the field, at practice, or just before the game, it is all right to follow the old axiom: "You have to eat, sleep, and drink football;" but directly after the game and for perhaps the first two days of the week following, I'd say forget it.

Now the question arises, "How can you relax after a game!" I am one who believes that dancing is one of the finest ways of relaxation there is. The coaches of the Old School wouldn't think of letting their players go to a dance during the season. But fortunately this idea went out with bustles. Dancing is one relaxation that can be judged by the individual. If you happen to be pretty tired after the game, you won't be dancing all night. Dancing helps an athlete as much as any single activity I know. It gives him a sense of rhythm, which every athlete must have, regardless of the sport he is playing. It teaches him footwork, which also is one of the most important factors in every sport. The idea of dancing being sissy is a lot of bosh. If you want to see a surprised look on someone's face, take a peek at the face of the girl who starts dancing with an athlete for the first time. When the athlete does not step all over her feet she looks as though she has had a revelation. I can name quite a few athletes who not only know their way around an athletic field but can do as well as the best of them on a dance floor. Dancing is only one of the many ways for an athlete to relax after a game, but it is one of the best and most enjoyable. There are several other sports such as bowling, ping-pong, etc. that are all good for relaxation and still help the athlete keep his edge. The main point of my argument is to learn how to relax, as a major feature of your training program, both during the game and also after it is over.

So I might give you as my Three R's of Training: Regularity, Rhythm and Relaxation. Regularity principally in eating and sleeping. Rhythm, which means timing all your actions and activities properly, and Relaxation, which to me is the most important single item of them all, covering your time both on the field and off.

Of course all this is not the gospel; it is merely the opinion of one who has had the opportunity of playing in practically every type of game in American sport during the past eight years. Every person has a right to his own opinion on these subjects, and these are simply mine. If this summarization of my own reactions may serve to make it a bit easier for some up and coming athlete or coach, then it will have achieved its purpose. But these are my beliefs and I'll argue them out with anyone.

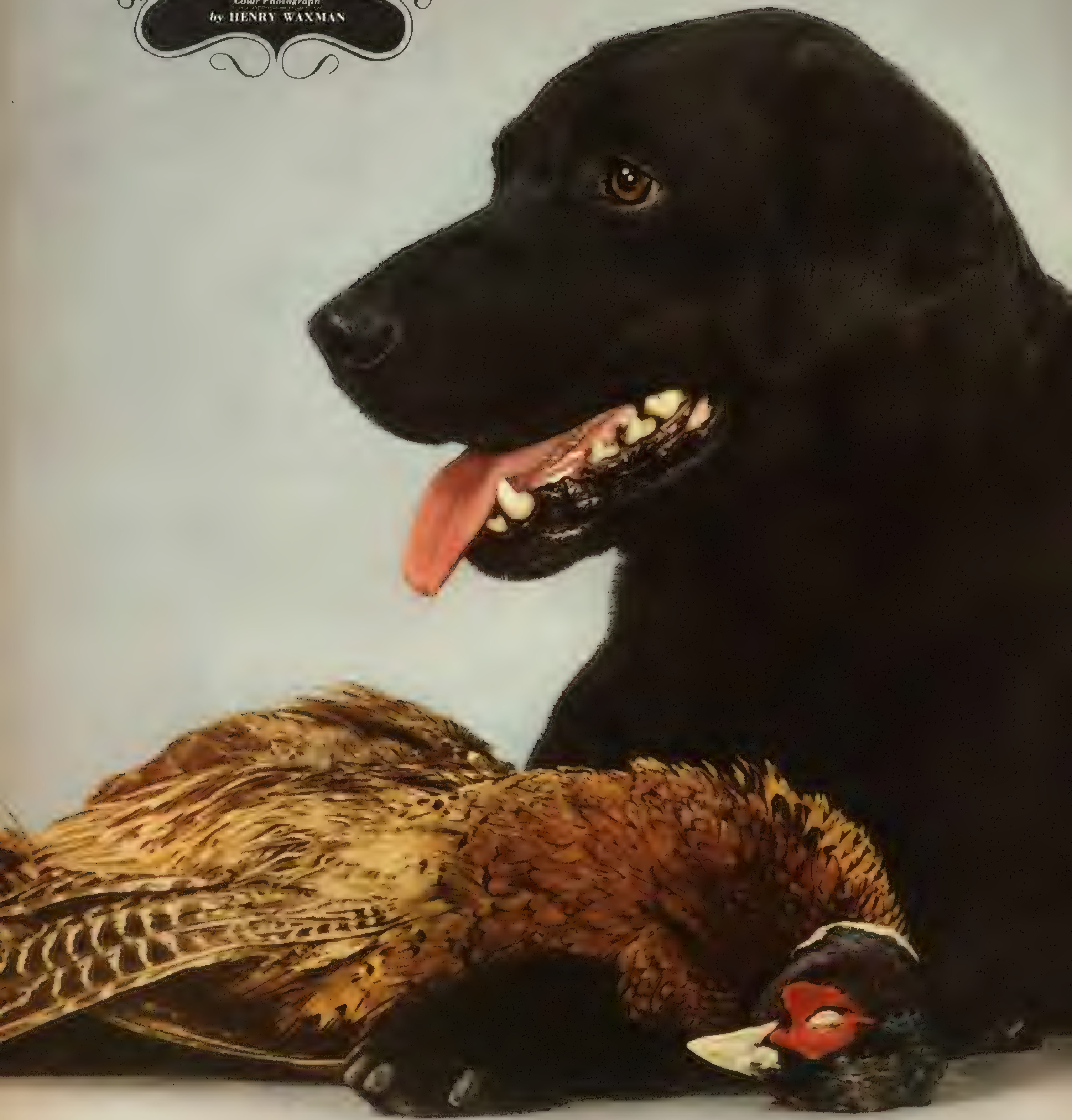
And in closing, I want to say that I am thankful that I am in America, because here we play football and basketball and all the rest of the sports, and here in America we can express our own opinions, even though they may seem at variance with accepted practices, and we can still have arguments. And I'm sorry to say the Americans who are coming up apparently can do with a little intelligent training. It's pretty bad when twenty out of fifty boys are rejected in the draft. So maybe these little ideas of mine may help a few get set for the biggest fight of their lives. I hope so. ⌗

"DROPPING IN"
(Black Ducks in back waters of Arkansas, near Stuttgart)
by WALTER E. BOHL

FIELD TRIAL CHAMPION
HI-WOOD MIKE

(Labrador Retriever)

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN



Apple Trees and Jerks on Jeeps

Continued from page 60

must be fancy-free, and they must fall in love with Australian girls or girls they meet at camp dances or on leave; and they are entitled to songs of separation—and hope.

Empires will fall and little children will learn strange things—and between these extremes everything will change, so songs will change also because of the war. There will be new themes and new images; and Mr. Berlin who wrote the prime songs of 1917 has already written a few songs to make us forget the unbearable image of throwing a kiss to the ocean and all its consequences. With his *Holiday Inn* and his new army show, Berlin should be right on Thurman Arnold's list for monopoly and other dangerous practices; but it won't do to let him have all the songs. Wartime comes right down his street because he is a minstrel and a balladist; he is sentimental and when he isn't throwing kisses he is not too sentimental; he is simple and his rhythms are attractive; his melodies are, in his best works, all heart. But he is not a swingmaster; and in recent years has done just enough of tricky work to show that he knows what it's all about—and also knows where his own supreme talent lies.

Our soldiers are enthusiasts for swing. Boys from Iowa and New Hampshire and Texas showed up at the Stage Door Canteen in New York and the New York stage people who were hostesses couldn't jitterbug fast and hard enough to suit the soldiery. (I know because I had something to do with getting lessons for the girls, and they learned to jitterbug—in a hurry.) The universal report is that the soldiers want to dance; they'll conga or rumba or waltz or foxtrot—and they want hot music. And hot music is not the best for song. So our composers will have to make a choice.

Maybe the fellow who wrote Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree was afraid of lightning.

It is a pity that while we turn out terrific rhythm songs—to which you can listen and dance—we have only a tiny handful of composers who can write a slow song-to-sing without falling into all the pitfalls of sloppy feeling and sloppy musical expression. An observer, not knowing that we turned out tough guys like We-took-a-hell-of-a-licking Stilwell, and a million other tough guys in the services, would think us a jelly-hearted race if he listened to our appeals to skylark (not like the poet's to the blithe spirit) or the foolishness about tangerine (a person, not an orange, I gather); the lyricists just miss being right, because when they use ordinary language, out of which good lyrics and great poetry are made, they flatten it down to their own emotional level, they are sub-prosaic. Compare *One Dozen Roses*, which is simple, singable, and not sickening—its only defect is the spot where the lyric writer tried to get involved in flowery symbolism about orange blossoms—and *Always in My Heart* in which the singer tells what he does just before he goes to sleep, in the matter of an appointment; if there's a rendezvous you keep, dear reader, I hope you don't talk about it in an inverted style.

(In passing—and I really mean in passing because this is near the end—you may have noted that the quotations from songs have been rephrased—so that you get the general idea without my giving you the words. This is not because I am inaccurate or unwilling to get the exact words. Some of those exact words burn forever in my brain. No. The reason is that the copyright holders make an unholy fuss about their words; you have to get special permission to quote everything except the word "and" which is in the public domain. You may quote fifteen lines of a sonnet in a review; you may quote a page of Hemingway; you may quote a scene, a little scene, even from Saroyan if you want to, as I do not; but you must not quote a line and a half of a song without getting permission. I consider this inappropriate and Mr. Deems Taylor, now president of ASCAP may take this as formal notice of my protest.)

Mr. Taylor may also tell the members of his society that I want more and better songs. ⌗

Montage of a Screen Star

Continued from page 35

know that he is capable of such brittle, utterly brittle antics. If you know her, you know that the scenario of the story could have been taken from life.

In a sense, she arrived in the scene about twenty years too late. She should have been a contemporary of the opium eater whose house she now occupies. Twenty years ago she would have been the undisputed queen of Hollywood; today she is one of several queens. Today, surrounded by the armed forces of the Hays Office and the Legions of Decency she often finds her natural instincts bound hand and foot. In the embryo twenties when you could curry favor with your public by true extravagance, she could have owned the six or seven houses she covets, she could have had her coupé painted light pink and her limousine red, white, and blue. But when she suggested both these color schemes to Manny Lavigne, he hit the roof. "My God!" he shrieked, "do you want to be *conspicuous?*" Manny's choice of words is often confusing but he is one of the few business agents in Hollywood who can discern the difference between publicity and notoriety. He has spent six years of his life trying to conceal from her public the fact that she still sleeps in the swan bed.

In all things, she is omnivorous. She likes not one male escort, but two or three. She spends a great deal of money, but she is not pound foolish. She went into an antique store once and bought the entire stock in one fell, spectacular swoop. When Hollywood heard about it, there was derisive laughter, quite audible, every time she appeared on the set or in a night club. The gesture was considered typical of her six-year attempt to become cultured in one easy lesson. "Somebody must have told her that educated people buy antiques," was the way Reggie Albright put it, and the laughter around town got louder. But it stopped abruptly two days before Christmas when each of her friends received an expensive antique as a present. Then they told her she was brilliant for solving her gift problem with such originality.

Another time she wanted to buy Maybelle Manning's racing stable when Maybelle put it up for sale. Maybelle had to find a lot of money in a hurry because her brother was up on a drunk-driving-manslaughter charge. Manny Lavigne thought it was a good idea to buy the stables, but the day before the papers were signed he called the deal off because he found out something. He found out that she wanted the horses only because she had suddenly developed a passion for horses, one of those quick, all-consuming passions of hers. She wouldn't think of racing them. She wanted them to frisk and scamper the rest of their lives away in fields of clover. She thought horse racing was cruel. Manny explained to her that if she continued to run the thing as a business she wouldn't have to worry about the income tax, otherwise she'd be taxed right down to her lingerie. She was tearful about losing all those four-footed friends, but she understood.

Her passion for culture is the most celebrated of her love affairs. Next to Goldwyn, she is the most widely quoted person in Hollywood, and the most misquoted. But, like Goldwyn, the misquotations have never been on a level with the things she has really said. There was the time she sat next to a young director from the New York stage at a Motion Picture Academy dinner. They were discussing a character played by Bette Davis in a recent picture. "She seemed to me," said the young director, "to be a combination of Lady Macbeth and Hedda."

She turned to him with a hurt look. "Is that what you think of our dear Miss Hopper?" she asked.

The director missed his mouth with the soup spoon but his recovery was a quick one. He laughed. "No, no," he said, "what I mean is that Hedda has always meant Ibsen to me."

Again her eyes were wide, rippled pools. "She has always meant much more than that to me," she said, and she didn't talk to the director for the rest of the evening.

She has two Picassos and three of the finest Raoults in the world. It is hard to get a good look at them because she has hung them on the wall alongside the staircase. To get a decent look, you have to lean backwards over the banister. Georges Boue, the great French critic, unwittingly added to her social position when he publicly proclaimed that the one thing he wanted to see most in Hollywood was the two Picassos in her collection. Of course she invited him to the house. Old Boue, who looked like a penguin with a spade beard, climbed up the staircase sideways,

Continued on page 96

THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER

FIELD TRIAL CHAMPION HI-WOOD MIKE owned by Good Hope Kennels. Confusingly enough the Labrador Retriever hails from Newfoundland. The second Earl of Malmesbury introduced the breed to England. It seems the Earl happened to see a particularly fine specimen aboard a fishing boat, took a fancy to it, and arranged to have several imported. Labradors went right on being popular with nobility and the third Earl of Malmesbury gave the breed its name. "We will always call my dogs Labradors," said he, announcing that the true Labrador might be recognized by his close coat which turns water off like oil and its otter-like tail. All this was in 1887 (the tail characteristic of the breed is short and thick at the base and the hair underneath divided by a neat part). The sleek, black-coated, hard-swimming dog was recognized by the English Kennel Club in 1903 and has made his way into the sportsman's spotlight as both field trial and bench champion. He has an angelic disposition and is motivated by one desire—the desire to please.

—CHASE HERENDEEN

Montage of a Screen Star

Continued from pages 35-95

leaning as far back over the banister as he dared. But when he got to the second Picasso he tossed discretion to the wind, leaned all the way back, and stuck his monocle into his eye. It must have been the monocle which threw him off balance. He fell backwards over the banister and landed on his head on the stone floor ten feet below. In order to pacify him she had to pay his hospital bills and give him the second Picasso so that he could study it when he stopped having his headaches.

"Hell," she said later, "I got off easy. He could have sued me for a lot of dough."

The story of how she got the second Picasso in the first place is another footnote to her growing legend. When she was remodeling her house she received a wire from Marvin Friedburg, the New York playwright. "Hold on to your hat," he wired her, "I am sending you a Picasso."

When the package arrived she tore it open. "My God," she groaned, "it's a picture. I thought it was some kind of a brooch!"

The secret of her fascination has never been satisfactorily explained. Some say it is her mouth, which is practically round and in a perpetual pout because she is always sucking in her cheeks. Some insist it is her eyes, which were once measured by technicians from the American Optical Institute and found to be the widest, from lachrymal duct to temple, on record. But Hobson Wilder, an anthropologist connected with the Museum of Natural History, created her greatest social triumph for her when he said that the formations of her cheek bones were "the first of such frontal phenomena since Nefertiti." Whatever it is, it has kept her at the top of her profession for six years, the recipient of three hundred (twelve hundred according to the publicity department) fan letters a week from soda jerks in Kankakee, ferry pilots in Montreal, and wild tribesmen in Abeokutax to whom missionary zeal has brought, among other things, the magic lanterns. She is twenty-six years old.

Her beginnings are obscure. Hollywood knows her past only from the moment when she met Charles Reshevsky on a Friday night and married him on a Saturday morning. That was six years ago. Nobody knows where the twelve-year-old daughter comes from. Her rise to fame was quick and unhampered, once she set her sails. Two days after she arrived in Hollywood she became the mistress of Henry Gold, the director. He moved her into a house a half a mile away from the one occupied by his wife and children. She became quite friendly with Mrs. Gold and the children and often stayed overnight in their house. This made it nice for Gold, who hated to leave his own house after dinner and who detested the half-mile walk over the hillside.

Gold gave her the leading role in a million-dollar picturization of the life of a famous courtesan. Gold, who was a great director in his time and (what few people ever knew) a fine painter, knew that she could never learn to act. He concentrated everything on her mouth, her eyes, and her cheek bones. He taught her to roll her eyes, up and down to express virtue, sideways to express vice. When the historical picture came out the critics called her the greatest thing since Garbo.

Two years later the critics began to catch on to the eye trick, so Gold taught her something brand new. He taught her never to move her eyes. Her eyes must always be fixed straight in front of her. To see anything out of the direct range of her vision she must turn her whole head, even for the fraction of an inch. The first time they used this new trick the critics fell at her feet clamoring for absolution and they called her an "actress." One of them wrote, "she proves once and for all that she has infinite range."

As I say, Hollywood knows nothing of her past before her marriage to Reshevsky. Because of her exotic eyes, her black hair, her white skin, her cheek bones, it is generally assumed that she is of Italian extraction. This is a little wide of the mark. She is actually Irish. Hollywood does know that she supports a mother, father, and two sisters in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Pawtucket does not know it either. She ran away from home when she was fourteen because of her father. The old man has never reformed. When visitors come to the white frame house on Lancashire Street in Pawtucket, the old man is given a bottle of rum and locked in the cellar. The two younger sisters do not know of their relationship to the screen star. Her mother has been warned that if she ever breathes a word of this relationship, the weekly allowance will stop forever.

Hollywood does not know that she worked as a seamstress, a waitress, an elevator operator, an usherette, and a model in a fur store on Union Square in New York before she decided to become a motion picture actress. Once she made up her mind, she went about it in the most efficient way possible. She met Reshevsky when a fur buyer took her to El Morocco. She learned Reshevsky was a big shot in the movies. They were married the next morning.

She has built up around her daughter a halo of mystery. When impudent strangers ask her about the child's father, she lowers her eyes. "My first husband," she says, "was a test pilot." Then the eyelids slowly rise; the look that confronts the abashed inquisitor is one of such intense suffering that he is silenced forevermore. Her test pilot was killed in the line of duty; she can never bring herself to talk of him; it was a love beyond love. All this is in her exquisite eyes. Actually, she kept the identity of the child's father a secret for the best of reasons. She does not know the answer.

She has 127 hats, 60 pairs of shoes, 3 cars, and the big house. Her weekly checks are turned over to Manny, who gives her an allowance of 25 dollars a week. Of course, she has charge accounts in all the big stores in Hollywood and Los Angeles. Manny keeps telling her that her extravagance will drive her to quick ruin, but she knows as well as he that in another three years she will be fixed for life. Another three years on top will be an unusual accomplishment, but she will make it. The average screen star's whole ascendancy lasts only about three years. But at the end of her next three years she will have rounded out a full nine years on Olympus. For a pair of cheek bones, it is a great feat.

Besides the cheek bones, she owes most of it to Henry Gold, who set her style for her, taught her how she should always be photographed, and guided her unerringly through those first years. She and Gold broke up in an explosion of temperament. Gold is still directing, but he seems to have lost the old magic since she left him.

She has the largest private collection of phonograph records in the West. "So I'm tone deaf," she says, "so what? Charles plays the records whenever he comes to town."

Her dressing room, which was designed for her by Jackie Clayton, the art director of the studio, is as large as a large bungalow. It has a kitchenette, a black and gold bathroom, four full-length mirrors. The wood panelling in the main room cost 1,400 dollars. In one corner of the main room, in a pink niche, is a statuette of the Madonna. For years she has been trying to get the studio to let her play the nun in *The Miracle.*

Her popularity has never waned, despite the fact that even by ordinary esthetic standards, her pictures are terrible. She represents, as do most of the immortals of the screen, the triumph of personality over art. It is smart to make fun of her pictures but, curiously enough, you find very few Hollywood parlor experts making fun of her. She has the flair, the spark—is it the mouth? the eye? the cheek bone?—that ignites everything she touches. When she walks upon the screen, when she walks into a room, time starts from that moment on. Wherever she goes, people gape at her like hordes of lotus eaters. She moves in clouds of the white blow, the delirium. Two years ago a dirt farmer in Oklahoma slit his wrists and willed all his earthly possessions to her.

She is a screen star. #

The Office Life

by JEROME WEIDMAN

Advertising manager: Aside from the members of the firm, he earns the largest salary in the office but his conversation, when not larded generously with a series of short, sharp words, is sprinkled with elaborate variations of the "money isn't everything" theme.

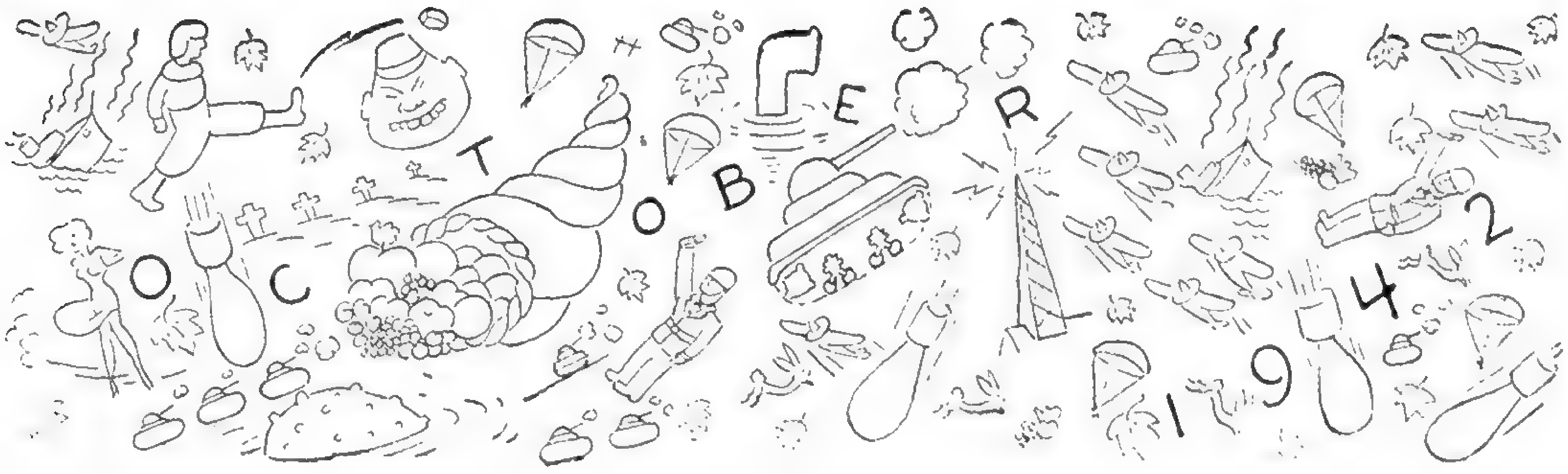
At college he edited the school paper and six months after graduation he sold a grim short story to a little magazine published in Phoenix, Arizona.

Every year he plans to spend his vacation in a shack in the Maine woods, finishing his novel, but somehow he always decides, at the last moment, to put in the time polishing up his backhand.

He wears rough woven shirts, suits of unpressed burlappy tweed, and he ties huge knots in his neckwear.

He can never quite make up his mind whether he would rather be considered a happily married family man or a great hand with the ladies. As a result, in spite of a tremendous amount of surface effort, he never gets to first base with the girls in the office. He has bags under his eyes that could easily be packed for a long week-end trip and he never misses a chance, most of which he creates himself, to call attention to them proudly. He will tell you firmly that Proust is a fake, that he hasn't read a book since he discovered Tolstoy at college because after *War and Peace* "every other novel makes you feel it's been written on toilet paper," and that if it weren't for his wife and children he wouldn't be an advertising man. He leaves it to you to infer that he would be, instead, the American Dostoievsky. The inference is not hard to draw. It is only impossible to believe.

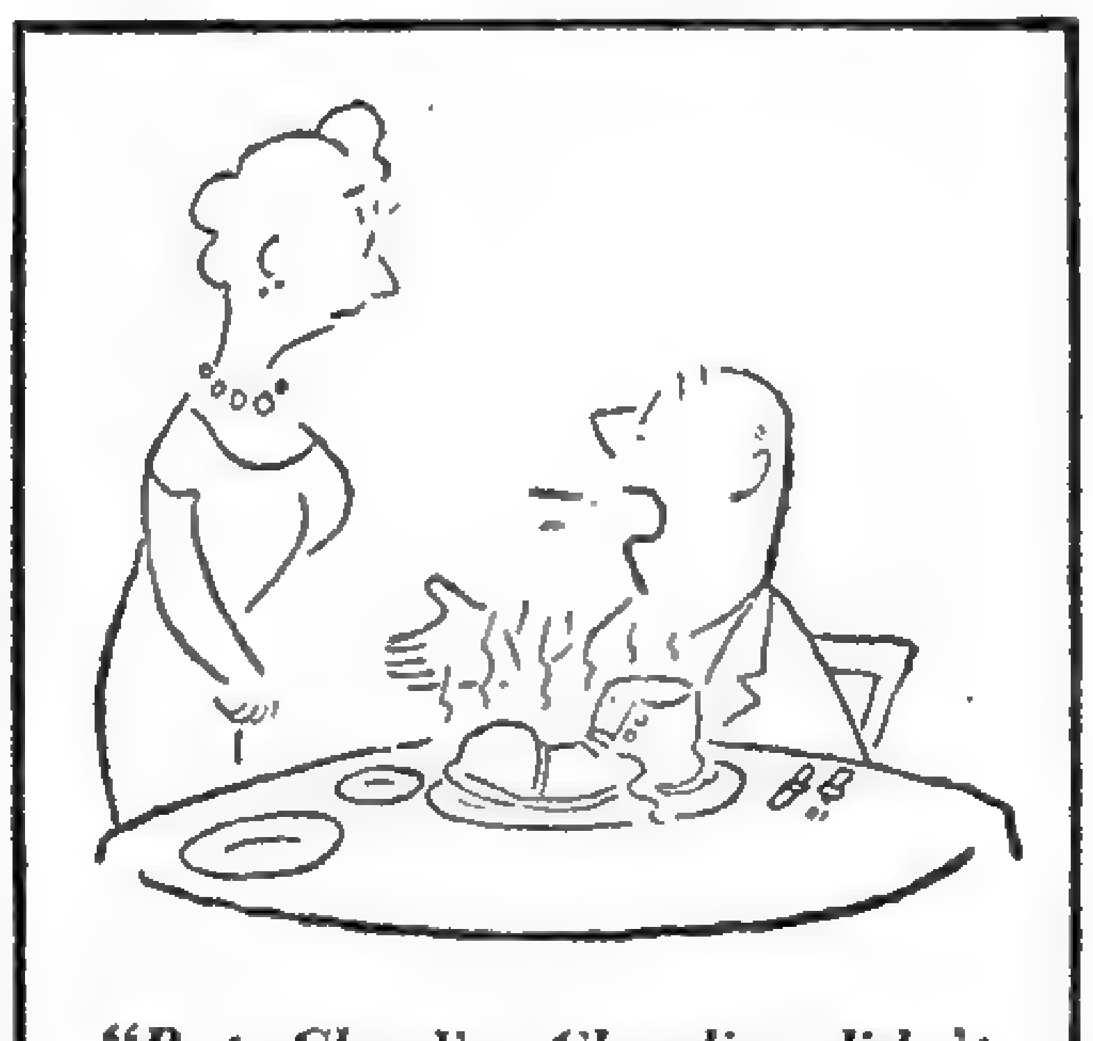
Ad Libbing With Esquire



Fables for Moderns

Once upon a time a Girl who was working too hard said to hell with all this hard work, I'm going to quit and have a good time. And she quit and she had a good time.

Some men want girls whose
hair is brown, whose shape is lean
—whose sport is swimmin'
Not me—I care not whether
eyes be brown or blue or green
—just give me women.



"But Charlie Chaplin didn't really like the cooked shoe—he ate it to make people laugh"

Bomb Volcanoes to Beat Japs, Geologist Advises

That opens up a whole new field of ways to end the war. Each Professor suggests something along his line—of course, Entomologist would recommend bugs, and he'd really have something too, if he could get some of the kind we have in our garden they would cause the Japs a lot of trouble.

Then the Professor of Literature could suggest Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* and that would bore them to death.

The professor of Art could send them a painting of Dali's and we could hope that in trying to understand it they would become confused and we could wreck them in their befuddlement.

But we hold out most hope for the Professor of Psychology. No doubt he would come forth with the suggestion that we send them bad dreams and IF we could send them some we've been having lately I'm sure their nights would be sleepless and their fighting ability the following day nil.

How long are we going to have to wait for a Queen size cigaret?

Now that the steno wears paint on her legs the boss's wife can tell when she has been sitting on his lap even when they don't kiss.

Denver (UP)—A weather tanned cowpuncher, just off the range, allowed "The Good Old Days Are a-Comin' Back" as he deposited a nickel and hitched his horse to a parking meter post.

"First one of these I ever saw," he told the Patrolman. "Great idea. First time I've ever been able to tie my hoss in downtown Denver since Taft was President."

Now the reporter who wrote that bit was taken in by one of those movie cowboys and we know, because a cowboy never ties his horse, he never has a nickel, and if he did have he wouldn't spend it in a parking meter but in the nearest saloon.

Hollywood Version: A Coward Dies a Thousand Deaths but a Cowboy Hero, Never.

If Helena Rubinstein was trying to sell bald heads for men she'd probably call them: Sun Bobs.

A Shortwave broadcast from England carried the idea for a swell movie. It said there is a School for Sabotage located just outside of Berlin. There the Nazi Students are taught to be wreckers.

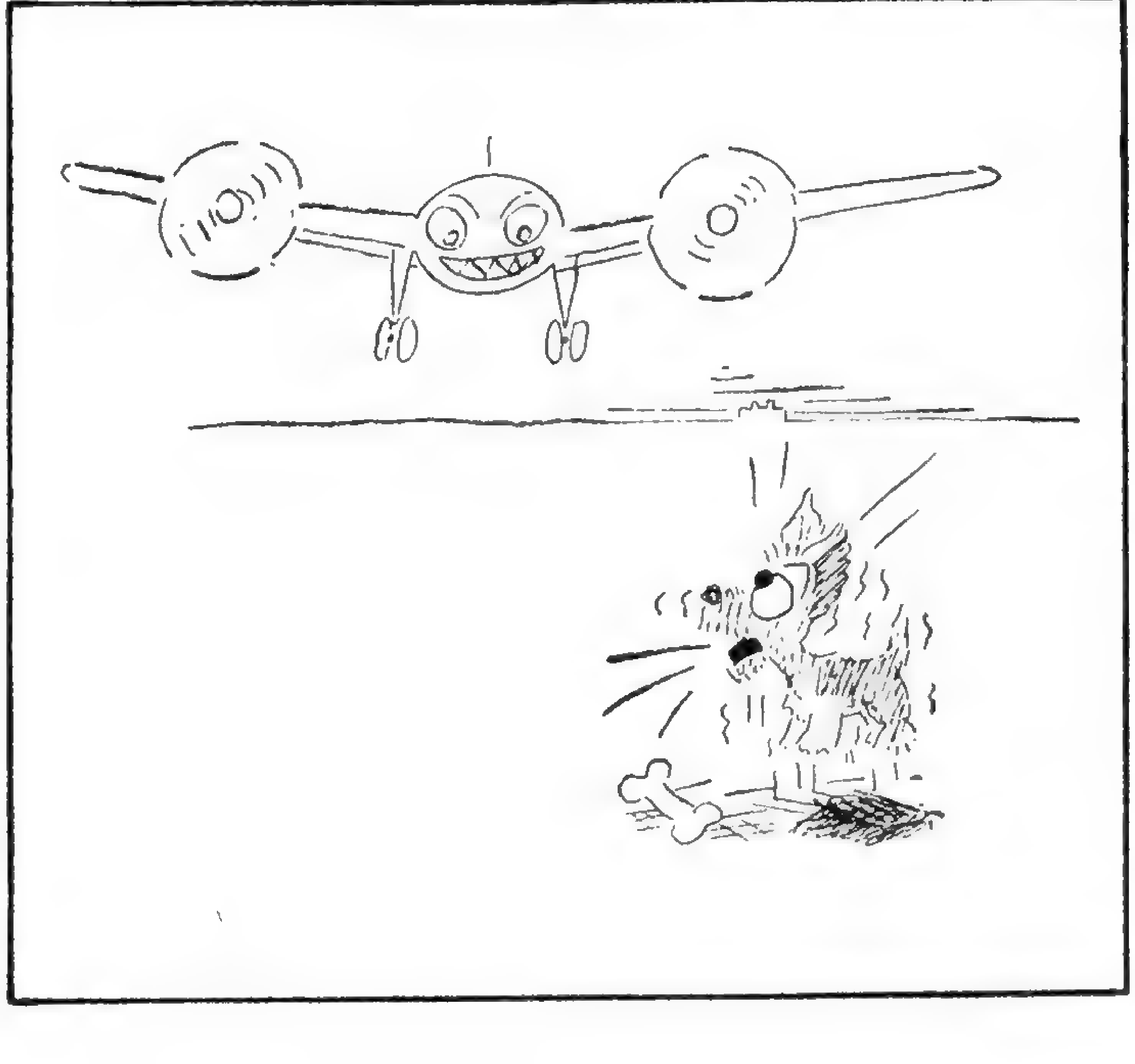
Sabotage Town is composed of movie sets resembling defense plants, water works, power plants, airplane factories and other hearts of industry.

On the sets the Nazis practice where to place a bomb to do the most damage or where a hunk of coal or a dropped tool will stop production.

We believe it is a background for an exciting War story . . . take it away Hollywood.

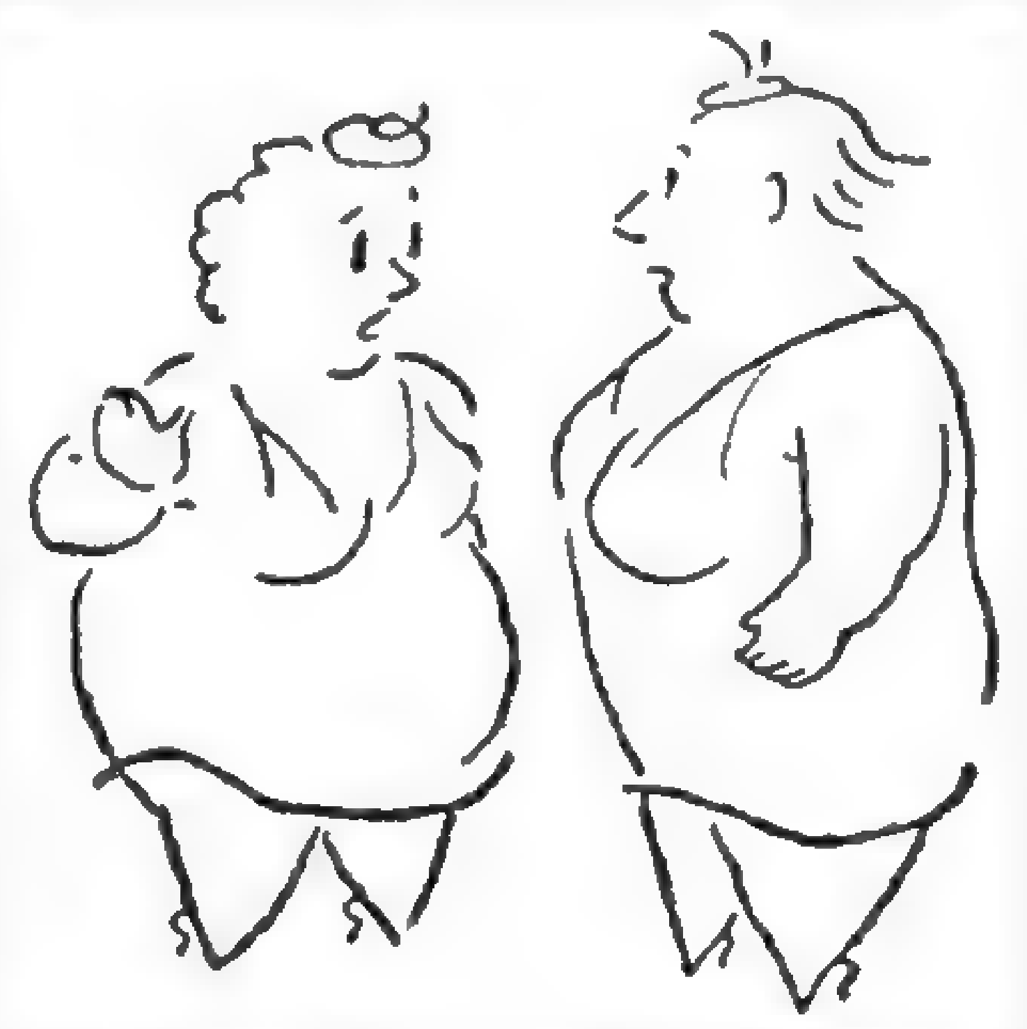
By what feat of magic do laundries make the buttons on a shirt look sound till the moment a man puts them on?

Some men chase fish, some men chase blondes, there is something to be said for both, you can't kiss a fish but neither can you hang a big blonde over your mantel



A Girl need never worry about being supported if she has a figure that doesn't need support.

A fool is a man who argues about whether women have brains or not, while a smart man busies himself with things they have.



"I take him to all the Charles Boyer movies but still he kisses like a wet mop"

Not long ago a Manwithmoney got suspicious of his wife so he hired an up-to-date Detective Agency to watch her.

The Agency put a highly trained operator—complete with dictaphones, infra red bulbs, and movie camera—on the job.

At the end of the month the Agency called in the Manwithmoney to give their report.

He was taken into a projection room, seated before a movie screen and the lights went out. The show was on. He saw his wife and one of his best friends having a party. There was music, laughing, dancing, bathing—all very gay.

"I can't believe it," sighed the man.

"Can't believe it of your friend?"

"No.—I could believe anything about him, but I can't believe my wife could be that much fun."

Woman—the only thing that makes being poor bearable.

"What's the idea going out with that soldier half dressed?"

"Why didn't you know that everything is 50% off for Servicemen."

General's Lament . . .

I gave that Redhead candy
And Roses piled in banks,
All that I got out of it
Was the Lady's thanks.
I gambled on her kindness,
All I got was blanks,
For she gave her kisses
For some guy in the ranks.

* *

"Doctor," said the well-dressed patient, "my trouble is my dreams. I always dream the same dream—it's about a Girls' Dormitory and the Girls run lightly clad from room to room."

"Ah yes—and you want me to make you stop dreaming about the girls?"

"NO—*NO*—all I want you to do is make them stop slamming the doors."

Motto for a movie star: Marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

A woman is like a venetian blind . . . she's hard to see through . . . looks better covered . . . won't stay where you put her . . . she's hard to handle . . . comes in all colors . . . and falls with a bang!

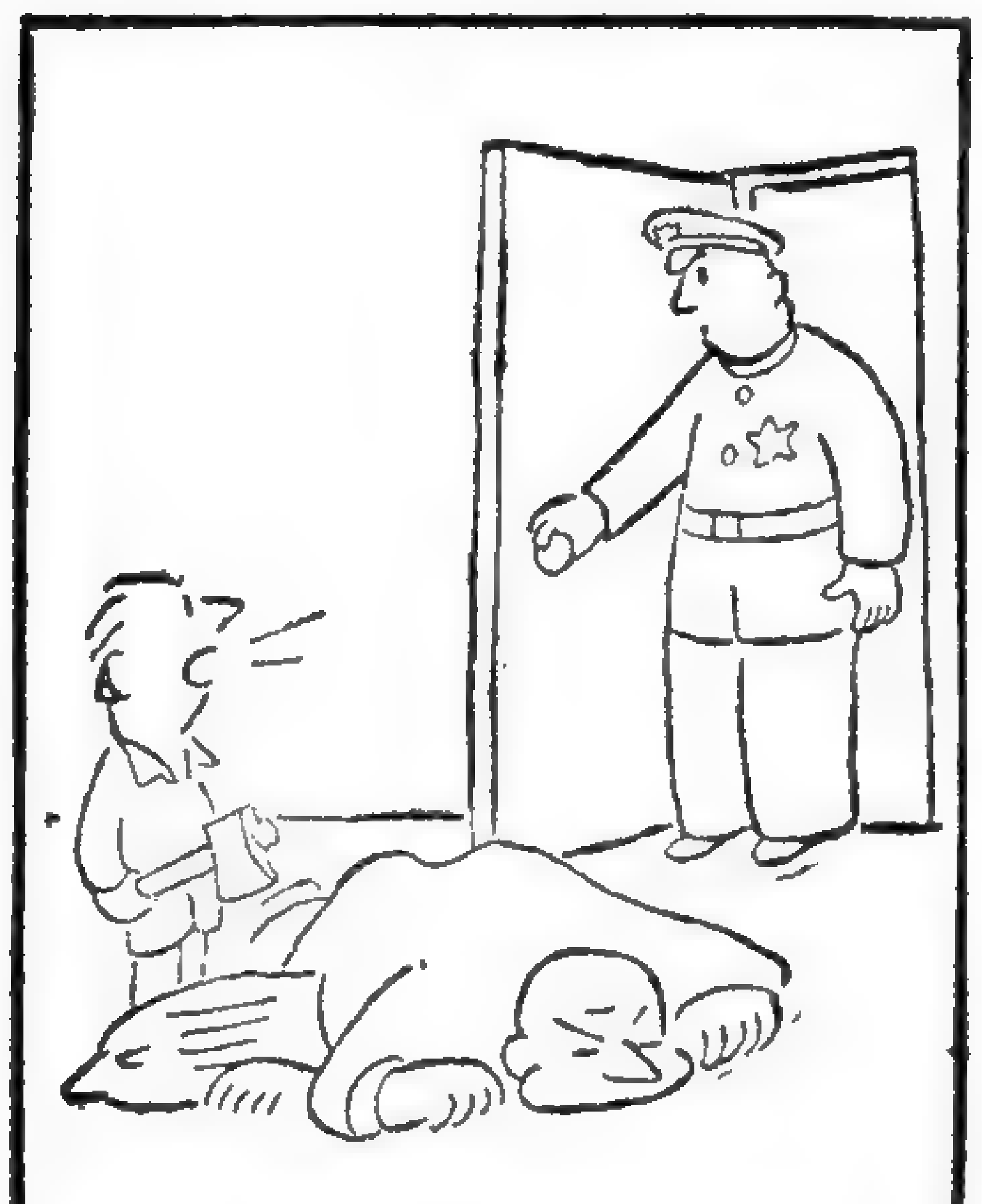
When a Girl hears a Knock at her Door, she must decide whether it is Opportunity or Wolf.

No man goes hunting for trouble but they do go out for redheads and isn't that the same thing?

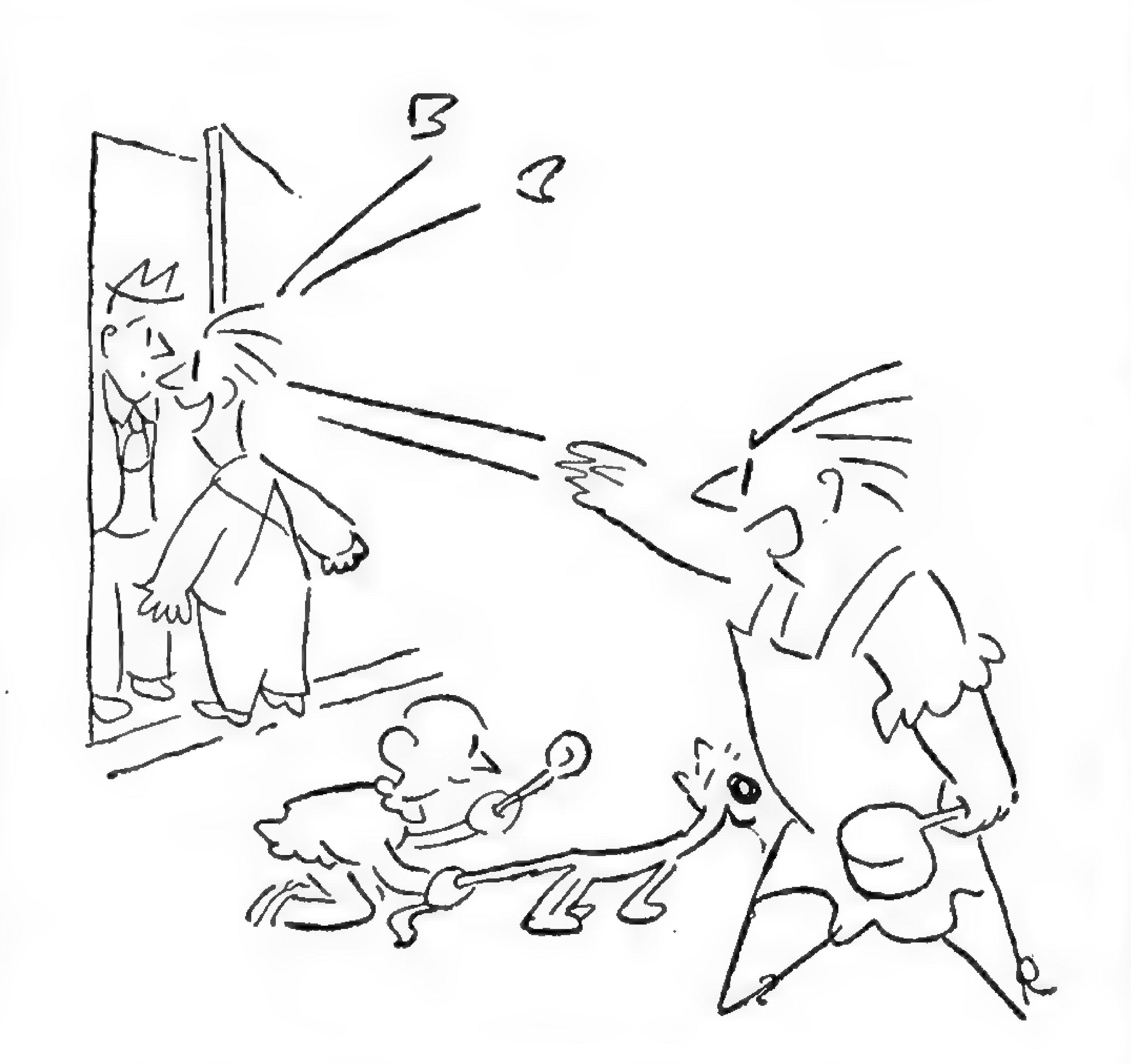
No wonder Joe Di Maggio is such a good batter—anyone who eats spaghetti has to know when it's over the plate

A scene NOT from Abbott & Costello's picture, *Pardon My Sarong:*

Abbott & Costello are seated at a bar. Abbott is carrying the bankroll. He is spending it nickel at a time in the juke box. While the machine is playing his selection he sits at the bar listening . . . meantime Costello is dying of thirst, he sits drooling, then bursts out with: "It Sarong time between Drinks."



"I wanted to go to the Orphans' Picnic"



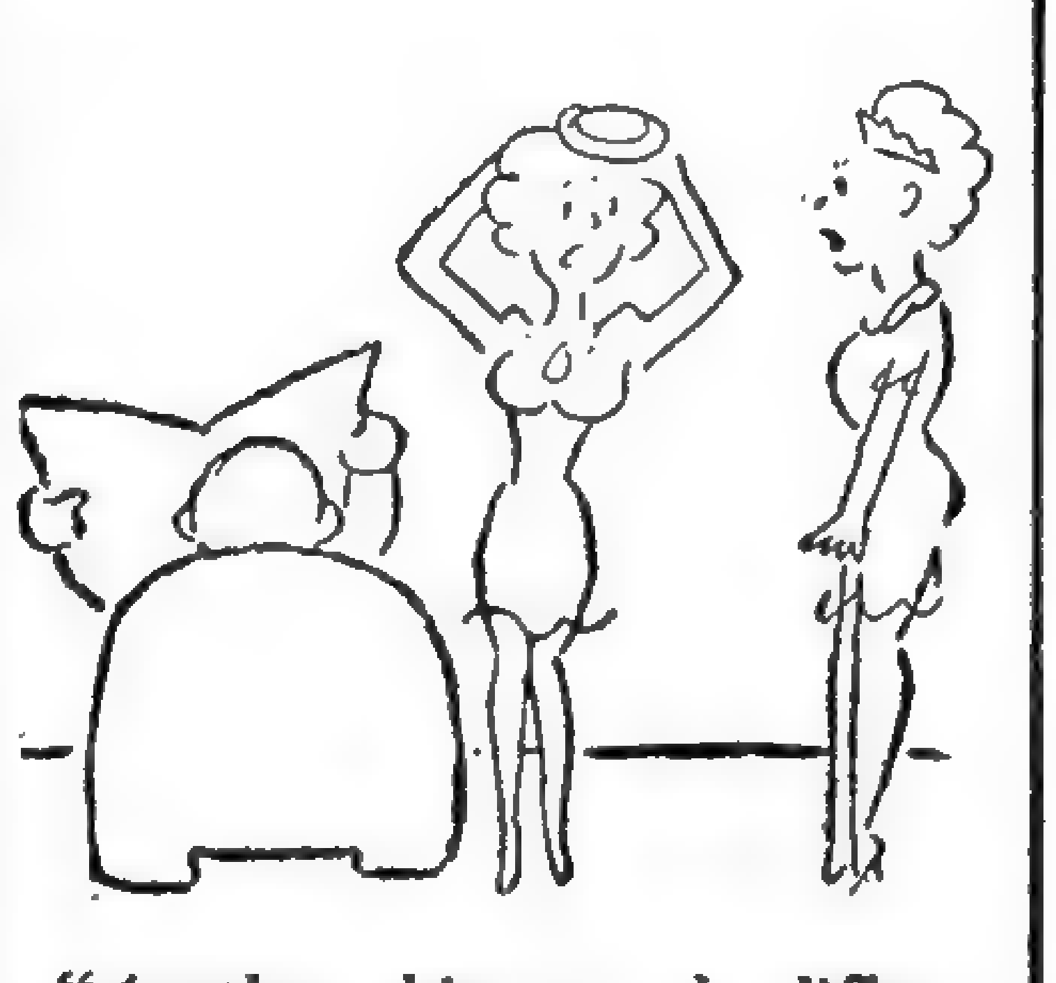
"Nobody's mad at nobody, it's just Saturday night".

One of the first things junior learns in the office is that a hot number isn't a comptometer sitting in the sun.

Man's importance to woman lies somewhere between a new hat and what's playing at the movie.

When the cat's away she's usually having a hell of a good time.

Our stenographer didn't go to see the movie *Kings Row* because she doesn't care for checkers . . .



"Another thing we do differently is—the wife gets the night off"

Stop me if its whimsy . . . but my dog and I have a code worked out.

I can ask him how well he liked his dinner and I can tell by the vigor with which he shakes his tail how well he liked it. No like—no wag, medium—a sitting wag, and excellent—a standing wag. It works very well with dog food, but fails when applied to people. He is a fool about women and wags his tail furiously over anything in skirts.

Man is an animal that walks on two legs—except on Saturday night.

Bull fighters are vastly over-rated—women handle men with much more skill, grace and dexterity.

Following is the story of a beautiful young model's moving picture career in two words: Hollywood? Hollywouldn't.

Lady Godiva: She Reveals All

Dear Lady Godiva: I am a young woman with a terrific problem. I have brown curly hair and a rather pretty face . . . but the boys never look at them because my ears are so big. My ears are so big they dwarf Dumbo's. Please, Lady Godiva, what can I do? P 40.

Dear P 40: Paint your ears the color of your hair, pin them behind your head and slip a snood over them.

Dear Lady Godiva: I have a face like a female Karloff and I live on the 20th floor of a hotel. Every time I look in the mirror I want to jump out the window. What shall I do? Mess.

Dear Mess: You stay up there on the 20th floor . . . the people down on the street level have enough to worry about these days without you coming down and scaring them to death.

Dear Lady Godiva: To say I am ugly is to understate it; every thing I do just serves to heighten my gruesomeness—I'll bet my problem stumps you? Terrible.

Dear Terrible: Not at all—we have just the thing for you—put on a mud pack and wear it in public.

Hollywood:

Flames pouring down both sides of Vine street set 10 automobiles afire, destroying five of them. Police said they were mystified as to the source . . . was Betty Grable in the neighborhood?

Toasts

Here's to the man
Whose blood-sweat-tears
Is pinning back
Those Axis ears.

When we get through with the Japs they'll be shorter than ever:—they will be short of ships—short of Empire—short of cash and short of breath.

Now that the Movie Actresses have to cover up their bosoms and legs how are they going to show their emotions?

A Private on one of our lonely Island outposts went to his army Doctor.

"What's your trouble, soldier?" asked the Doctor.

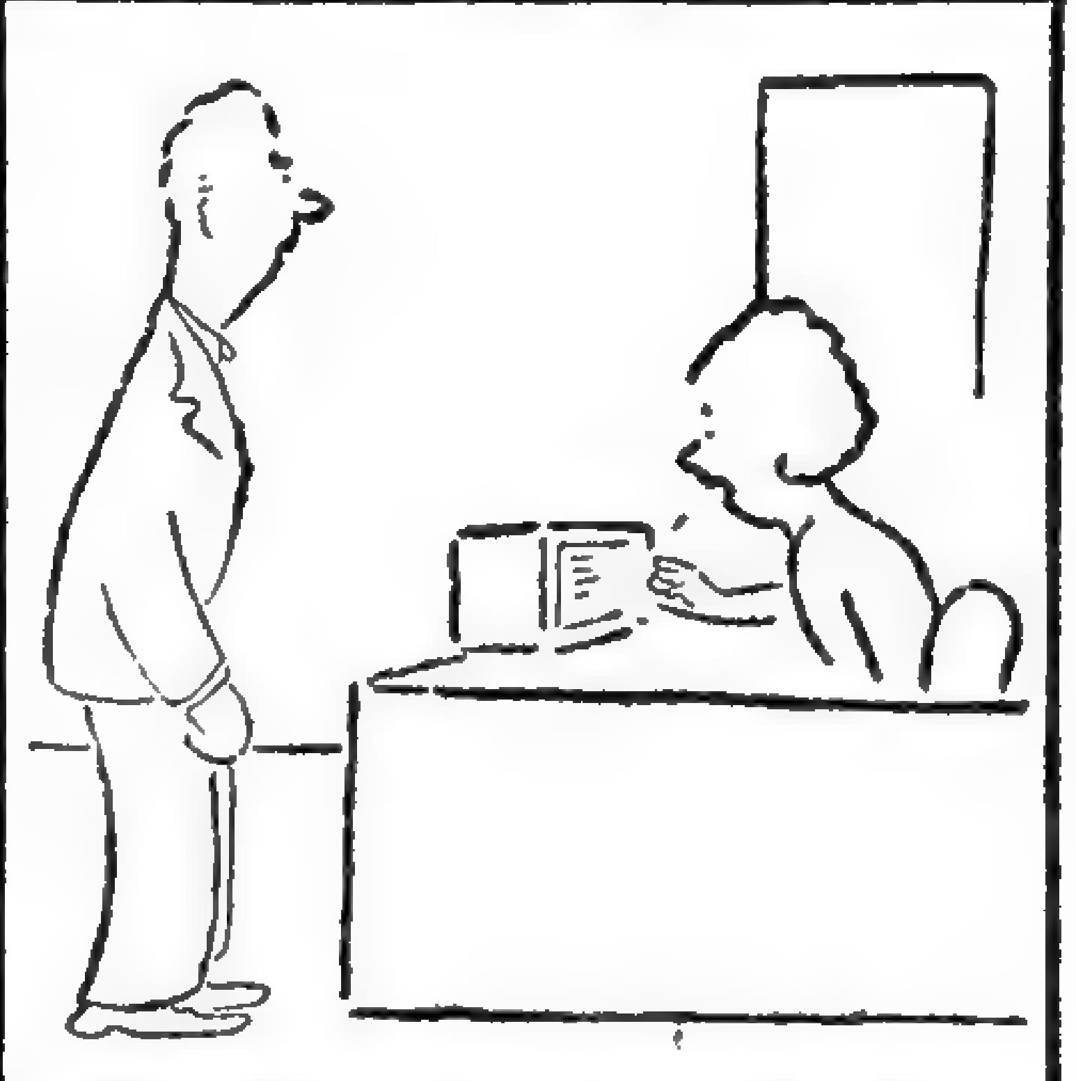
"Well it's my dreams . . . every night the same thing . . . every night I dream of the most beautiful girls . . . that is, girls with beautiful hair, beautiful faces, beautiful shoulders, beautiful torsos, but the lower part of their bodies are always fishy like mermaids. I was wondering if you can't do something about it?"

"A hell of a lot you've got to kick about," said the lonely Doctor. "I never meet anybody in my dreams."

All the World loves a Lover—because he tips so generously.

Give a Man a horse he can ride—but all most Girls want is the Riding Habit.

I met her in a Blackout,
I left her the same way
But I have lots to remember
For her manners were quite gay.



"He won't give his name, Mr. Dee, he's been on the staff of Time for 10 years"

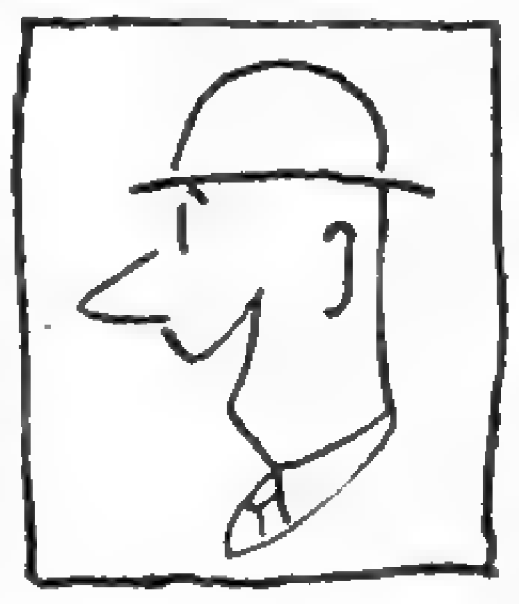
Here's to the Modern Girl . . . her hose is synthetic, her dress is synthetic—but She is the Real thing.

Why stop with painted stockings girls—why not painted bathing suits?

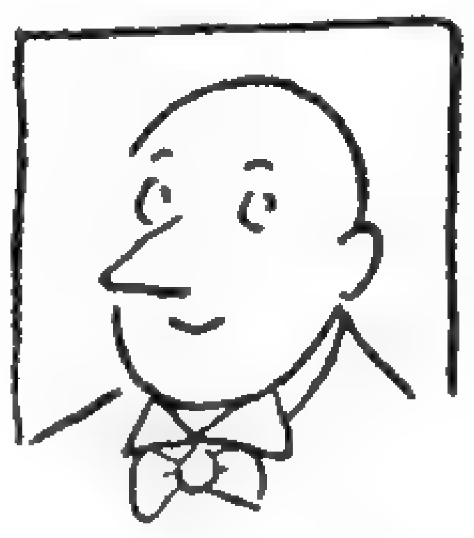
A fool is a man who thinks he can sell long underwear to women, and a genius is a man who does.

If women were all shaped
Like the ruminating cow,
Men would still adore them
Just like they do now.

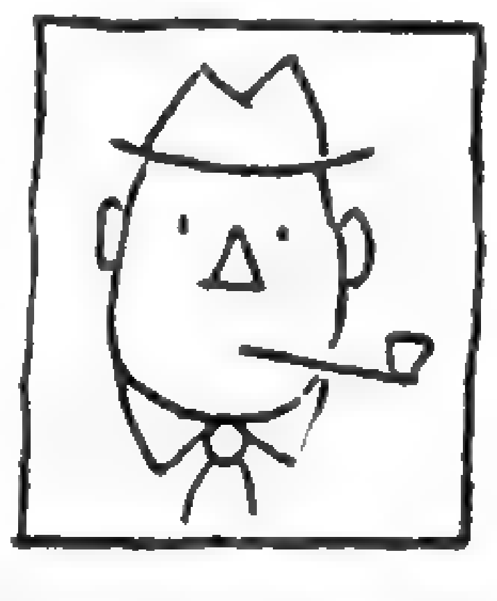
THIS MONTH'S QUESTION:—*What do you think of the action of the Miami, Florida, Mayor in hiring Women Life Guards to replace men?*



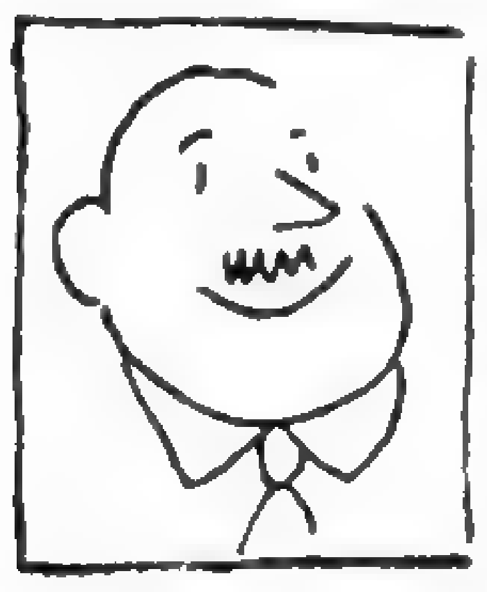
JERRY WALL, dentist: I feel everything depends on whether the city picks peaches or lemons for the job. Personally I would rather drown with a peach than be saved by a lemon.



DARCY JONES, glove maker: My interest has always been in boats but if they are going to have pretty Life Girls I guess it's time for me to get off the top of the water and into the swim with the rest of the boys.



HARRY CLARK, druggist: Will the Girls teach us men how to swim? I sincerely hope so—while I swim pretty well now I am rapidly forgetting all I know so that some dimpled darling can teach me from the bottom up.



GEORGE SMALLROSE, retired: I am all for it—I hope the city don't let lack of ability interfere with picking girls with beauty, I also hope they lean toward the Lana Turner type. I haven't swum in years so I am looking forward with pleasure to being rescued many times.

Just then a cute little blonde with pink skin and golden curls walked by. Your reporter advanced and asked her what she thought of women replacing men as life guards—she wouldn't give her name but her answer was a short and liquid "Phooie."

—*Bruce Patterson*

Men prefer well formed women to the well informed.

The Story of the Three Bears (Digest Style):— Bang! Bang! Bang!—trophies.

Nothing turns heads like a well-turned ankle.

Whoever thought we would be cooperating with the Government by parking with our date in the first dark place we see?

He who hesitates is last.

CHALK-UP DECISION FOR THE HUMBLE PEDESTRIAN

WARE, MASS.—(UP) An automobile came off second best in collision with a pedestrian here.

Clarence Potter doffed his hat, bowed politely and said to Driver Lyndon Wilson: "My apologies for bending your fender."

The automobile was a midget delivery car.

Now anyone who has ever been involved in an accident knows that Mr. Potter's actions were all wrong. He should have crashed the fender with a wicked gleam in his eye, then without a word tried to escape the scene, by rushing down side streets, through vacant lots and at full speed.

Then he should hurry home, change clothes, reappear on the streets and deny he had been out of the house all day.

Do your part to take apart the Axis.

I filmed my Sweetheart's Bosom
Hays office cared na' bit
For alas it is so flat
Marbles lie on it.

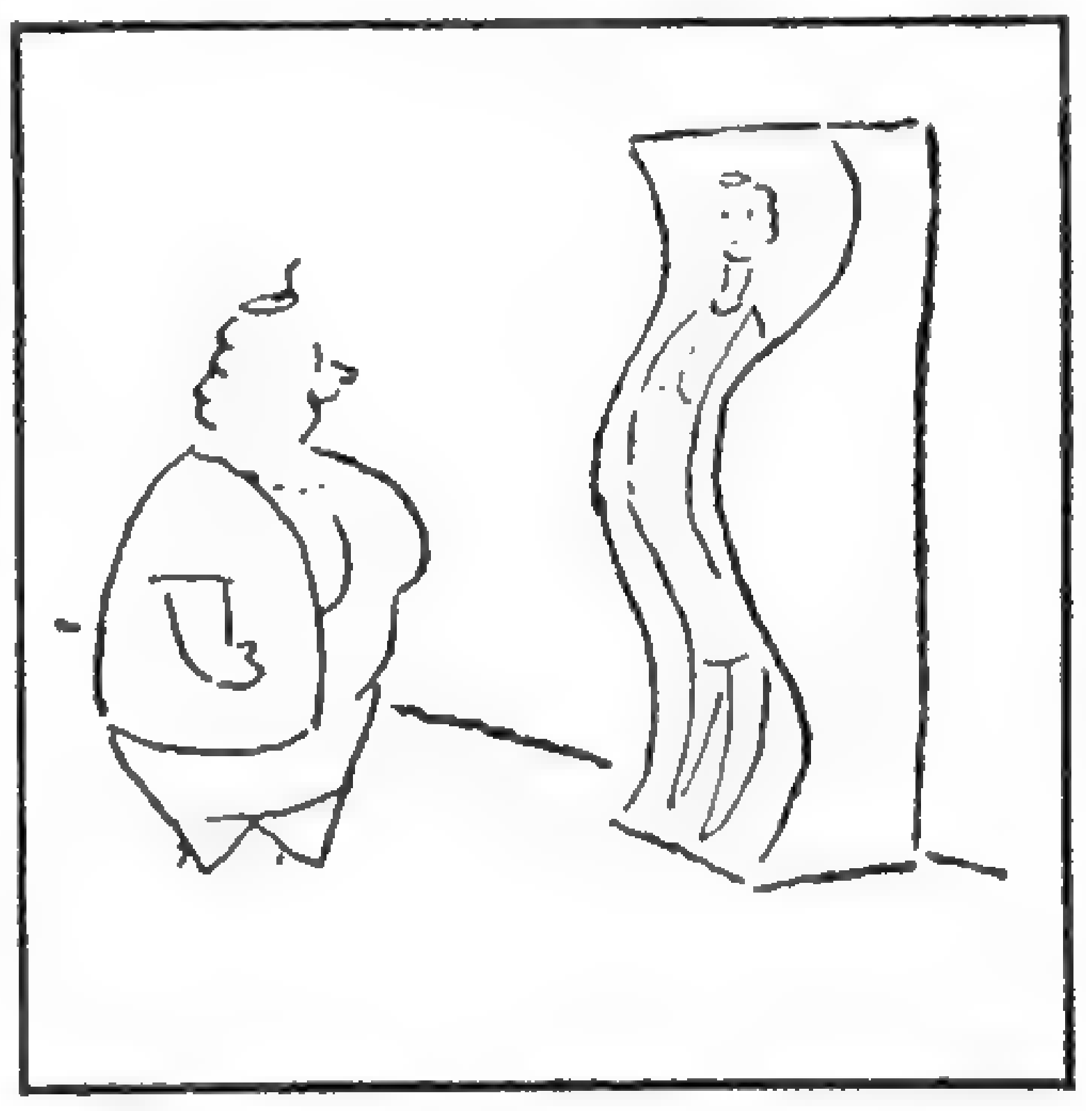
According to a recent report:—Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa and Harry James are the Men Who Go To Dinner on the nickels from the Juke boxes.

Too many folks play a musical instrument well enough to make enemies of the neighbors but not well enough to make friends with musicians.

Song to be sung while walking behind a fat lady in slacks.

Bouncity Bounce
Bouncity thump
I like women
But not in a lump.

The road to hell is paved.

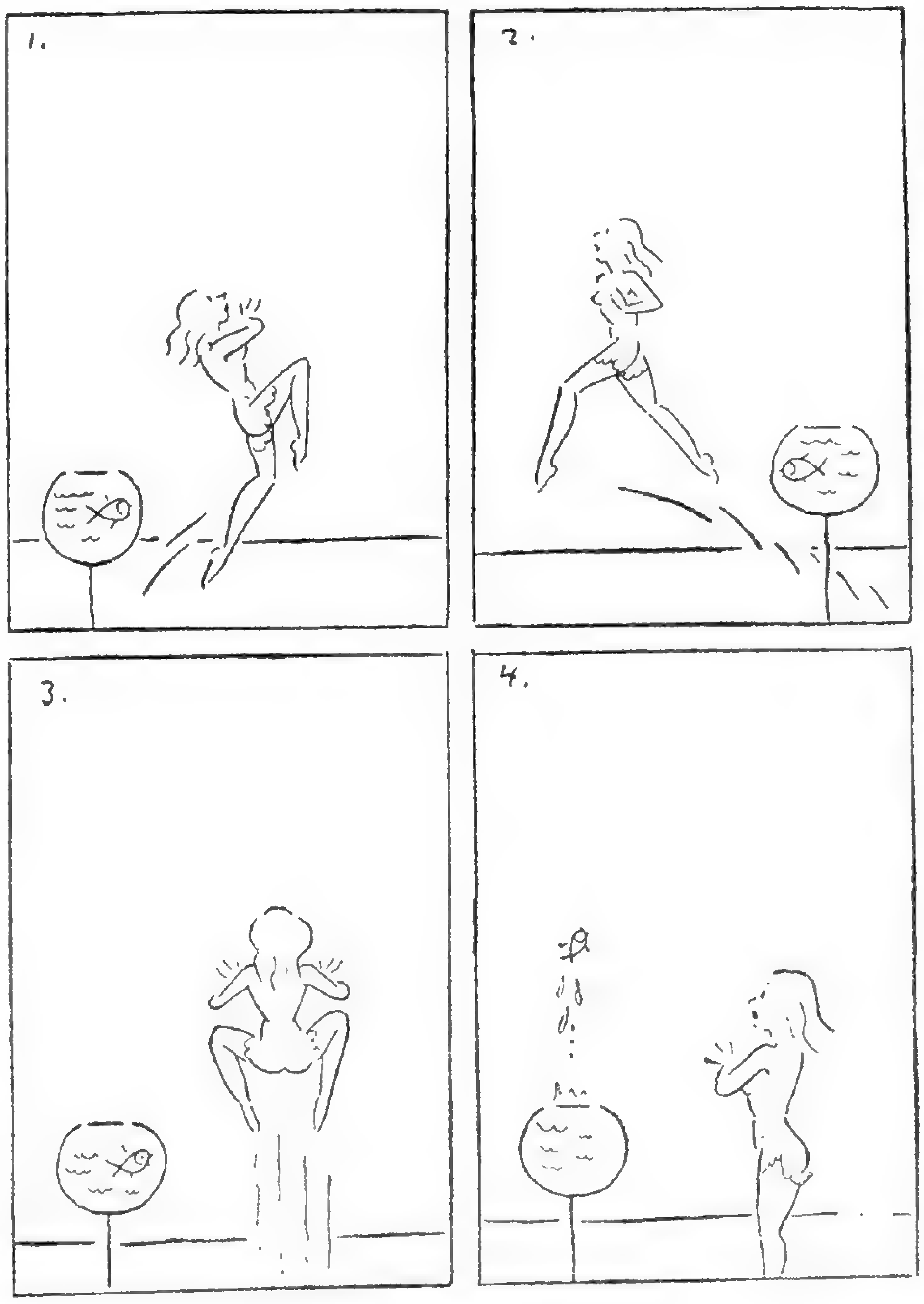


Then there is the fellow who is working very hard in a defense plant, he has to drink Chase & Sanborn so that he can stay awake to hear the Sanka radio program.

Love is like swimming—it takes practice to enjoy it.

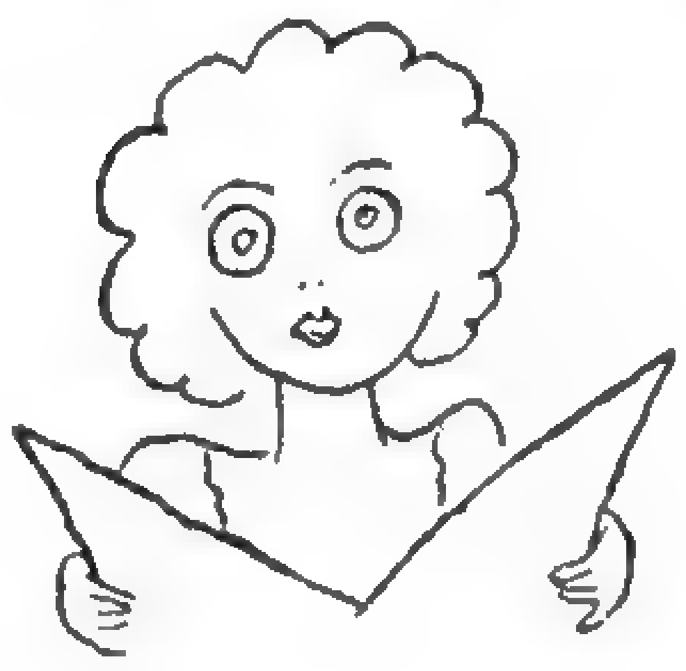
The best things in life are freezed.

If Russia holds—can Peace be far behind?



A Movie sequence for Zorina

DIZZY DOLLY: SHE READS 'EM WRONG.



(or)

Interpreting the Headlines of Hollywood Trade Papers, for Dolly.
(Movie English into American)

MAZIE IN CAN does not mean that Ann Sothern is in jail—it means her new film is complete and packed ready to ship.

VAN DYKE GUNS CAIRO does not mean that W. S. Van Dyke shot anyone—it means he is filming a new picture.

REPUBLIC TIES TERRY doesn't mean Miss Terry has been forcibly detained—it means she has been given a new contract.

M. G. M. BUYS CABIN FOR WATERS-ROBESON—doesn't mean the film company bought Miss Waters and Mr. Robeson a home—it means they bought the play *Cabin in the Sky* for them to star in.

When a soldier has an itch he can't scratch—that's Love; when he has an itch that he can scratch—that's cooties.

FICTION FROM FACTS

The scene is a great Hollywood Radio Studio just before the beginning of the Kraft Music Hall broadcast. The theater is filled, the audience smart, and the stage is crowded with musicians, actors, announcers, Bing Crosby, his cast and the special guest of the program Valdimire Smutz.

Lights flash, bells ring, a hush descends over the crowd, the show is about to begin . . . when suddenly there is a cry from the back of the theatre and one of Mr. Crosby's writers comes dashing down the aisle.

"Stop, stop! the show can't go on till that man leaves." And all eyes turn to see that he is pointing directly at Valdimire Smutz. "Throw him out."

"Why?" Everyone wants to know.

"Because for the first time in the history of this program somebody is dressed more outlandish than Bing Crosby."

Ignorance is bliss, especially if she is pretty.

Time, tide and redheads wait for no man.

Our idea of a success is a fellow who can heat his home with blondes.

We suggest that the Japs are losing something besides their face.

So You Want to Be a Blood Donor?

Continued from page 47

blood bank system the Russians started. They even use blood from corpses, if the deceased is a recent departure.

Most hospitals use direct transfusion—you lie side-by-side with the patient with the transfusing apparatus in between. Blood is drawn from the donor's arm into a glass pump, then pumped into the patient's arm by hand—the doctor checking for symptoms of irregularity as he pumps.

The doctor has to be clever. His job is to jab a needle with a fairly large bore into your median cephalis vein, in the underside of your forearm, just below the elbow joint. He can pick other veins, but this one lies pretty near the surface in most people. You'll probably be asked to exhibit your forearms, and the nurse will look for just that vein, picking the arm in which it lies nearest the surface. As a professional, I was pretty well equipped with surface veins on both arms, although the Red Cross Nurse whistled when she saw the scar tissues I carry after some dozen transfusions.

Well, as I said, it won't hurt. The needle has to get in there on an angle, through the skin, through one side of the vein, in a single slanting thrust. Once I had a doctor jab eight times before he got the needle in there right. He punched me full of holes, and I felt a lot like doing the same for him. He was an exception, though.

In a hospital case, the patient is usually pretty low. You see some things that make you thank God you're the donor, even if you are busted as all hell. It isn't easy on the patient, either. There's always some shock at receiving the blood, and if patient and donor are not in the same blood group, it's curtains for the patient, or severe sickness at the very least. There are four blood groups, and before a transfusion, samples of blood from patient and donor are taken and cross-matched. The doctor mixes the samples on a glass plate, watching for coagulation. Sometimes there's coagulation even if the blood groups are the same. Then the donor goes home sore and hungry. But if the doctor nods okay, the donor cheers up and plans to buy a steak, afterwards.

It's a common supposition that the patient takes on characteristics of the donor. That idea goes back to old Egypt. One old historian even tells a yarn about a young girl who drank cat's blood. Lo! she gave up talking and meowed like a pussy, and thereafter spent her time chasing mice on all fours, or prowling along back fences in the moonlight.

There are people just as literal-minded today. For instance, it was quite to my advantage as a professional blood donor that I had a college degree. I was called in on many a private case where the hope of a proud family lay stricken, and the social background of the donor was of some moment. My only rebuff came from the mother of a Harvard man. Although I graduated from an Ivy League college, it is not one of the Big Three. She was polite, but firm. My blood, it would appear, was rich but not blue. "Ah, well," I thought, as I left by the trade entrance, "let us hope all the pallbearers are Yale men."

The Red Cross is more democratic, you will find. When you enter, you will be greeted with an objective courtesy that will make you wonder how they keep that up, hour after hour. Because the place is crowded with donors. You won't see them at first. You register, and head for the dressing room, where you put on a sterile jacket. Then you wait, and reflect.

It isn't bad. Chances are you'll be sitting in with a large group of donors, with a few feeding off every few minutes from the other end of the line into an operating room. A nurse will take your pulse, and ask if you'd like a drink of fruit juice. Since you've already been instructed not to eat for some hours before the transfusion (it muddies the blood) you may mistakenly think that this fruit juice is the appetizer for a whopping meal to come. Control your pounding heart, there is no meal. But take the fruit juice. It makes your own juice flow freer. And right here, two hints from an old hand—drink plenty of water before you leave home, and also urinate all you can. The first will ease the blood flow, and the second will save you a bit of embarrassment later. You'll be nervous, you know. If you have any trouble urinating under forced draught, as it were, dabble your fingers in some running warm water.

And, be unobtrusive. You will note—alas—other souls a little too prone to think their own sacrifice over-important. There's the guy who's had one or two transfusions before and wants to tell everybody about it. Give him the glassy eye. There's the nervous lady who's talking fast to show how casually she's taking all this, and her heart-beat sounds like a mass migration of butterflies. Maneuver her to your deaf side and encourage her with sparse nods.

Your turn will come, at last, to have your hemoglobin checked. This corresponds, roughly, to finding out how many letters there are in your alphabet soup. Your anemic neighbor's blood may be on the illiterate side. You, of course, are an encyclopedia.

Just to make sure, one nurse will check your heart action while another gal jabs a pin into your finger. A last word of warning. Remember these gals have been testing guys like you for months, day in, day out. There is nothing you can say, no matter how screamingly funny, that they haven't heard dozens of times before. If you want to co-operate, hold your tongue, and you may rate a grateful look from the gals.

The spot of blood she drew from the pin-prick goes on a color chart, and a quick glance at how red tells her you'll do.

So, in you go. There'll be a few operating tables there, with other donors on them, quietly bleeding. But keep your mind on your work. Sit in the middle of the operating table first, then spin on your fanny and stretch out your torso and legs. No capsizing that way.

From there on in, it's up to the nurse. She jabs a needle in your arm, sticks a tube on the end of it, and you drip for awhile into a glass beaker. You won't know it's happening. But better not look. Bigger guys than you get a little woozy at the sight of blood. Just keep your eyes on the ceiling and be thankful you're *giving* blood, and not needing it.

In a short time, a horrible thought will occur to you. The nurse has forgotten you, and you are bleeding to death. But don't worry. It's just that your blood ebbs slowly. You can hasten the flow by opening and closing the fist on your working arm.

It's all over now, and she'll pull it out of you, painlessly, and put a bit of plaster over the slight opening in your arm. You may feel light-headed at this point. Don't be ashamed to lie there for a few minutes to recover. You don't want to wabble as you hit your manly stride on the way out.

You'll be instructed to take some tea, or whiskey, and you'd better do it. You'll feel better for it, and if you happen to be a mild shade of green and don't know it, you'll soon recover your customary red-blooded American glow. The Red Cross uses excellent whiskey, by the way. You'll have to take it in simple form, however. They haven't time to shake up a good Whiskey Sour.

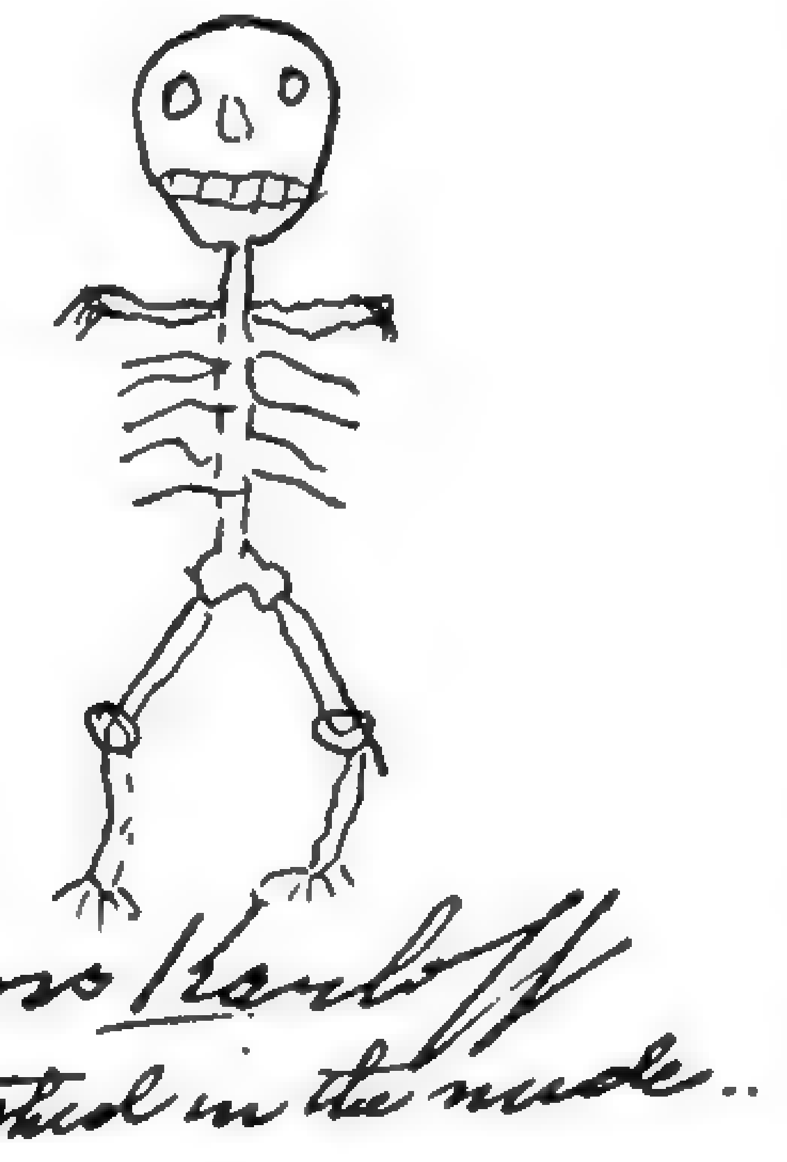
You now feel at least two inches taller, and your spirits are even higher. You may be very hungry. Well, you deserve a rare steak with plenty of juices squooshing out of it, or a sizzling platter of liver and bacon. Eat plenty of eggs, too, washed down with milk, and drink a lot of water. You'll get your blood back in quality and in quantity within a week or ten days.

Give your blood to the Red Cross. Who knows who'll get it? . . . some boy in a fox-hole in a Far East jungle, perhaps, or a wasted lad cast up by the sea. It might be your own brother. And in a certain sense, that is who he is. So give your blood gladly. And over your Whiskey-and-Soda that night, you'll think better of yourself. Have another drink, in fact, since that old manuscript has a last message of healing for you: "Drink the juice of leeks and it will void both drunkenness and lechery." ###

Boris Karloff, as sketched by himself

A Portrait of Boris Karloff

by Boris Karloff



Boris Karloff
Sketched in the nude..

Chief Phobia: Stagefright, somewhat relieved by inability to see the audience due to acute nearsightedness.

Fond Parental Desire: To place me in the British consular service in China along with my two brothers.

Favorite Reading Matter: Anything written by Joseph Conrad.

My Fortune: My face.

Supplementary Asset: My walk, which looks antediluvian but is just a special form of clumsiness.

Politest Role: The part of the unfrocked clergyman in "Five Star Final."

Formula for Success: Stand on the right corner at the right moment.

Strangest Interlude: Driving a truck in Hollywood for eighteen months to keep off the extra list after once working up to the status of featured player.

Cosmic Suggestion: The complete abolition of all trade barriers to bring about at least a partial abolition of poverty.

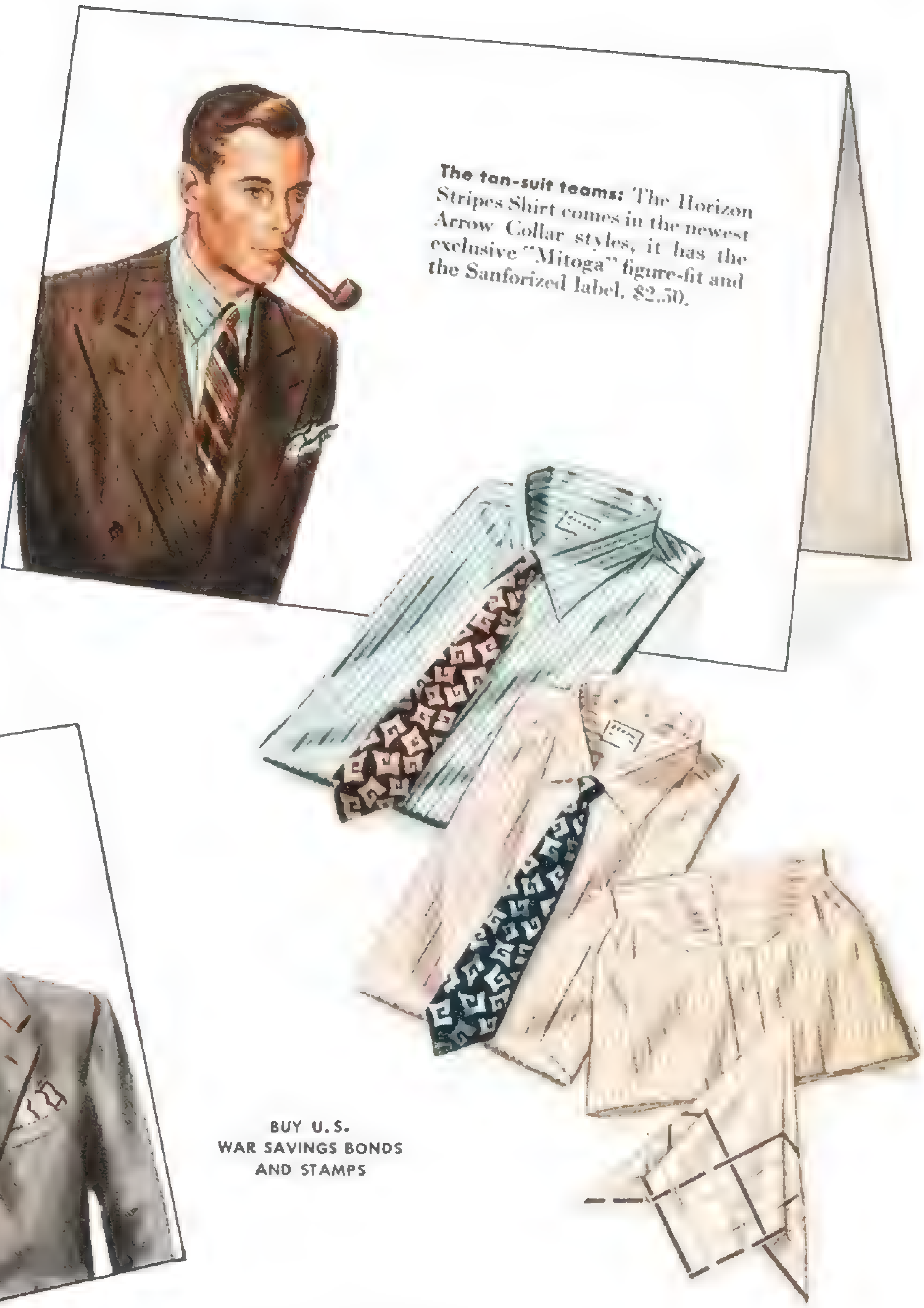
Secret Ambition: To be an actor.

Arrow's favorite son of the month:

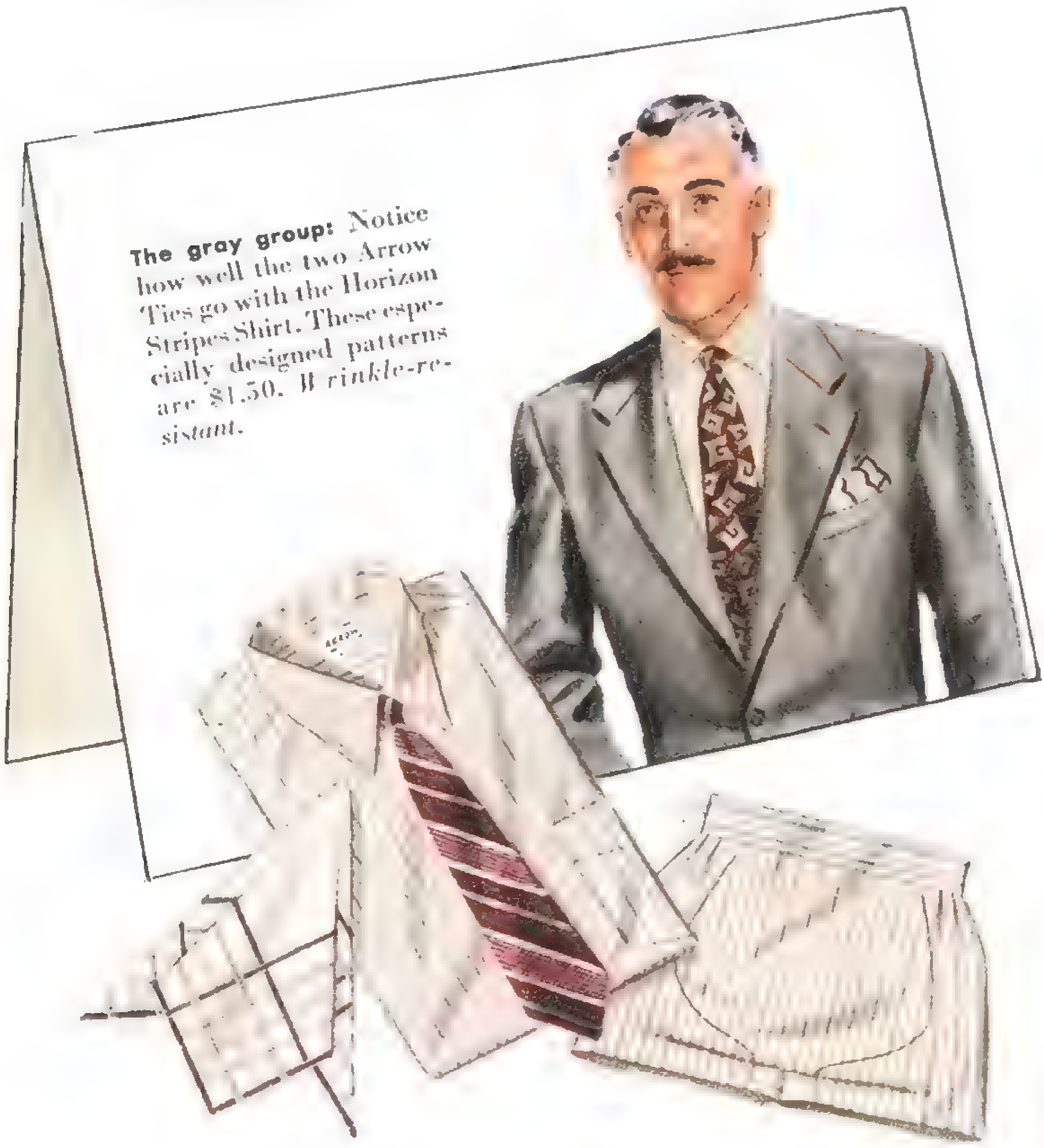
Horizon Stripes

OF THE LATEST Arrow fancy shirts, *Horizon Stripes* is picked as the most likely to succeed *most!* It's a handsome two-tone stripe; it comes in four flattering shades; it has all the benefits of Arrow's masterful sewmanship.

Designed especially for Horizon Stripes are two Arrow Ties, Arrow Handkerchiefs, and even Arrow Shorts. It's an ensemble that you don't want to miss. Your Arrow dealer has it now!

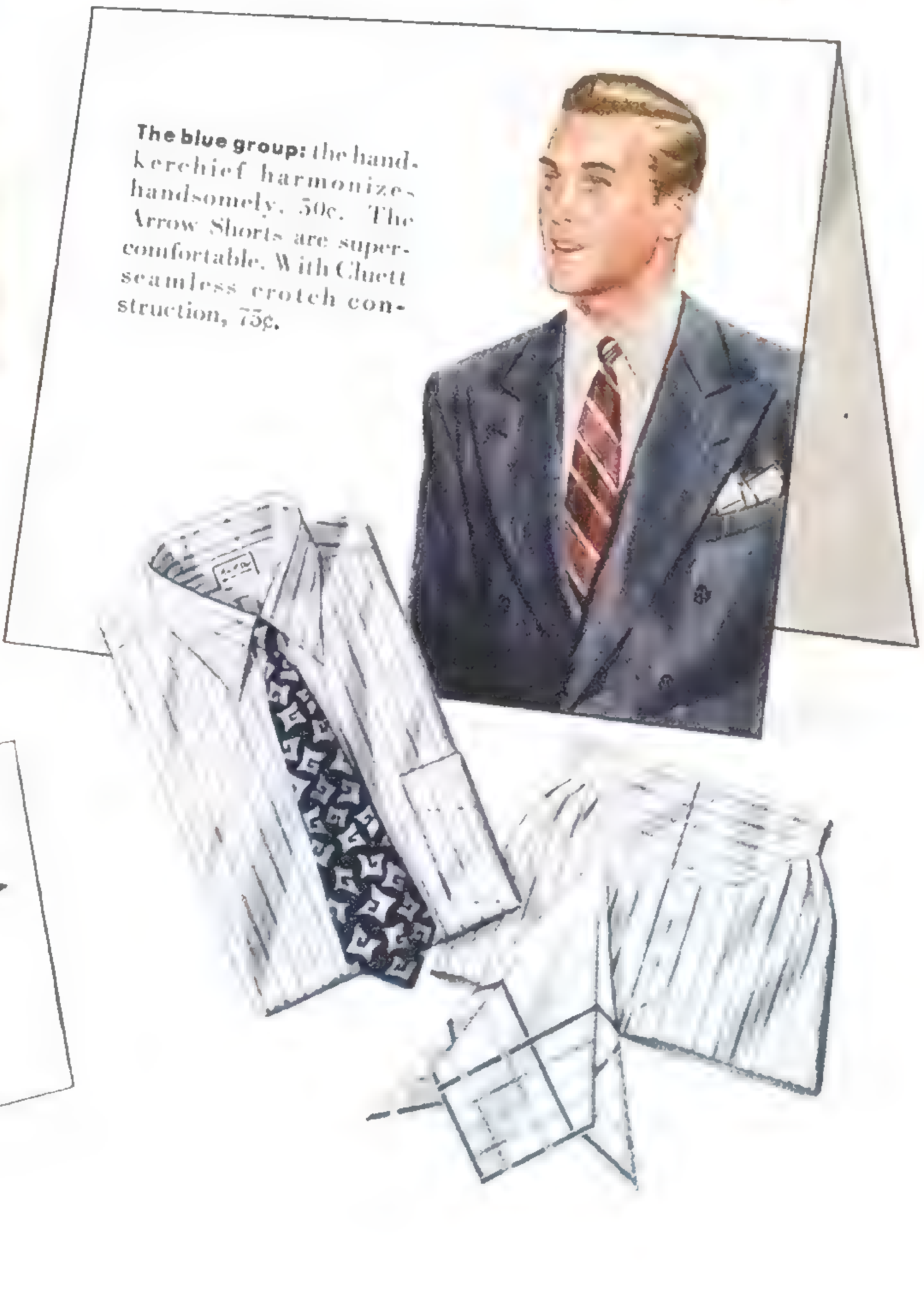


The tan-suit teams: The Horizon Stripes Shirt comes in the newest Arrow Collar styles, it has the exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit and the Sanforized label. $2.50.

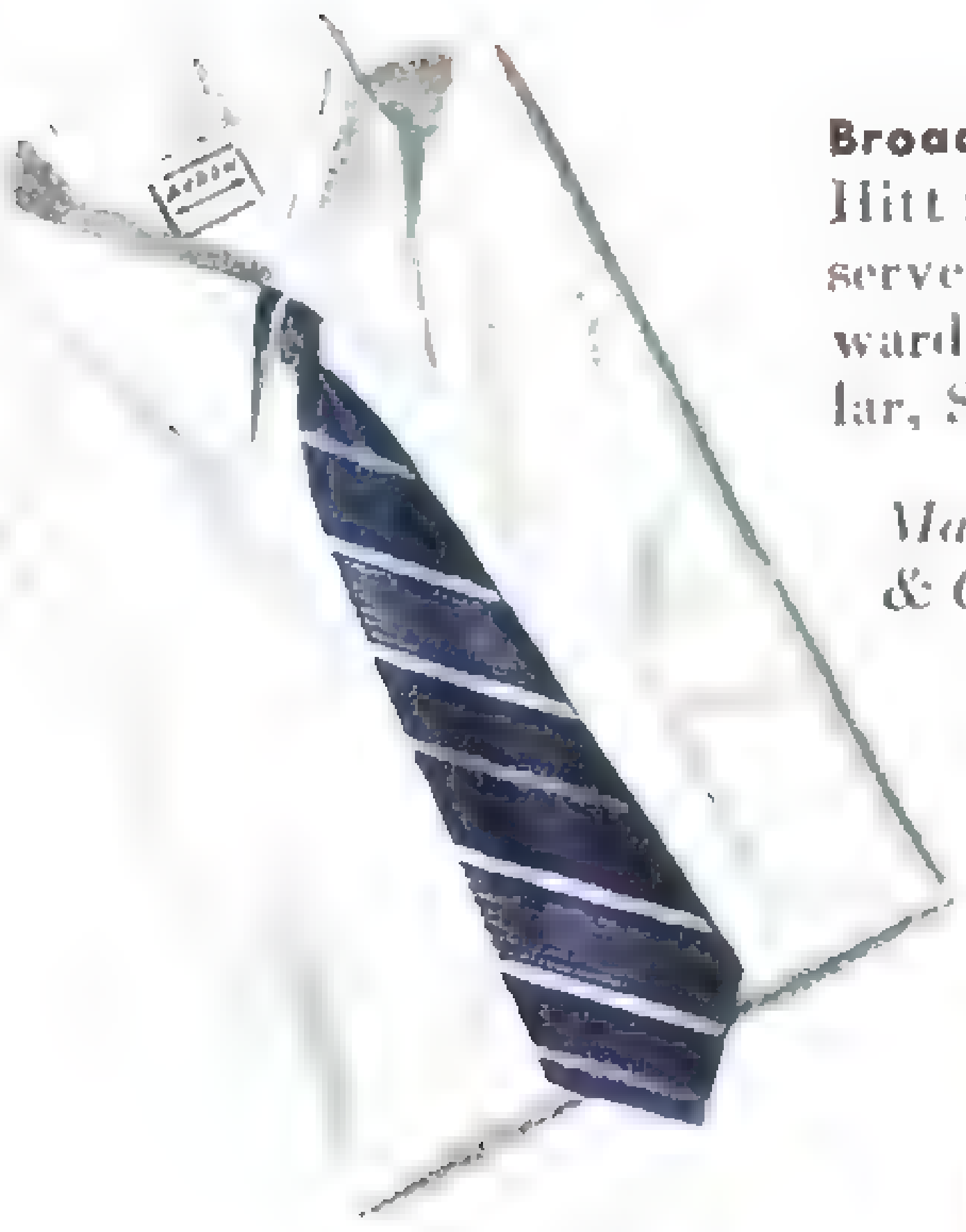


The gray group: Notice how well the two Arrow Ties go with the Horizon Stripes Shirt. These especially designed patterns are $1.50. *Wrinkle-resistant.*

BUY U.S.
WAR SAVINGS BONDS
AND STAMPS



The blue group: the handkerchief harmonizes handsomely. 50c. The Arrow Shorts are super-comfortable. With Cluett seamless crotch construction, 75¢.



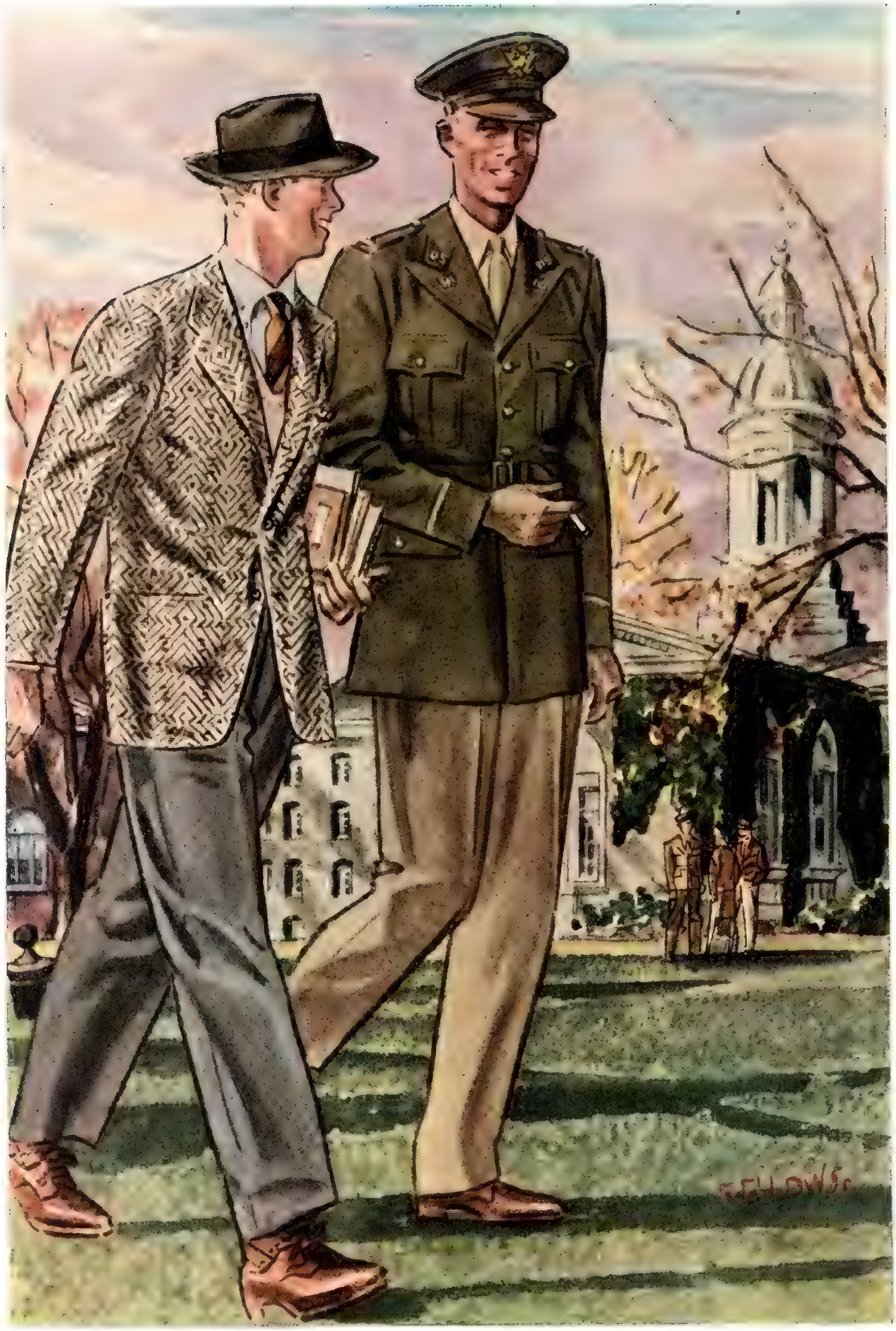
Broadcloth beauty: Arrow Hitt is a fine white that deserves a place in any shirt wardrobe; wrinkle-proof collar, Sanforized label. $2.25.

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW

SANFORIZED

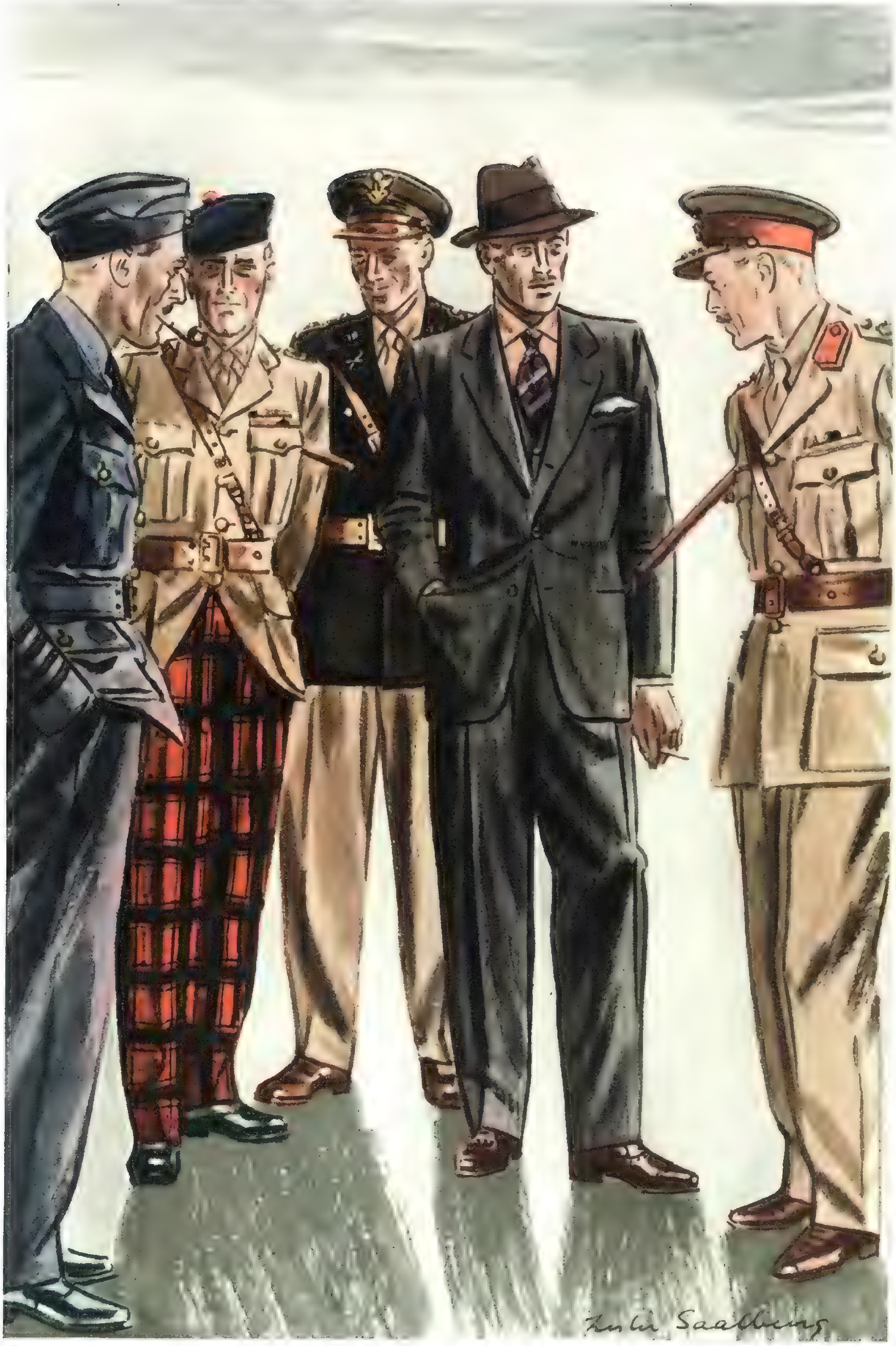
A new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit.



"ding how" for campus

"Listen, shavetail, when I'm your rookie I'll be lucky if you don't take a pot shot at me with the ack-ack the first day of drill. So I'm not polishing the apple for nothing . . . let's fan over to the canteen and I'll blow you to a boodle." It didn't take this smart sophomore long to collar the army jive, and he's picking it up in advance of the R.O.T.C. training. He's advanced when it comes to campus dress, too, with his shorter Shetland jacket marked with a self overplaid in brown and natural tones. *Au naturel* is the shade of his Shetland sweater too, worn with a contrasting blue oxford shirt and a striped tie. The narrower grey flannel slacks are a campus tradition. He's conditioning himself to his future dress with an olive drab felt hat, and his shoes are brown bluchers. The Argyle plaid wool socks are his last fling, or in army terms we'd say they're plenty "ding how"!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



comrades at ease

This varied group of officers (RAF, Scottish Staff, U.S. Army, and British Army, in case you're not too sharp at chevrons) are swapping ideas while on leave. The plainclothes man in the midst of this military setup, has his duties to fulfill on the home front and he's getting some first hand info from these boys who have been in active combat. The civilian is turned out simply these days and wears a conservative border stripe cut to WPB rules with no "stuff cuff or drape shape." Ivory tones are the latest in shirts worn with grey suits, so this gentleman, obviously influenced by the military circle, wears a tan broadcloth shirt with a widespread collar. His tie is repp silk and the brown felt hat is worn with a center crease only. We haven't room to describe the military outfits, but do get a load of the Tartan trousers which are a wartime version of the famous Scotch kilties . . . Hoot Mon!

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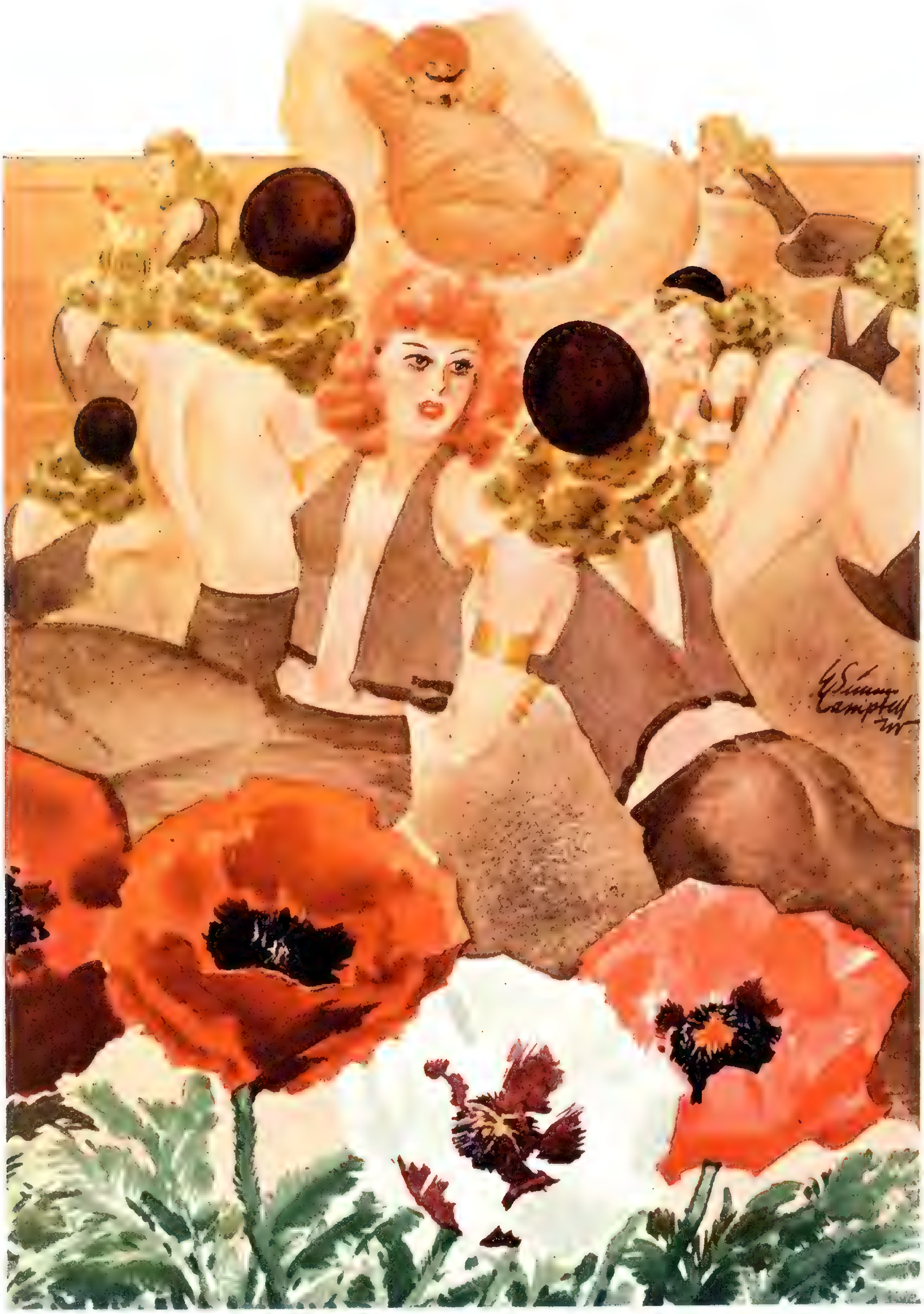

E. Simms Campbell

"Sh! I hear the Americans are coming"

Preserving Cars in Storage

Continued from page 67

carbon tetrachloride.

Grease and oil stains: carbon tetrachloride is again the answer. Of course if the fabric is saturated with oil the surplus should first be removed with a soft clean cloth or blotter.

Paints and lacquers: sponge with turpentine for paint, or with lacquer thinner for lacquer. Follow up with a cloth and cold water, sponging the entire area.

Shoe polish: the wax or oil variety can be removed with carbon tetrachloride; white cleaners usually come off if brushed briskly.

After all upholstery is thoroughly cleaned, it should be treated to protect it against moths. When the car is finally stored, it is well to leave all glass down about one-eighth of an inch. This will not admit much dust but will provide sufficient circulation of air to prevent dry rot or mildew.

Regardless of mileage since the last lubrication, no car should be stored unless well lubricated. So it is preferable to run the engine until hot and then drain oil. This should be followed by power flushing if possible, then the oil filter should be replaced and new oil added. New oil "hangs on" giving far better protection than old against rust.

Similarly the transmission and rear axle should be drained, flushed, and refilled. Most engineers recommend filling the transmission and rear axle with flushing oil and running the car in gear while jacked up, so the flushing oil washes out all old lubricant and sediment. Then this foreign matter can be drained away. This flushing should be done twice to be sure that all injurious matter is removed. The use of kerosene in flushing is hazardous, for it may cause foaming of the new lubricant, causing the new lubricant to work out of the rear axle onto the brakes, or out of the transmission and into the clutch.

Any car stored for any length of time should have the weight taken off the wheel bearings as well as the tires. This is especially important if the car is stored where there is considerable vibration of the building from passing trains or heavy trucks. When wheel bearings are rotating they can withstand considerable load. However, when the entire thrust is concentrated on one or two balls or rollers, constant vibrating may cause injury to the fine finish of the cones or races, showing up in the form of road noise when the car goes back in service.

Jacking the car up is important for the tires, of course, and if storage is contemplated for more than a couple of months the tires should be removed from the rims. This is essential both for the tires and for the rims. The tubes should be removed from the casings and both the tubes and casings thoroughly dusted with tire talc or soapstone. Then the tubes should be replaced in their respective casings and the individual casings wrapped in paper to prevent the free circulation of air and exclude sunlight. The ideal storage place for tires is cool and dark, so things being as they are you might prefer to have your tires in a safety deposit box. Since rust is bad news to rubber, it is wise while the tires are removed, to paint the rims with any good rust-preventive paint.

Now for the engine. If you've ever noticed how grease runs out of a hot frying pan, you'll appreciate how important it is to add oil to your engine through the spark plug holes now that the engine is cool. Therefore after your car is permanently placed for storage, remove the spark plugs. Through each spark plug hole pour in one-eighth of a quart of fairly heavy engine oil—S.A.E. 40 or S.A.E. 50. Then with the starter, spin the engine over a dozen times or so to distribute this oil over the pistons, rings, and valves. This will prevent rusting of the upper part of the engine. The new oil will take care of the lower part. Replace spark plugs, finger tight.

Probably the most neglected unit of the car in storage is the carburetor. The way paint dries up in a can is well appreciated. The way gasoline dries up in a carburetor is seldom thought of. Of course, the gasoline drying up in a carburetor doesn't appear to make a mess like the paint dried up in a can. But in the carburetor we are dealing with many very fine passages, some so small that the finest needle could not be inserted in them. So it does not take much gumming action on the part of the gasoline to upset the carburetor action. Consequently, the only safe procedure when storing a car for even thirty days is to drain the entire fuel system—gasoline tank, fuel pump, and carburetor, and to blow out the gasoline line with compressed air. If gasoline is allowed to dry in the system anywhere, the chances are 50-50 that there will be serious trouble on the road.

Just to be sure that none of the dirt in the carburetor air cleaner dries up and falls into the engine, this unit should be serviced before the car goes into storage.

Another commonly neglected item is the clutch. When the driver's foot is removed from the pedal that terrific spring pressure squeezes the clutch plate to the fly wheel. If this pressure is allowed to remain "on" for six months or a year, there is a tendency for the clutch to remain engaged and so cause difficulty in gear shifting. To prevent this, take the bumper jack from your tool equipment and adjust it so that it can be wedged between the front of the driver's seat and the clutch pedal, applying just enough pressure to the clutch pedal to hold it about halfway down.

The cooling system should be drained and the drain cocks left open. Be very sure to open any drain cock that may be located in the cylinder block, for it sometimes happens that the drain cock in the radiator does not remove all of the coolant. Failure to open the drain cock in the cylinder block may result in a broken block if the car remains in storage through winter.

Raglan models rule in raincoats for campus wear.

Even a new storage battery will very quickly become "junk" through idleness. It should be appreciated that the battery is mechanical, chemical, and electrical. Mechanically it must be handled with care or the hard rubber case, or hard rubber cell covers may be broken, or even the plates themselves broken off from the posts. Chemically, the battery deserves respect, for the liquid within is dilute sulphuric acid and has no regard whatsoever for clothing or upholstery. Be careful. If any of this liquid is spilled, it should be neutralized at once with soda water or dilute ammonia water. Better yet, let an experienced battery man handle this job. Electrically, the battery is low in voltage (six volts) so will not give a person a shock, but if shorted so much current will flow that a serious burn may result. All in all, the storage battery should be placed in the hands of an expert. Failure to do this is the equivalent of throwing the battery away.

What goes on within the battery is gradual electrical leakage from post to post across the top of the battery. This leakage may take place on the outside and it always takes place on the inside. So the battery runs down all by itself. When this happens, the plates become sulfated. This sulfate takes space and the net result is that the plates swell up. In swelling up they require more space. They get this space by squeezing through the separators, thus, "shorting" out the cell. Then the battery is dead—permanently. Of course some formation of sulfate is natural, but it does not form in excessive quantities in normal use—only when the battery is totally discharged.

Experience indicates that new as well as old batteries in storage must have a freshening charge every thirty days.

So if you're going to put a car in storage be sure it's done right—or not at all. Remember, moderate use is probably less harmful to a car than complete disuse. And the increased personal efficiency that you enjoy when you have your car available, and the heightened morale that results, amply justifies the use of your car even in these *interesting* days.

But if you must store it, then do it right. For who knows but what the time may come when your car may be extremely important to you or to our country.

So in the name of patriotism and personal profit if you must store your car, take advice that is 2,000 years old and avoid storing it where "moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal." ##

Here's the WRIGHT TRIO!

The Wright Air-flow* MINUTE MAN

Try on a Wright Hat today at your nearest Wright Hat dealer's. If you don't know his name just drop us a card.

WRIGHT HATS $5.00 to $7.50

The Wright Air-flow* COMMANDER

The Wright Mirakal** DEFENDER

*Contains the famous Wright Air-flow air-conditioned construction. U. S. Government patent No. 2,218,590.

**Like all Wright Air-flow Hats, the Wright Mirakal Hat is 100% waterproofed with the patented Mirakal waterproofing process.

THE WRIGHT HAT
ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT COMPANY
Since 1859
ST. LOUIS Manufacturers CHICAGO

The Joy of Waiting

Continued from page 30

that you're coming back."

"How do you know?"

"I feel it. I know because . . . Because I'll be waiting for you."

"You will? What about Rudolph?"

She laughed. A high nervous note came from her lips.

"May, I'm sick and tired of knocking around and I want to have a place of my own. I mean for myself and . . . Wait. I don't mean any phony proposition. I mean the real thing; that is, if you like me and . . . I'll get a job as a steamfitter and cut out this bumming around. And . . . You know what I want to say."

"Yes, I know, John."

"When I come back will you take a chance with me, May?"

"Yes, John." She leaned over and kissed him. "Must you sail tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm signed up." He reached in his breast pocket and drew out a roll of bills. "Here May, keep this until I get back."

"How much is it?"

"Two hundred bucks. I'll bring back another couple hundred and then we can take the jump."

"When will you be back?"

"It's a four weeks' job. Two weeks each way."

"Don't put no poison in her hooch, Rust," John called.

During this conversation Madame Henri at the adjoining table had opened her bag. She drew out a small photograph and looked at it a long time. Then she turned to the couple at the next table.

"Pardon," she said. "I could not help hearing and . . . I just want to wish you *bon voyage.*"

"Thank you, ma'am," said John.

And May asked: "You are waiting for someone, Madame?"

"Ah yes. I am waiting."

"You are sure you are waiting in the right place?" John asked.

"Yes, this is the place."

Rust was glad to learn that Madame Henri was making no mistake. *The Hull* was the right place.

"First they claimed she was in the wrong place," he said to someone at the bar. "Then they said she was a married woman waiting for her lover. Always thinking bad of everyone! She is waiting for . . . whoever it is, it's none of my goddam business. Any woman has a right to wait."

Just before six o'clock Madame Henri rose to depart.

"I want to wish you *bon voyage,*" she said again to John with a smile. And with a nod to May she walked to the door.

"I wonder who she could be waiting for and why the devil he don't show up," May said. "While you are waiting you have time to think of all sorts of things that might happen and . . ." Suddenly looking up at John she asked: "What is the name of your ship?"

"*Atlantic Maid.*"

"And now," she continued, "I too will be waiting. And how many times I swore I would never wait again because . . ."

"You don't think I am doing this for fun? It's the double pay. Before you know it I'll be back and with four hundred bucks we can set up the nicest little kennel two homeless dogs ever had."

She looked far into the distance and whispered: "*Atlantic Maid.*"

Behind the bar, Rust spoke to one of the stevedores.

"Look here, Shorty," he said. "If you come in here tomorrow and you see that lady sitting at the table over there I don't want you to use any language like I heard today."

"What kind of language?"

"You know what kind."

"Making this place high-tone?"

"High-tone or low-tone, any bastard using foul language when she's here gets a sock in the jaw."

Soon after five o'clock of the next afternoon May entered *The Hull.* She looked about quickly and walked up to the table where Madame Henri was sitting.

"Now I'm waiting too," she said. "And he isn't gone twenty-four hours."

"That is how it is in the world. We all wait. Sit down, Mademoiselle. There is nothing for it except patience. In time all difficulties are solved."

"But Madame, it is hard to wait so long."

"Four weeks is not long. And besides, waiting is an art. There is a joy in waiting. The joy comes from the quiet expectancy. From the swelling of hope. From a certain faith that human beings have in themselves and in those they love. Could you not believe this?"

"Yes, I could. Only it is hard."

"Not hard at all if one is philosophical."

"Gee, I'd love to be like that," said May. "But I'm too emotional. I feel everything and I don't want to think about the things I feel. Besides, the machine makes so much noise all day that I can't think."

"What machine?"

"I tend a wax-paper wrapping machine in the candy factory around the corner. It is not hard work, only the hours are long and the noise makes you tired. All day you watch the lines of candy coming into the machine. You would think sometimes that the whole world is made of candy. And then you come out at five o'clock and the world is not sweet at all."

"No," said Madame Henri.

They were interrupted by a mild argument going on at the end of the bar. Suddenly Rust frowned. He came out from behind the bar and went straight towards the stevedore.

"What did I tell you?" he said in an angry voice.

"What did I say? What did I say?" piped Shorty quickly.

"You said a word. I told you I'd give you a sock in the jaw."

Rust took hold of him by the collar of his coat and started pushing him towards the door. The stevedore shouted: "He's trying to make this joint hightone."

Madame Henri rose from her chair and touched Rust on his arm. "Monsieur," she said, "you will hurt the poor man. I am sure he didn't mean it."

The word "monsieur" had its magic effect.

"But I warned him only yesterday. Didn't I?" he shouted.

"Yes, you did," Shorty answered. "But in one day I can't learn a whole new language."

"All right, now you know and you better remember it."

Rust got back to his place behind the bar and poured a drink.

"No hard feelings," Rust said. "This one is on me. A lady has a right to sit here any time."

The stevedore took the glass in his hand and turning his head in the direction of Madame Henri he said: "Excuse me, lady. I drink to you. Good luck."

"*Merci*, Monsieur."

"And John too!" called May. "He needs good luck. Don't leave out John."

"John too," added the stevedore.

And with this little incident ended the third afternoon that Madame Henri came to *The Hull*.

As time wore on changes began to make their appearance in *The Hull*. First was the card Rust put up on the mirror behind the bar, reading: "No foul language."

Then one day, it was about a fortnight after Madame Henri started coming to *The Hull*, Rust had a broad smile on his face when she entered. He poured the glass of sherry and after putting it down before her he went to the slot-machine. He put in a coin and the record began to play.

"It's a French record!" she exclaimed, beaming.

"I told the guy to put in two. I thought you'd like it."

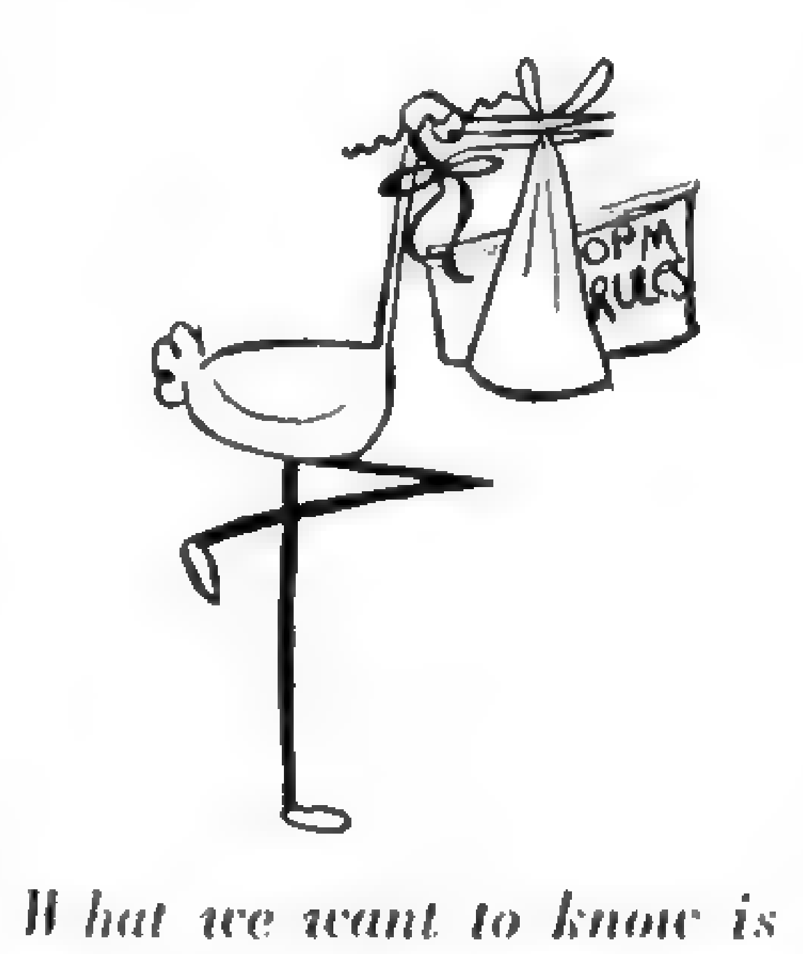
"It is very nice. In fact it is so nice I could weep."

In the presence of Madame Henri, the old barflies were at first ill at ease. And that sign on the mirror: "No foul language!" But soon the air was cleared and fanned with friendliness.

And for Madame Henri this place was no longer strange. She arrived every day at about the same time, sat in the same place, drank one glass of California sherry and passed a pleasant word or two with anyone who happened to talk with her. May also came regularly. She liked to sit at the table with Madame Henri.

One afternoon, May asked: "Why is it, Madame, you always seem so cheerful?"

Madame Henri smiled serenely but did not reply.



What we want to know is will WAAC members who want to have babies be ruled upon by the Office of Production Management?

"I wish I could take things so cheerfully," May added. "It would make everything easier."

Rust was leaning across the bar trying to catch the eye of Madame Henri. "Excuse me, Madame. Would you mind coming over here a minute?"

She left the table and walked over to the bar.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, "for making you get up. But I couldn't come over there because . . . The afternoon paper has it." He opened the paper wide enough for her to read the item: *Atlantic Maid Torpedoed.*

"I understand," she said and walked back to the table.

"Something up?" asked May.

"Yes. He wanted to show me a piece of news."

"No news is good these days."

"And not bad either. The bad is only in the mind. Fear keeps it there. Everything would be easier if we just refused to allow fear to creep in. Fear cannot stand the broad light of day. And the great enemy of fear is hope."

"Yes, Madame. In me they fight. One moment I hope and the next . . . But I have only one fear . . ."

"What is it? . . . You are afraid to learn some day that the boat, the *Atlantic Maid* . . .?"

"Yes. That is why I never turn on the radio."

"Yet if it should happen, sooner or later it must all come out and you must face it. It would not matter. No, really. It would not matter. He is safe. You know that in your heart and . . . In time his hand will be on the knob of the door . . . We will wait together."

Little by little these words took effect. May was beginning to understand. Tears filled her eyes.

"Tell me the truth. Do you know something about the *Atlantic Maid?*"

"Torpedoed," said Madame Henri softly.

"I knew it. I knew it! And all this talk about hope and everything . . . What for? Every faker lives with hope. Every schemer and gambler and low-down crook . . . They haven't the guts to look facts in the eye. And if you want to know something, then I can tell you: this hope, this nice word, fools you every time."

"No," said Madame Henri quietly. "He is alive."

"How do you know he is alive?" May asked with defiance.

"I know. That is what I wish for you. And you will wish it for yourself also."

"I must wait," May said with bitterness, "not knowing what I am waiting for. All my life that is how things happen to me. A hand is held out and suddenly it is

Continued on page 110

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The Joy of Waiting

Continued from pages 30-109

snatched away. Can you blame me for being bitter?"

"Yes, I can blame you," replied Madame Henri. "You have no right to abandon John at a moment when he needs you most. He is fighting for his life."

"How do you know?"

"I assume the best instead of the worst."

"And believe in the impossible. And sit and wait, and wait."

"Ah, Mademoiselle. We all believe in the impossible. And the impossible always happens. How strange! We always believe in the thing that eventually happens."

May had no argument to meet this. She got up from the table and walked slowly towards the bar. For a brief moment she stood silently before Rust.

"All right," she said finally. "Give it to me. I can take it."

He reached under the bar and brought out the newspaper.

She read the brief dispatch.

"It says nothing here about the crew or any lifeboats or anything."

"It's the first news only. They got lifeboats all right, all right."

Slowly she walked back to the table.

"Listen, my dear. You have something to wait for. Something true and real. But do you know what I am waiting for?"

"No."

"Here." She opened her bag and took out the photograph which she held up. "That is my boy. That is how he looked in his uniform."

"And you are waiting for him?"

She hesitated before she replied. "Yes," she said softly. "It is a kind of waiting."

"I could not endure waiting day in and day out. That kind of soft hope stuff is not for me. Yes, I tried it once and what did it get me? I have nothing in the world and still the world hurts me. The only decent fellow I ever knew in my life and . . . Torpedoed! I feel awful now. I wish it were morning and . . . Thank heavens I still have the terrible candy-wrapping machine. I can turn it on full and let it bang away so I can't see and can't think . . . Candy! A world of sweet candy! Bang away! . . . Torpedoed!"

"I will be waiting also," said Madame Henri.

"Waiting! At least you have something to be waiting for. But I have nothing. Only a slim thread of hope. It is too thin to hold up anything. I knew it would come out like this. I felt it."

Suddenly the door opened. A dark curly-headed fellow dressed in the blue jacket of a ship's officer came through the door. His loose mouth smiled broadly as he set his cap at a saucy angle and walked to the rear of the room.

"Hello, May. Remember me?"

She looked up slowly but did not reply.

"Just got in from South America, May. Been waiting for me?"

"No," she said quietly. "I've not been waiting for you, Rudolph, nor for anyone. I am not the waiting kind. It gets you nowhere."

"I've been thinking of you, May. It's been a long trip. Maybe we could have a nice little supper and take in a Broadway show?"

"I'm not in the mood."

"Well now, that's a funny thing for you to say. I always thought you were game for anything."

"I wouldn't be good company tonight."

"You're not going to live forever. You better cheer up."

"I know."

"What you need is a good laugh and I guess I got here just in time. We will go to a funny movie or something."

She was silent.

"A good laugh never hurt anyone. You take life too hard."

"I know," she said in a weakening voice.

"Tell you what. Just give me ten minutes to get my grip checked at the hotel and I'll be right back. Powder your nose: it's a date."

He did not wait for her to reply but quickly left *The Hull.*

After an awkward silence May turned to Madame Henri and said: "That was Rudolph."

"You are not going out with him?"

"I don't know. I could sit here but what good would that do? Waiting never got me anything. And now what is there for me to wait for? You have your son, but I . . ."

"Alas, my dear. You do not understand. My son is a sweet memory to me. And yet if fate had been kinder to us I might now be sitting here and actually waiting for him. We were to meet here at *aperitif* time. My son had the address of this place from a French sailor, and he wrote me from the coast of France, where the army was making its last stand, that in the event of a surrender he and two of his companions had arranged to get away on a boat. This was the plan. And so if the cards had only been dealt differently . . . Anyway, I came here, curious to see what this place was like; for here I would have been waiting for him. Now I just sit and have a little glass of sherry and think how nice it would be if I were only waiting. When you wait, you hope. The one you love will be appearing suddenly at almost any moment. And if he does not come you do not blame him, for you know that the delay has been unavoidable and that soon—very soon— he is certain to show up. That is how it is when you wait for someone you love. And that is how it would have felt if I had been waiting. But now I just sit and think . . . How funny it is that the word life is spelled with four letters and two of them are 'if'. Half of life is 'if'. And the other half is not so important. My son is dead. He was killed the week before France fell. But you have someone to wait for."

May stared at Madame Henri with wide-open eyes. Finally she exclaimed: "Then you are not waiting for anyone!"

"No, I am just waiting. I am waiting for the sheer joy of waiting. Nothing else. I have no one. Yet it is nice for me to think that here in this room . . . He would have found the place the moment the boat landed and . . . To live without hope is not good. And if I cannot hope for myself, at least I can hope for others. That is something that brings happiness. And so hope is constantly on my side fighting the two evils which keep raising their ugly heads: melancholy and fear. And of the two, do you know which I dread the most?"

"No."

"Fear. I know it sounds funny, but I really fear fear. It is a terrible thing to be afraid. Once fear enters, melancholy drags along behind in a sleepy way. And then hope is driven off and bitterness and all the bad things in the world enter through the open door. You know," she added, with her face brightening up, "the really bad things in the world are invented and exist mainly in the mind."

"Invented?" May asked.

"For instance," continued Madame Henri, "the first day I came down to the water front I was afraid to come into this place. Everyone looked so tough and hard. But underneath they are just like everyone else. They speak roughly but there is usually a soft spot somewhere. And so my fear was only imaginary. Most fears are imaginary. And most of the things we fear never really happen."

May was silent for a short time. Finally she spoke. "I am sorry, Madame. I did not know. I saw you waiting and I thought . . . But now I know. And I did not mean to say what I did. I hope you will excuse it." She reached out and touched Madame Henri's hand. Tears came to her eyes.

"Now you know why I am waiting. At least you have something real to wait for."

"Something real," whispered May. Her eyes looked far away.

She did not notice Rudolph enter the room until he was beside her and she heard him say: "Here I am."

"Go away," she said quietly without looking up.

"I thought it was all settled."

"Go away."

"It was a date. Dinner and a show. A laugh never hurt anyone."

"Go away!" May shouted.

"But you said . . ."

Rust came out from behind the bar. "You heard what she said. Go away! And that means get yourself out of here in a big hurry. She's not waiting for any white-livered louse."

"All right, all right, you needn't get excited about it! There are lots of fish in the sea," said Rudolph quickly as he started for the door.

Madame Henri touched May's hand affectionately and said: "We will wait together."

Two days later came the good news that the entire crew of the *Atlantic Maid* had been picked up. All four life boats were accounted for. Everyone in *The Hull* was happy; and Rust set up a special drink on the house. He put a coin in the machine and turned on the French record. It was a victory for Madame Henri and they all drank to her health.

On one fine day, fine not because the sun was shining but because the news was good, a cablegram arrived for May. Rust signed for it and put it on the counter behind the bar. Several times he fingered it and held it up to the light but this offered no clue to its contents.

When Madame Henri came that afternoon he showed it to her and even suggested that perhaps she might open it.

"It is not like John belongs to her alone," he said. "In fact I knew John long before she ever laid eyes on him. Even before the wood work was painted golden oak."

But no, it had to wait.

At five o'clock May arrived and the moment she came through the door half a dozen arms pointed to the envelope.

"Telegram? For me? I'm afraid to open it."

She gave it to Madame Henri, who quickly tore open the envelope.

"It's good news," she said. "Arrived Panama and leaving for New York tomorrow. Best love."

"Read it again!" cried May, overjoyed.

Madame Henri read it aloud again.

"How many days does it take to come?" May asked.

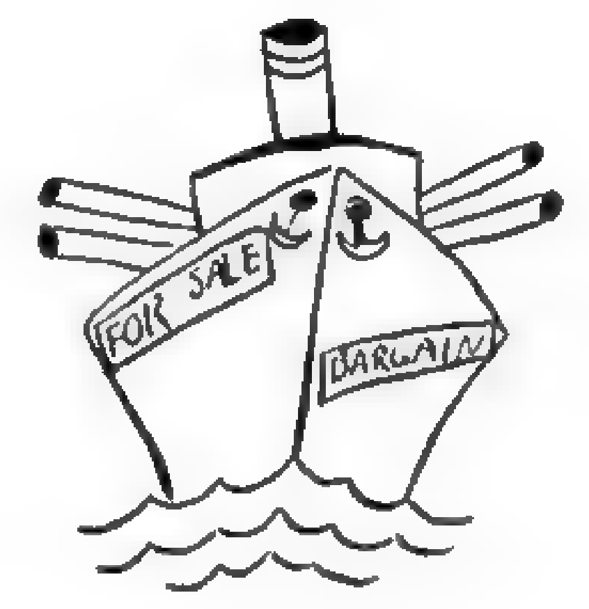
"Five," said Rust. "Sometimes six or seven."

"I can't wait."

Rust went around and asked everyone what he would have on the house. And when the drinks were served he put a coin into the slot and the music started playing.

"Five more days only and he will be here!" cried May happily. "Think of it, only five more days!" She clapped her hands. "I can hardly wait."

"Yes, you can," laughed Madame Henri. "We will wait together. There is joy in waiting." ###



Don't worry too much about the high cost of war. Planes, carriers and tanks may be expensive, but from the way things are going, you will soon be able to buy battleships for a dime a dozen.

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The Pilot and the Bomb's Rush

Continued from page 63

joltless and jarless heaven.

This defect in vision was shortly to be sutured. "Climb into the 'greenhouse,' " my military mentor said, "we'll give you a taste of combat work."

I doubled myself up, crab-fashion, and tumbled into the cramped, plexi-glassed-in quarters reserved as the special province of the bombardier. The Norden sight had been spirited away.

The pilot gave the ship left rudder and aileron, and pushed forward on the wheel. Down we went toward the target, zooming and banking. All Texas spun around like a pinwheel. Ahead of us, and keeping clear of our left wingtip by scarcely more than a candle's length, was the twin-finned tail of another egg-laying ship.

As we shot up again, my first job was sticking, unstrapped as I was, to the seat. Then I realized if I were the bombardier, instead of a rubber-necking tourist, every tactical deviation would have to be reported to the bombsight.

The problem seemed too much for human nerve and co-ordination. But the bombardier in the plane ahead tackled his objectives with the blitheness of Mr. Shelley's skylark. His plane went through all the contortions allocated to aerobatics' best interests.

Some idea of the accuracy demanded of these future Axis-devastators can be gained from these figures: all of the bombs dropped by a student during his months of training—and this includes combat practice, medium altitude work, high altitude and night missions—are carefully recorded and scored. The figures are corrected to represent work from 12,000 feet. The student is then graded in terms of "circular error" . . . that is, deviation from the center of the target.

To graduate as a First Class Bombardier, a student's circular error, for all bombs dropped in the course of training, cannot be more than 125 feet. A Second Class Bombardier is one whose circular error averages between 125 and 225 feet; a Third Class Bombardier, from 225 to 275. A student whose score averages an error in excess of 275 feet is automatically washed out.

This classification, First, Second, and Third Class, has no relation to military rank or pay. It is a designation of skill. If, for example, a given combat mission calls for precision work—the bombing, say, of a factory, a battleship, or any other small objective—the commanding officer would requisition a First Class Bombardier. But the skill of a Third Class man is adequate where the objective is a city, an industrial area, or any other large target.

Special aptitudes are required for the various phases of modern, military flying. These qualities, like "talent," either exist in a man, or don't. And there is a reasonable way to instill them. You can't teach a man to think quickly; you can't manufacture the kinesthetic sense a pilot needs; you can't engineer the mathematical bent required of a navigator.

Time was when a man in the Air Forces tried out for the kind of a job he wanted; if he washed out, he was transferred automatically to some other kind of a job.

Today an aviation cadet is allocated to a pooling station; and there scientific testing determines whether he is best suited for training as bombardier, navigator, pilot, or ground man.

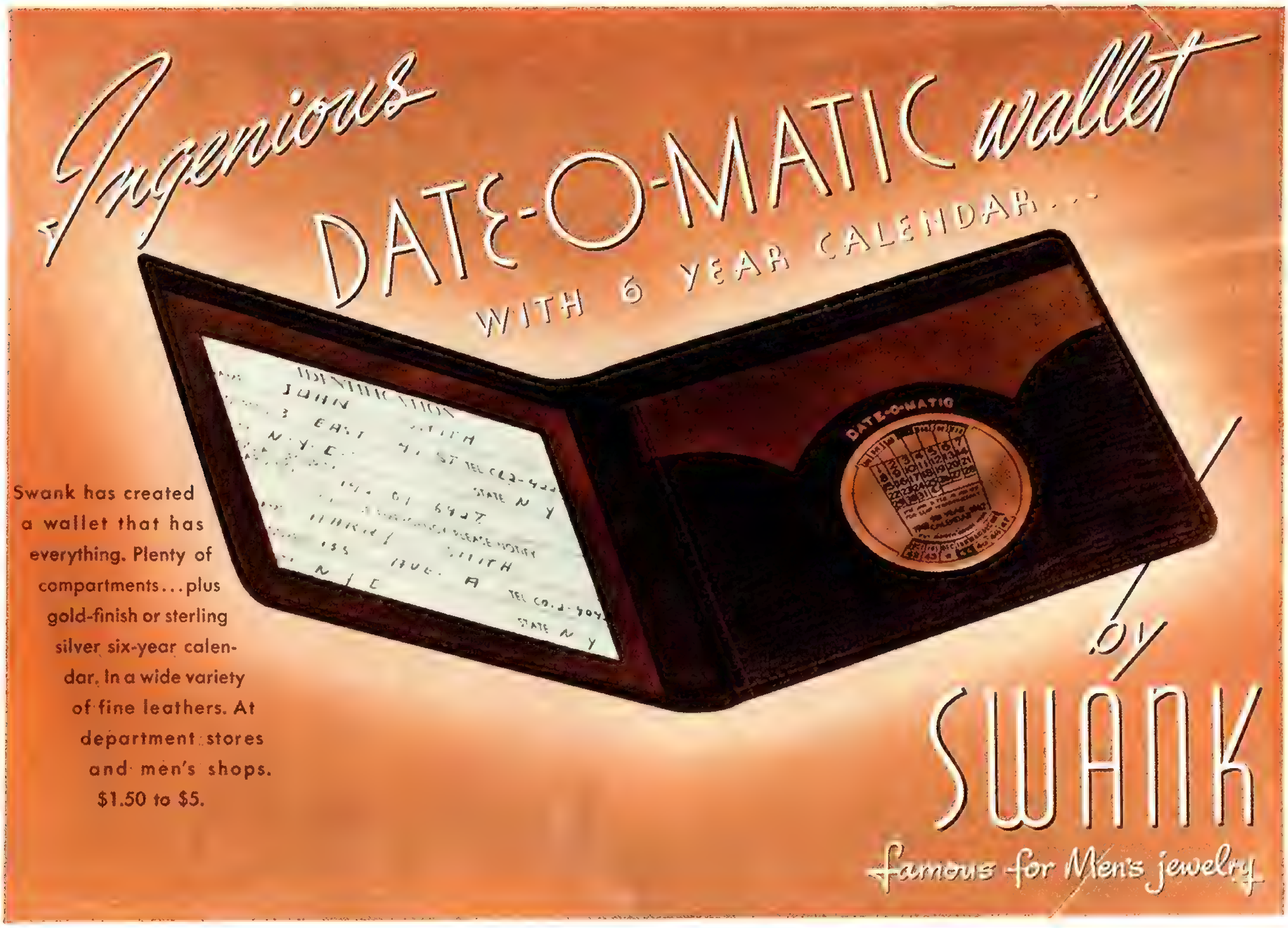
The immediate future calls for twenty-five thousand thoroughly trained bombardiers. And on the shoulders, and under the right eye of these men, depend the greater part of our hopes for early victory. They not only have to undergo rigorous schooling in order to do nice calculations while shells burst about them like so many bubbles in a highball glass—they have to live a special type of life. Beans, for example, are barred from their diet; for gastric disturbance above the clouds can mean failure of an important mission.

They have to live on diets exceptionally rich in Vitamin B-Complex—fresh tomatoes, peas, lean meats, liver, eggs, yeast, cereal grains, milk—for Vitamin B-Complex is directly related to strong nerves. For a keen "bombsight eye," they need carotene, derived from carrots, butter, and leafy plants—the Vitamin A food.

Several hours before flights, bombardiers are barred from salmon, tuna, goose, egg yolks, cheese, sweet and white potatoes, fried foods, and large quantities of bread which threaten the gastro-intestinal system, under combat conditions.

Suppose we follow, for the moment, the apprenticeship and ordeal set aside for the future bombardier, potentially "the most dangerous man in the world": arriving at bombardier school for twelve weeks of grind, the tyro has to learn to keep his mouth shut, his eyes open, his head clear, and his hand steady.

He attends classes, different from any he has known, in that there are no textbooks, no homework, and no notes taken. These class rooms harbor secrets of the bombsight, secrets of tactics, secrets of communication. None of this can be written, or passed on:



Swank has created a wallet that has everything. Plenty of compartments . . . plus gold-finish or sterling silver six-year calendar. In a wide variety of fine leathers. At department stores and men's shops. $1.50 to $5.

too many slips could occur between blackboard and blackout. The concentration required is terrific: a bombardier can't turn back, while over Tokio, to get further instructions from page 67.

The student, while still grounded, has to learn the tactical possibilities of the various kinds of bombs —demolition, fragmentation, incendiary, and gas—when and where to use each. He is introduced to the bombsight, and looks it in the eye. He acquires the elements of meteorology and navigation, in order to take over the navigator's job, if necessary. He studies mathematics and physics to speed up his reaction time.

Map reading and terrain analysis have to be studied. He learns the tactics of approach and destruction: where to place a bomb to blast a ship in half, to blow up a bridge, to harass enemy columns; how to cross a moving target in such a way as to give himself the maximum opportunities for destruction. He learns camouflage protection and strategy.

Then follows simulated bombing from an altitude of twelve feet. Climbing on a kind of animated high chair, he learns to manipulate his bombsight and aim at miniature objects, moved on an electrically-actuated box, called the "bug."

The big moment finally arrives —a real bombing mission is scheduled. Trailers laden with hundred-pound practice bombs roll up to the waiting ships. Carefully, almost tenderly, each bomb is raised into the open belly of the plane, set in its proper place on the bomb rack, its detonator threaded with a safety wire, attached at one end to the rack itself.

The tyro bombardiers stand nervously around the schedule boards in their squadron rooms, waiting for the zero hour. The targets are only a series of "shacks" —as the thirty-foot-square targets are called—but tension is as great as it would be if the mission were Berchtesgaden.

Time for the take-off: each member of each crew solemnly picks up his chute, throws it across his shoulder. The men walk out to the line. The bombsight truck is waiting—surrounded by guards whose fingers are never far from the triggers of loaded shotguns. Each bombardier signs for his sight. Together, pilot and bombardier pick it up, according it the peculiar care they might otherwise reserve for the Holy Grail.

The bombsight is mounted in the "greenhouse." They climb in. The bombardier and observer visit the bomb rack, extract the safety toggle from each of the bombs. Tensely, pilot and co-pilot strap themselves into their seats in the cockpit; bombardier and observer in their seats at the rear. The starters whinny. The motor splutters, settles down to a steady roar. The pilot adjusts his headset, mutters into his microphone, taxies to his runway. He guns the motor; the ship leaps forward, sways for a moment . . . climbs.

Once clear of the field, work goes on in earnest. The bombardier takes his place in the "greenhouse." The observer chalks up the bombardier's name, the date, and flight number, on a blackboard, picks up a movie camera—photographs his data like some Hollywood man on the set. This done, he lies down on the floor, opens a round door . . . and waits there patiently for the target.

Suddenly, he calls out "On course and level." The target is in sight. Every man is at his post, with a serious problem ahead. The bombardier pulls a lever. The whole floor of the ship seems to fall away: the bomb doors are open. He pulls another: the safety catch releases its fond hold on each of the well-nested missiles.

Clicks in the telephone system give the pilot more detailed instructions from the "greenhouse" below. The bombardier centers on the target. A moment later, his left hand touches a switch. The first bomb drops.

The observer, now practically merged with the floor, keeps the movie camera going. The target is passed; he gets up, changes the markings on the blackboard, shoots it again . . . and the cycle continues. When five bombs have been dropped, observer and bombardier change places. The second set of five is dropped, on the return run, by the "observer."

The following day, the film shot on this mission are developed, and sent to the scoring room. Here they are projected on a screen which looks like nothing, if not an exaggerated piece of graph paper. The location of each bomb, with respect to the center of the target, is carefully noted, and translated, via slide rule, into units of "circular error."

Now that Rostock, Lubeck, Cologne, and Essen have felt the full weight of demolition charges, the role of the bombardier is standing out as the star part . . . in the 1942 theatre of war.

In the battles of Coral Sea, and Midway, the men who wrought the real destruction were not the admirals, the great naval tacticians, or the tycoons of the great guns. The harbingers of the heaviest blows were these bombardiers, who, just a few months before, had roamed the Texas ranges, looking through their bombsights at little, white "shacks."

It is ironic, this revolutionary change that modern wings have brought to warfare. Formidable battle cruisers have become auxiliaries to four-motored bombers.

And these bombardier youngsters are coordinating bombsight data so well, and to such effect that soon the Axis will no longer have ship in which to pollute the sea, nor factory in which to prohibit strikes, nor oil to pour on troubled waters.

Victory depends on offense: and offense depends on striking power; and when everything is said and done, these are the men that strike. The bombardiers of today are the heroes of tomorrow. ##

WOW! 10 TO 1 HE THROWS YOU, TEX!
33 TO 1 HE WON'T!
SORRY, PAL. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ELECTED TO BUY THE BEER THIS TIME...
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, TEX. COME ON... I'LL TREAT...
BEER, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ODDS ON BUSTIN' A BRONC?
JUST THIS... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO 1 GREAT QUENCHER, EH TEX?
WATER HOLE
YEP...BLENDIN' SURE GIVES PABST BLUE RIBBON A MIGHTY REFRESHIN' FLAVOR... AND SMOOTH AS A HEIFER'S EAR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 TO 1"
THEN—ON THE NEXT BRONC
YIPPEE! WITH THAT BLUE RIBBON REFRESHMENT UNDER HIS BELT, HE'S RIDING LIKE A NEW MAN!
WELL TAN MY HIDE! HE'S SURE GOT THE ODDS WITH HIM THIS TIME—33 TO 1!
Pabst Blue Ribbon

• Ride America's flavor winner—a favorite wherever fine beer is served—and first choice in the homes of America. In regular or new quart size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

What Cooks with Wine

Continued from page 89

feminine influences. I like lentils, but I must confess that cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, peas, turnips, onions, parsnips leave me rather cold. And I am not overly fond of beans—but when they are embellished by wine it's quite a different story.

BAKED BEANS WITH WINE

Chop an onion and fry it in butter and add to it diced smoked ham, and fry it some more. Add a large can of kidney beans and pour in a pint of red wine, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly and heat well but do not boil. Then put the beans in a baking dish and bake it in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

SPINACH SUPREME (Four Helpings)

Add to two cups of drained, chopped spinach (fresh-cooked or canned) two tablespoonfuls butter, a quarter cup Chablis or Hock Wine, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, and one teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, flavor with salt and pepper, heat well and serve.

I keep away from potatoes as a rule, as I'm afraid I look somewhat like one myself; round and fat. However, I definitely cannot resist the variety known in France as Sailor's Potatoes:

Boil potatoes, peel them and cut them into slices. Put them in a saucepan with butter, salt and pepper, parsley and chopped onions, also a little flour. Add two glasses of white wine, or *pinard*, the ordinary red wine.

Pinard was the name of the French *vin ordinaire*, the most inexpensive wine you could get over there. The name originated in the army, since that is how the soldiers' wine ration was called, I believe. It does a man good to have a quart of light wine a day, and if I were the honorable senator from California, I would try to arrange that the American soldier could have a little, if not in actual drinking, at least in cooking. During the process of cooking most of the alcohol evaporates anyhow, and only the flavor remains.

In the wine districts of Hungary—and they are quite numerous—there was an over-production in the twenties. But instead of pouring the wine wastefully into the fathomless belly of mother earth, all the idle wine was donated to the school children to breakfast on. Yes, they received a glass of red wine and a slice of bread for their morning meal, and they liked it and thrived on it. Wine is food and medicine if you don't use impossible quantities of it.

The other day we had quantities of wine—dry sherry—at the bar of the Savoy Plaza; "we" being the manager, George Suter, and an old friend of mine, Tommy Gorman, who buys shares in theatrical productions so that he and his friends can see the show free. It was near dinner time, the moment when gourmets' thoughts and conversation begin to revolve around food and the accompanying wines. Tommy felt like having a stew and I added "With wine in it." Mr. Suter at once made his way to the huge kitchens of the hotel, gave swift commands to the white coats with this result:

OXTAIL STEW WITH AMERICAN BURGUNDY

Cut the oxtails into small sections. Brown them in butter. Add carrots, celery, onions, mushrooms, potatoes, a bayleaf, salt and pepper. Cover with wine and cook until the meat is done. Thicken with butter that has been browned in a pan with lemon juice and parsley. (*Beurre Meunière*)

This simple dish was really marvelous. Because we were friends and alone, we forgot our table manners, took the bones in our fingers and sucked each of them separately. Of course, the superiority of the dish was largely due to the fact that a fine Burgundy type wine was used in it. Believe me, California has some mighty fine ones! My favorite drinking wines are also my cooking wines, since a small household does not need separate ones for cooking. And while most of them come from California, it doesn't mean that I have no favorites in other states. However, since I can't single out brands I do want to tell you that all American wines are good in cooking, and some of them are superb.

Much of the good wine comes in gallon jugs. Besides, I'll tell you a secret—wine in larger vessels keeps better.

Only be careful when you are handling that gallon bottle; don't be clumsy, particularly when there is a nice clean tablecloth and the wine happens to be red. Of course, a possible remedy for red wine spots is salt: sprinkle a thick coat of it on the spot as soon as possible after the accident. But don't be like the simple-minded fellow who did the trick in reverse and sprinkled some salt on the white tablecloth first and then poured some red wine on top of it.

You would call Count Julius Karolyi simple-minded too—he received a check for several thousand dollars from Bernard Baruch, and didn't cash it. In peace time Mr. Baruch rented Count Karolyi's shooting lodge in Hungary and the check was in payment for weeks of fine shooting on the count's estate, adjoining his beautiful vineyards. Two years later Mr. Baruch went back there, and as he sat with his host over a glass of wine at dinner the first night he said to him:

"By the way, Count, would you tell me why you never cashed that check I gave you the last time I was here?"

"Mr. Baruch," answered the nobleman, "your check, that small piece of paper, is more valuable to me than all the pengoes of Hungary. I can stick it into the smallest pocket of my waistcoat. I know what I am doing . . ."

Here was a man with foresight; no matter what they took away from him in that country that unwittingly became a Nazi satellite, he'd always have that precious "small piece of paper."

I talked of many things; and sprinkled the theme, cooking with wine, with a few irrelevant stories, as is my habit. But now to dessert—and it has to be light. Pears are in season. I like the simple but delicious pears in red wine; there is nothing easier to prepare, nor lighter or finer in flavor. But the simplest pudding takes on a majestic aspect if it is anointed with wine, or if a wine sauce adorns it. One of my favorite desserts with wine used to be Pruneaux au Vin.

Cover a pound of large prunes with cold water, and soak them for eight hours. Pour the prunes together with the water they soaked in, into a saucepan where there is a vanilla pod broken in half. Sprinkle in half a cupful of brown sugar and stew on a slow fire for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire, add a cupful of good red wine, and simmer again slowly for ten minutes. Now cool the dish, but do not cool it in an icebox, do not take the vanilla pod out, and serve with sponge cakes.

More often than not I wish to please the ladies too, and here is how to make that famous Sabayon sauce they love so much:

Mix two ounces of sugar and four egg yolks in a mixing bowl, and beat very hard. Add a wine-glassful of Marsala or Sherry, the juice of half an orange, pour into a double boiler and cook until it binds. Serve with sponge cake.

And if the above doesn't appeal to you for some unknown reason, try fruit salad with Port wine, and toast me with a spoonful for reminding you of it.

Come near, reader of this culinary page. Nearer. Still nearer. I fashion a funnel of my palms in front of my mouth and whisper it in your ear so no one can hear me: in general I like American wines better than French wines. All the connoisseurs can curse me; I know what I am talking about. French wines were over-rated. There was such silly ceremony, such solicitude going on whenever a bottle of French wine was opened! This procedure was justified in the case of a really great wine. But snobs and prigs as soon as they saw a French label on a bottle, lost their minds, and sometimes drank, as though it were nectar, a wine slowly turning into vinegar. A very few people really know much about wines and can analyze them. The rest of the mortals had better leave the judging of flavors to their palates, keep quiet, and refrain from falling in love with high-sounding, calligraphic foreign words. If you want to know, much of the French wine that came to this country was hurt by the long ocean voyage. We, here, never really tasted the best.

The Germans sample the French wines now. They taste the "best." But I'd hate to tell you how the Nazis' wine is diluted in the wine districts of France. I was informed about it by a friend who was present in a populous cellar in the Commune of Margaux just before the barrels of wine were sent to the railroad station to be shipped to Germany. The method was more commendable than printable. #

Men at universities like the short model raincoat with rows of stitching around the bottom and sleeves.

Wine—friendly as a garden chin-fest

The kindly moderation of wine helps us to relax, helps us to share in good companionship

IT'S A GOOD THING to do. To have neighbors over for a simple get-together . . . to ease up and visit over good food and wine.

Bright and fragrant in your glass, wine is made for friendliness. In fact, more and more people are finding that when you set out wine you help everyone to relax in a moderate way. You help people to enjoy themselves.

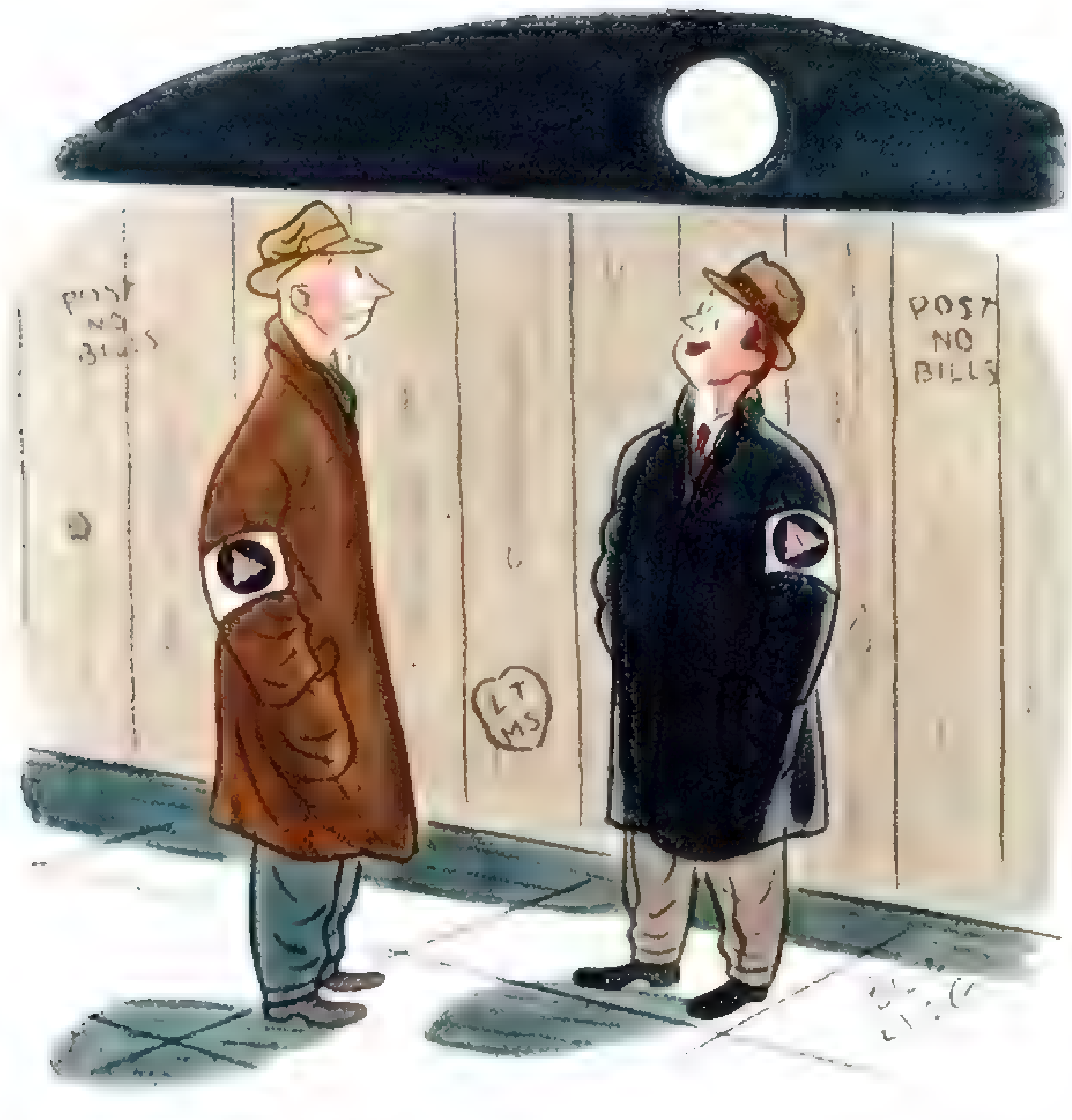
Wine is best when it's offered simply, as you'd set out coffee or tea. If you'd like to have a new booklet on wine serving — and on wines in cookery—we are reserving a free copy for you. Address the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents all the wine growers in the state of California.

California wines today enjoy the favor of connoisseurs the world over. These wines are pure vintages of fresh, vine-ripened grapes. They're brought to maturity in wineries close by the vineyards. The growers believe them to be well-blessed in bouquet and inviting flavor.

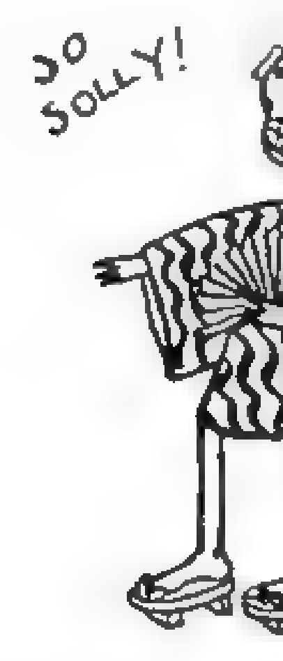
Merchants everywhere carry an assortment of fine California wines. Drop in at your wine dealer soon. Ask him to help you choose among these wines of our own country.

This golden wine is Sauterne, a favorite to serve well-chilled with light refreshments or with a sea food or chicken dinner. When your main course is one of the heartier red meats, a red table wine like Burgundy or Claret is usually chosen. And as an appetizer before meals, the world's favorite is Sherry

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



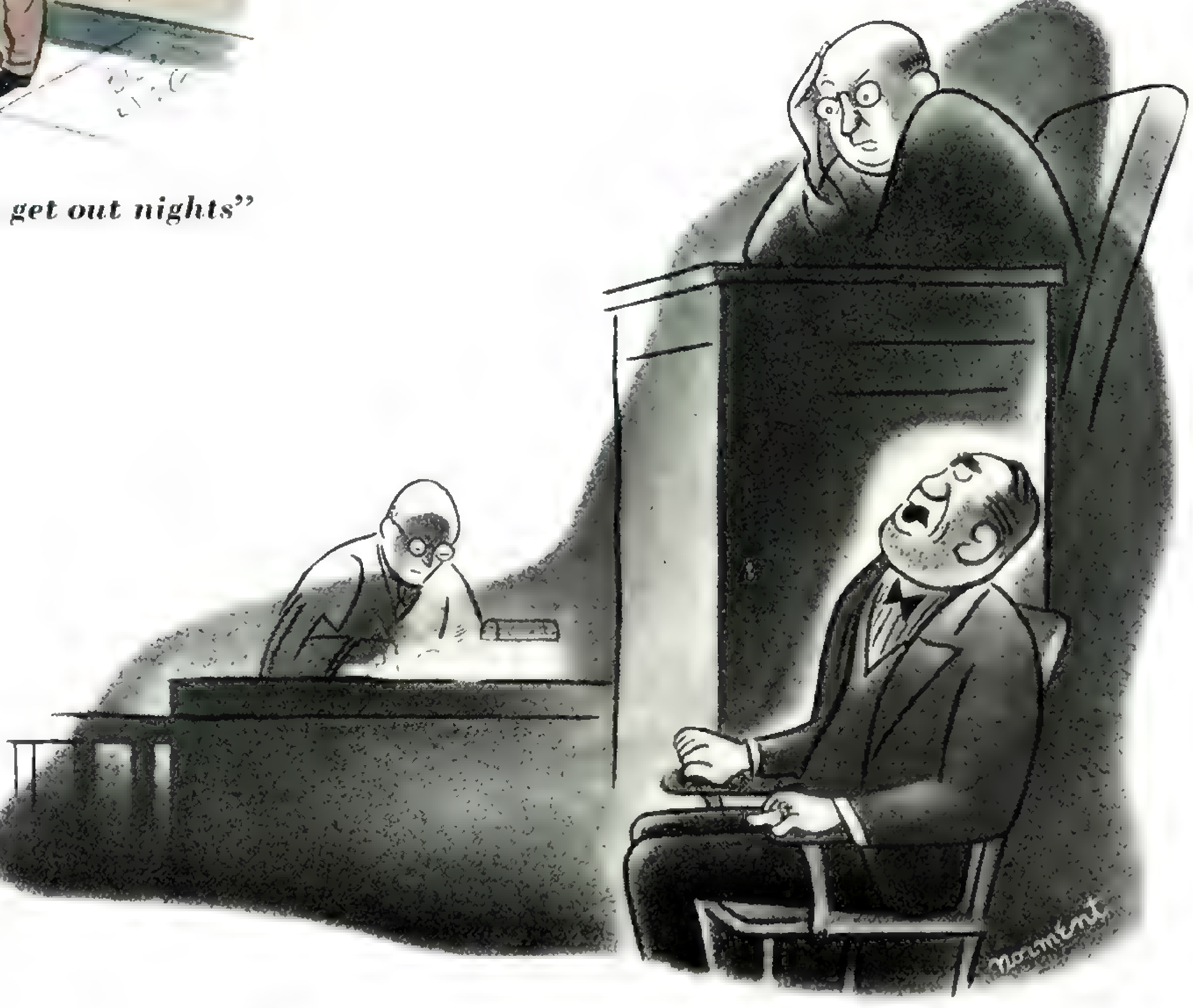
"Confidentially, I joined so I could get out nights"



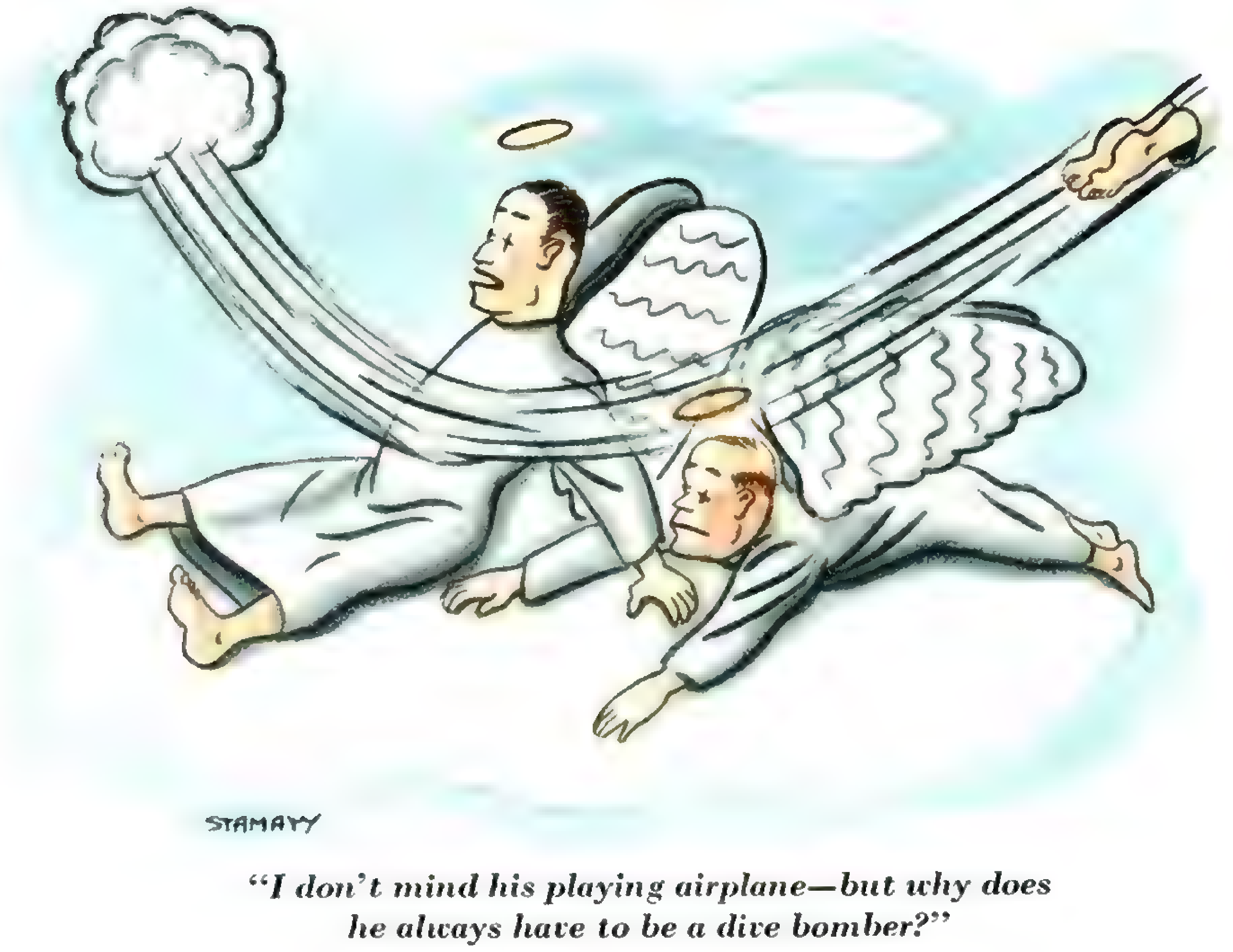
Whether or not we remember Pearl Harbor, it's a cinch the Japs would like to forget Midway.

Pronounced?

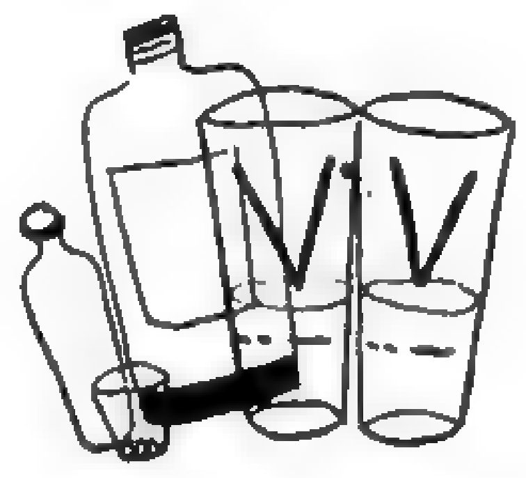
We're puzzled by whether the ration
Will be with us long in this nation,
Or whether the much-maligned ration
Is merely a present-day fashion.



"The public school system is responsible for my having tumbled into the criminal way of life. My teachers guided my tender mind until their patience and skill was, at last rewarded—I learned to read and write. That was the thing that made it possible for me to become a forger."



"I don't mind his playing airplane—but why does he always have to be a dive bomber?"



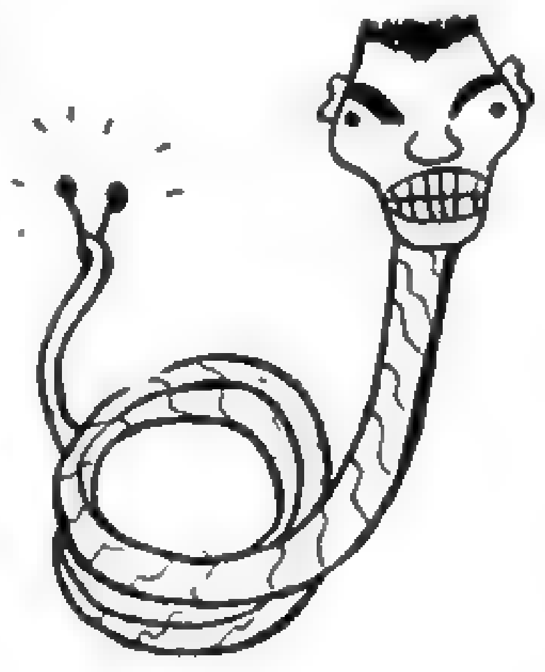
Pulitzer Prize for Honesty

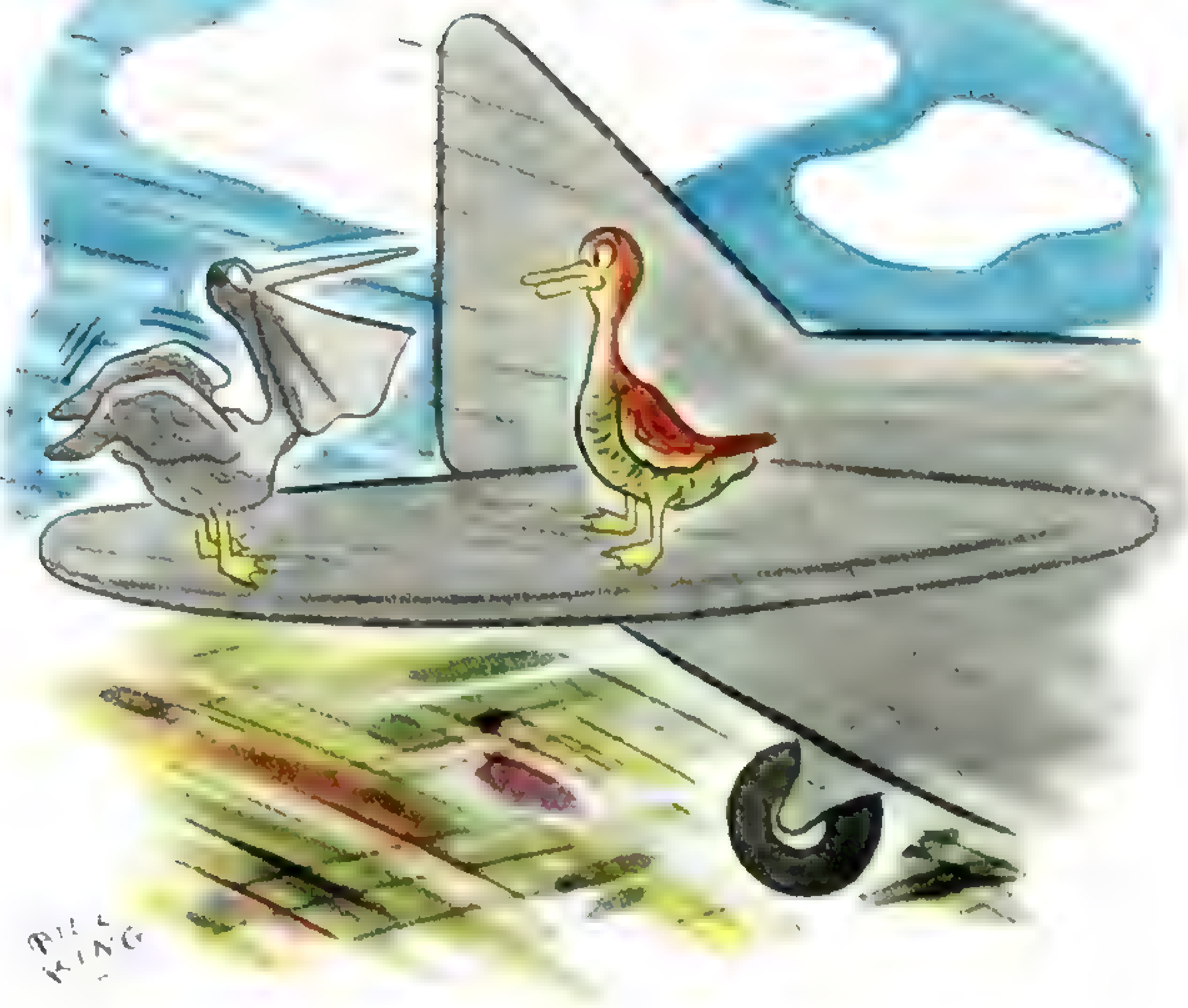
Once there was a guest who was urged by his host to have another drink. "O. K." said the guest, "—if you'll promise to make it half a one." But the host filled it up full and made it stiff at that.

The guest looked at it, took a sip, and said: "Hey! I asked for a half a one, and you filled her up and made it strong at that, thank heavens! I was hoping you wouldn't take me at my word."

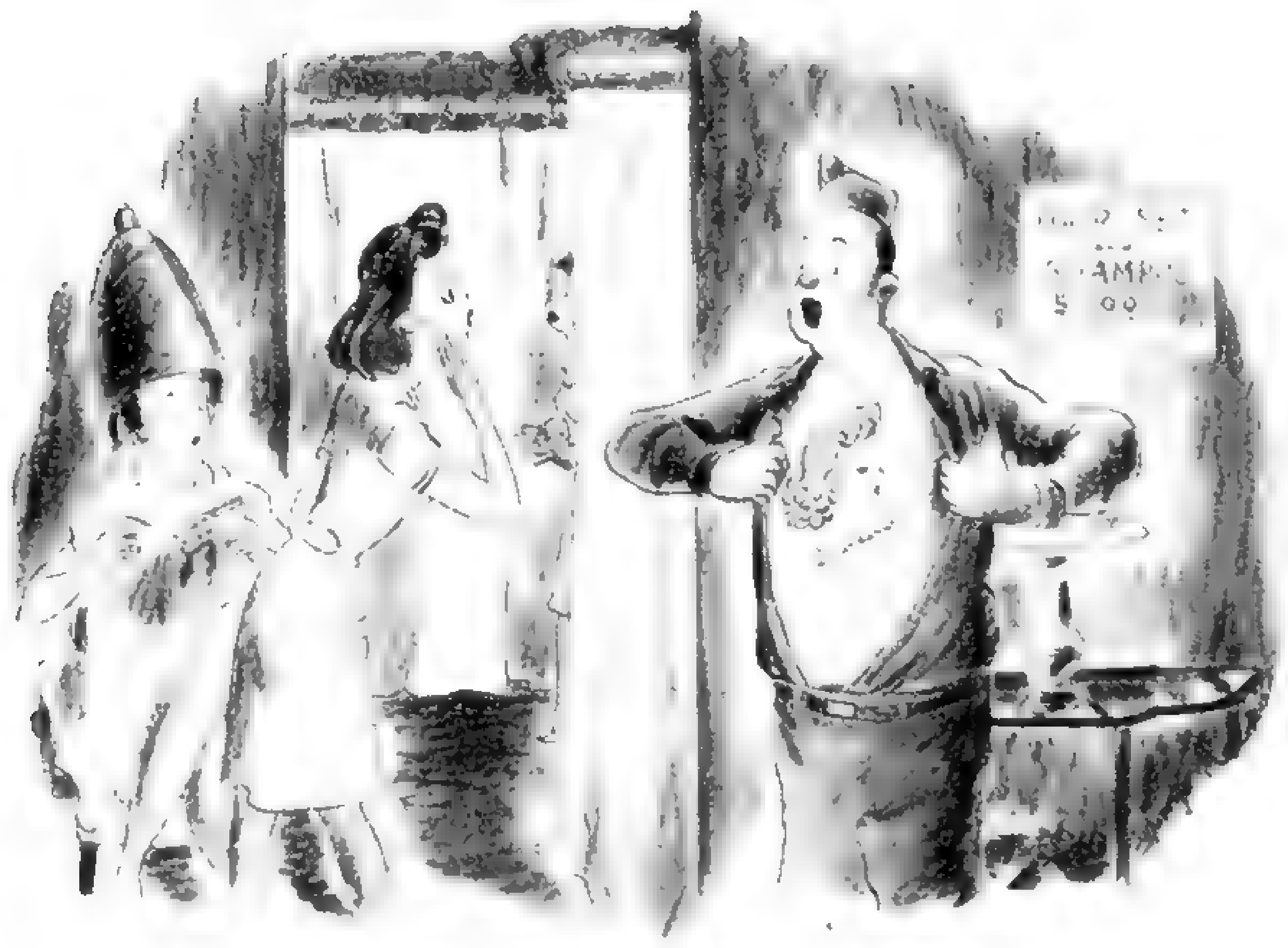
Have You Tried These Drinks?

The B-19: *It packs a terrific punch.*
The Laval: *Should be downed along with Vichy.*
The Italian Prisoner: *Very easy to take.*
The Reconnaisance Plane: *One of these and you'll be seeing things.*
The Jap: *Look out for this; it sneaks up on you.*
The Hitler: *Equal parts of rum and rum predictions.*





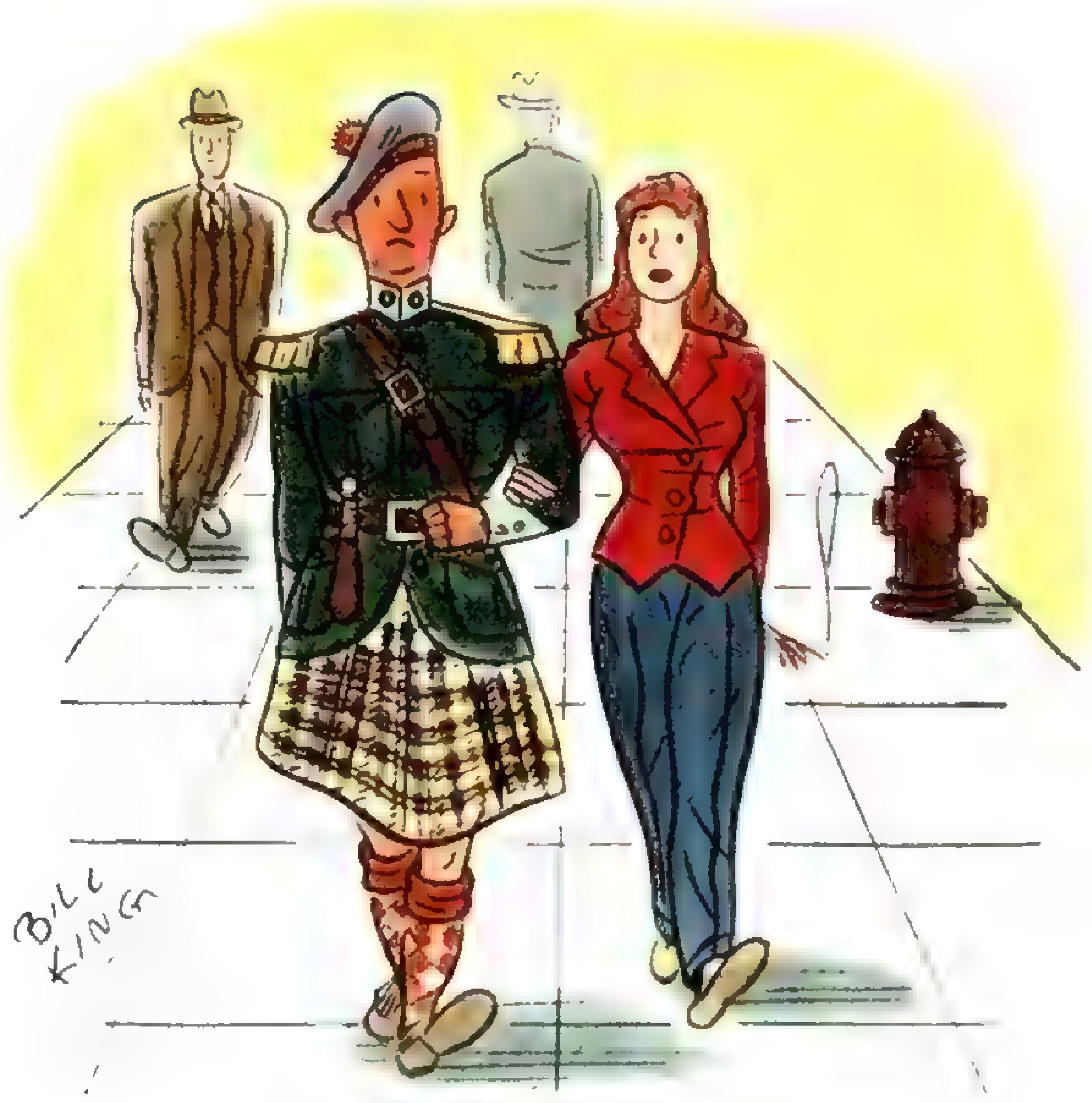
"Well, I'll be leaving ya here, pal—I'm catching that local for Boston"

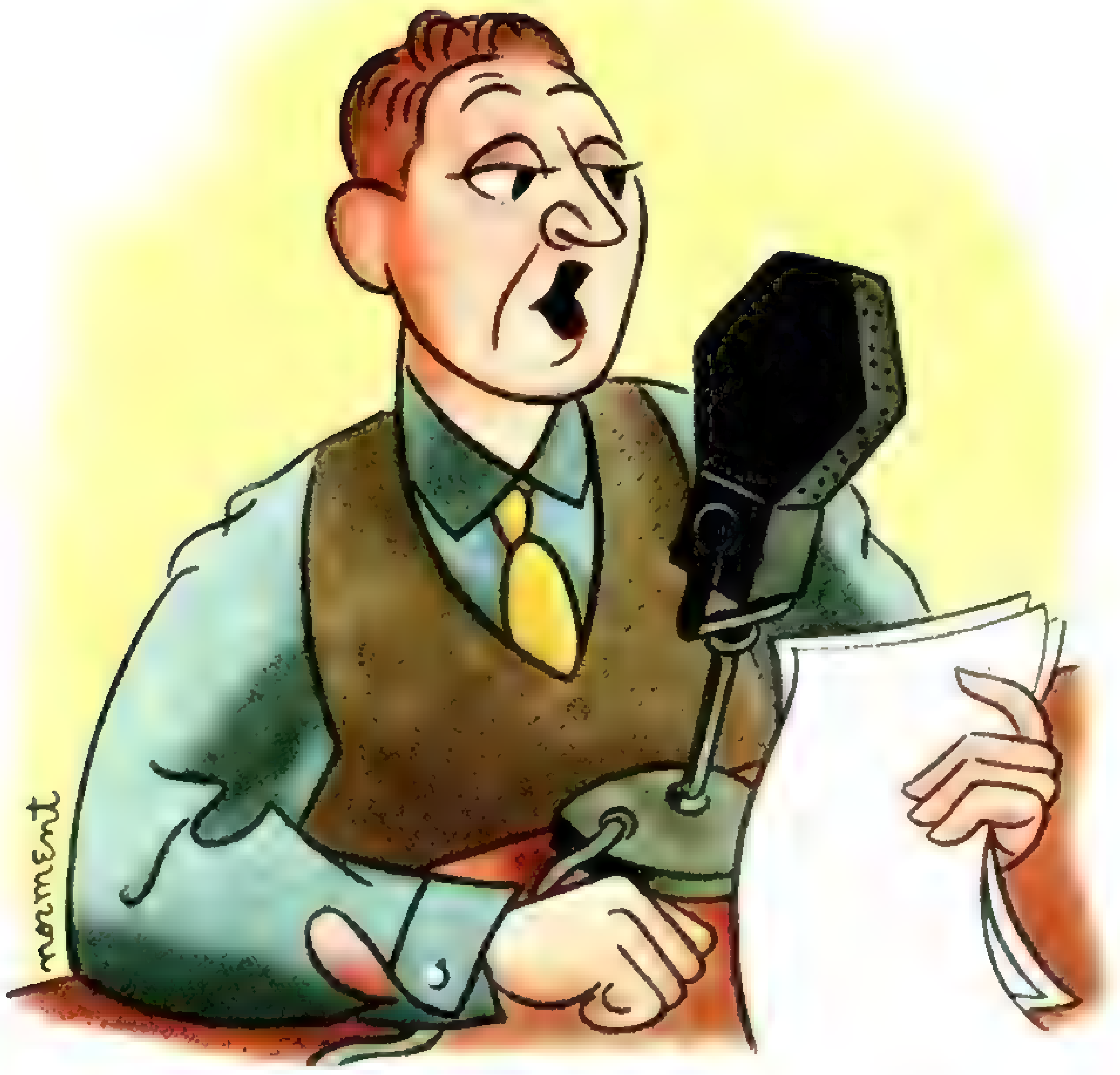


"Dye the hair red—I got a new girl!"

WORLD WAR II
5000

By our own private count the War reached its 5,438, 5,439 and 5,440th crucial turning points last week.





"Write to this station for a complete map of the world showing the locations of all battle fronts and of the six friendly furniture stores who sponsor this program"

The song, Take the A-Train, *has its counterpart in motoring. Most of us will take the A-card.*

BOTANY LIFTS THE CURTAIN ON TOMORROW

THE FABRIC IS THE SOUL OF THE SUIT!

As an indication of the shape of things to come...Botany has utilized the very limited production of men's wear fabrics available after all war needs have been fulfilled, in the creation of the fabric for the suit of tomorrow...ready in restricted quantities...today.

Realizing that the fabric is the soul of the suit... Botany has brought to bear all the skill and technique of more than half a century's experience into the looming of this treasured pure worsted... the Botany 500 Cloth.

This fabric, rarer than the finest gem, has been tailored by Daroff of Philadelphia... in a manner worthy of the incomparable cloth.

Those retailers who have been fortunate enough to have been selected to distribute this suit, offer an interesting selection of styles and patterns.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Makers of Fabrics for Men's & Women's Wear • Botany Ties • Botany Certified Fabrics for Home Sewing • Botany No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Botany Lanolin Beauty Aids • Botany Robes • Botany Sportswear • Botany Mufflers

THE BOTANY 500 SUIT
Tailored by Daroff
is distributed by the
following selected retailers:

J. BLACH & SONS Birmingham, Ala.
THE HOUSE OF HARRIS Berkeley, Calif.
BULLOCK'S Los Angeles, Calif.
SCHWARTZ & GRODIN Oakland, Calif.
CAPITOL CLOTHING CO. Sacramento, Calif.
THE MARSTEN CO. San Diego, Calif.
THE EMPORIUM San Francisco, Calif.
BRAVO & McKEEGAN Stockton, Calif.
GANO DOWNS CO. Denver, Colo.
MEIGS & CO., INC. Bridgeport, Conn.
OSCAR GROSS & SONS Meriden, Conn.
WRIGHT & SIMON, INC., Wilmington, Del.
RALEIGH HABERDASHER Washington, D. C.
ARCHIE ROBBINS Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
MAAS BROS. Tampa, Fla.
RICH'S, INC. Atlanta, Ga.
M. ALEXANDER, INC. Boise, Idaho
JERREMS Chicago, Ill.
THE HUB, HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS
State and Jackson—CHICAGO
Orrington and Church—EVANSTON
Marion and Lake—OAK PARK
Broadway and Fifth—GARY
B. & F. TOGGERY, INC. Springfield, Ill.
WOLF & DESSAUER Fort Wayne, Ind.
EDWARD C. MINAS CO. Hammond, Ind.
L. STRAUSS & CO., INC., Indianapolis, Ind.
ROSE & KATZ, INC. South Bend, Ind.
THE KILLIAN CO. Cedar Rapids, Iowa
THE NEW UTICA Des Moines, Iowa
WOOLF BROS. Wichita, Kan.
LEVY BROS., INC. Louisville, Ky.
H. EILERMAN & SONS Newport, Ky.
HUTZLER BROS. CO. Baltimore, Md.
YALE CLOTHING CO. Springfield, Mass.
HARRY SUFFRIN, INC. Detroit, Mich.
A. MAY & SONS Grand Rapids, Mich.
THE GEORGE W. TAYLOR CO. Kalamazoo, Mich.
LOUIS BECK CO. Lansing, Mich.
JUSTER BROS. Minneapolis, Minn.
GREENFIELD'S St. Louis, Mo.
WOOLF BROS. Kansas City, Mo.
NEBRASKA CLOTHING CO., Omaha, Nebr.
THE HURLEY CO. Camden, N. J.
TAPPER BROS. Hoboken, N. J.
BARRETT'S CLOTHES SHOP Jersey City, N. J.
KRESGE DEPT. STORE Newark, N. J.
B. GREENBERG Paterson, N. J.
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SIMON SHANKMAN Trenton, N. J.
SCHLESINGER'S, INC. West New York, N. J.
STEEFEL BROS. Albany, N. Y.
GOLD & SILVER Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
ABRAHAM & STRAUSS Brooklyn, N. Y.
THE KLEINHANS CO. Buffalo, N. Y.
PHIL'S BOYS & MENS SHOP Far Rockaway, N. Y.
A. REDVANLY Floral Park, L. I., N. Y.
NUSSBAUM'S Flushing, L. I., N. Y.
ARNELL MEN'S SHOP Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.
SCHWARTZ BROS., Huntington, L. I., N. Y.
B & B CLOTHES SHOP Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.
JACK SEIDEL Long Island City, N. Y.
SAUL'S MEN'S SHOP, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.
GRAMATAN MEN'S SHOP Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
SAKS 34th ST. New York, N. Y.
HELLER'S Ridgewood, L. I., N. Y.
NATIONAL CLOTHING CO. Rochester, N. Y.
W. F. SULLIVAN Syracuse, N. Y.
LOUIS PADOW, LTD. Yonkers, N. Y.
ROSENBLOOM'S Burlington, N. C.
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KRAMER'S Akron, Ohio
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BARTH BROS. CO. Oklahoma City, Okla.
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MEIER & FRANK CO. Portland, Ore.
ISAAC BAKER & SON Erie, Pa.
HY'S MEN'S SHOP Hazleton, Pa.
B. E. BLOCK & BROS. Norristown, Pa.
GIMBEL BROS. Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM H. WANAMAKER Philadelphia, Pa.
JOSEPH HORNE CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.
LEAVANS & DONLAN Shamokin, Pa.
BENSON'S Uniontown, Pa.
BERNSTEIN'S, INC. Pawtucket, R. I.
LOVEMAN'S, INC. Chattanooga, Tenn.
PHIL A. HALLE Memphis, Tenn.
DREYFUSS & SON Dallas, Tex.
WASHER BROS. Fort Worth, Tex.
E. S. LEVY & CO. Galveston, Tex.
E. M. SCARBROUGH & SONS, Austin, Tex.
POPULAR DRY GOODS CO., INC. El Paso, Tex.
SAKOWITZ BROS. Houston, Tex.
FRED M. NYE CO. Ogden, Utah
AUERBACH CO. Salt Lake City, Utah
BELK LEGGETT CO. Danville, Va.
LEGGETT'S DEPT. STORE Newport News, Va.
THE HUB — MANSBACH BROS. Norfolk, Va.
LITTLER INC. Seattle, Wash.
DAVENPORT SPORT SHOP Spokane, Wash.
KAUFMAN BROS. Charleston, W. Va.
CAMPEN Eau Claire, Wis.
ED. SCHUSTER & CO., INC. Milwaukee, Wis.

If your city is not included, send Botany, Passaic, N. J., the name of your clothier.

The Flying Dutchman

The doctor's warning failed to discourage Warmerdam's rise to still-untold heights

by AL WESSON

SPORTS

IN THE Drake Relays of '36 a gangling lad from Fresno State lost his balance at the top of a wobbly vault and flopped into the pit in an awkward tangle of arms and legs. As he stood up, blood ran from a long gash in the calf of his left leg. In the head-over-heels landing, he had spiked himself badly.

Back in Fresno he went lame, and at the pole vault pit it was torture for him to try to get up any speed. "No more vaulting for you," warned the doctor when X-rays revealed bony growths on the boy's ankles. "A condition like this takes time."

When Cornelius Warmerdam told his coach, Flint Hanner, the bad news, the latter bellowed: "*You* give up? The *Hell* you say! Why, you're just getting started. You're gonna give the boys some records to shoot at before you get through."

When the boy was three, his parents, who had come from Holland thirty-five years ago, moved to a California fruit ranch. At grammar school in the town of Hardwick two miles away, Principal O. A. Roush taught him the knack of swinging over a crossbar, and before he had finished he was vaulting eight feet.

In Hanford high school, coached by Henry T. Anderson, he had cleared 12 feet by his senior year. Graduating from high school at sixteen, Dutch went back to work on the Warmerdam ranch, which wasn't producing enough to send him or his two elder brothers to college. At the edge of the orchard, alongside the road between two rows of spinach, Cornelius smoothed off the ground for a runway and erected standards for vaulting.

One day Bud Blosser, a sporting goods salesman from Bakersfield, was amazed to see a boy in farm overalls breezing over a bar 13 feet high. He hastily passed the good word to Flint Hanner of Fresno State College, where Dutch, with a job as caretaker on the athletic field, enrolled.

At Fresno he rose to 13 feet as a freshman, 13:10 as a sophomore, and 14 as a junior before the accident at the Drake Relays that finished him for the season and almost for keeps. He came back as a senior, and reached a height of 14:7 5-8.

Continuing at Fresno State in '38 to earn his degree in physical education, he was eligible for varsity competition and so joined the Olympic Club team in San Francisco, coached by Charlie Hunter. In the A.A.U. Championship in '38 he tied with George Varoff and Kenny Dills of Southern California at 14:5½, but he had the fewest misses and won the title. Varoff shoved him back to second in '39, but Dutch won easily in '40 with a new world's record of 15 feet, 1⅛ inches.

After a year of post graduate study at Stanford, for two years Warmerdam taught geometry, history, English and dramatics in Summerville high school in Toulumne. He kept up his vaulting and work on the horizontal bars and parallels. He found hurdle work beneficial in developing a uniform stride and putting spring into his left, the take-off, leg, besides developing kick in the right leg which starts the vault upswing.

When he hit his famous 15 feet 7¼ inches in the Boston A.A. Games, February 14, it was the sixteenth time he had cleared 15 feet or better. Describing his triumphs, sports writers laid it on with "brilliant," and "sensational." This is true of his vaulting, but not his personality. Self confidence of a quiet determined sort has helped bring him up the ladder. Also he is intelligent, loyal, and modest. But as to the athletic "it" known as color, no. He is so self-effacing that until he hit 15 feet nobody paid much attention to him.

How does he do it? It's easy, according to Dutch. "A fast approach is essential," he says. "I use a run of from 135 to 140 feet. I have two check marks, one at 119 feet from the take-off and one at 70 feet, and I hit each with my right foot. I hit the 70-foot mark at full speed and keep this up until I hit the box. I try to get both hands directly above my take-off foot and delay swinging my legs up just an instant in order to take full advantage of the 'whip.' I shove my legs as high as possible, at the same time pulling hard with both arms. As the legs go higher the pull of the arms changes to a push, and as soon as the maximum push is expended against the pole, the hands, and particularly the elbows, are thrown up and out of the way of the crossbar, while the legs come down."

"Once you get your form in the groove," he adds, "the important thing is speed. By hard work I have reduced my sprint in the hundred from 13 seconds to 10.5. I think I've just about reached my limit. I've moved up my grip in the last two years from 13 feet 2 inches to 13 feet 10 inches, and I believe that one of these days on an unusually fast runway and with no wind I'll be able to move my grip up to 14 feet and do better."

On May 23 at Modesto, California, he raised the record to 15 feet 7¾ inches. ##

FUTILITY

by PHIL STACK

I wish that I could come to you tonight
And find myself both debonair and cool.
No more to tremble strangely in your sight.
No more to play the fitting role of fool . . .
I wish that I could speak without regret
Of all the ecstasy that now is gone,
Yet toast the magic moment that we met
And share with you the warning of the dawn;
For then I'd softly touch my lips to yours
And wish your newest lad my very best,
Then whisper that no lovely thing endures
And hint of some mysterious, fragrant quest;
But why indulge in all this wishful thinking?
One look at you and I'd start sinking . . . sinking . . .

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 79

incompetent henchmen and permit promoters who are right politically to get away with 'murder.' Sport should be sport, and not big business."

Earl Ruby, *Louisville Courier-Journal*, said: "The United States always has needed a nation-wide movement toward family-group playgrounds in every neighborhood, including facilities for swimming, tennis, table tennis, badminton, horseshoe pitching, swings, see-saws, sliding boards. If we have these we won't need any organized, regimented group stuff."

"If we want to have a healthy nation," wrote **David A. DeLong,** *Allentown Evening Chronicle*, "we must take the millions out of the stands and let them be athletes. Too many of our directorial bodies in sport are more interested in keeping their sport exclusive, in concentrating on the few better athletes, and in making money."

"Sports have been, are, and will continue to be a magnificent means of realizing the physical culture of the individual, as an indispensable complement to his spiritual faculties," wrote **Rafael Larco Herrera,** editor *La Cronica*, Lima, Peru. "But in most cases sports have had a tendency toward professionalism, thus dissipating their prime objective. The physical culture which was a precious gift in ancient times is not based on true ethics; that is to say, it does not tend to become the spiritual complement of the masses; and this is without doubt due to the failure of a moral education which has caused the loss of its best values, as physical aptitude, without spiritual aptitude, is not sufficient to point out a definite and constructive course to the individual. From this it can be concluded that the efficacy of sports in the construction of the world of the future depends on the education of men and women resting solidly on morality and citizenship, without which any civilization will fail."

"Today," wrote **Albert Gaucher,** Trois-Rivieres, Quebec, *Le Nouvelliste*, "sports were perfected, modernized, commercialized and racketeered. In past time, athletes received crowns of laurels, played for honor, gifts and banked, that's all. Nowadays, nothing for nothing. Sport is a career. Nothing without contracts, good subscription. Amateurs and professionals are swell paid. It's disproportionated. Materialism brought victory on spiritualism in many countries. Athletes play for their salary. Incidentally, after-war brought very much changements for the best of all sports and for the public who paid very much money to see, to support athletes and promoters, for the benefit, the spirit of all sports. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Not exaggeration, but moderation."

Figures on whether the nation should have permanently a stronger policy on athletics showed the following favorable response: The public, 77.55 per cent; Sportscasters, 66.77 per cent; Sports Editors, 76.63 per cent; Advertising Executives, 61.66 per cent.

Among the officers at Wright Field, 92.84% voted in favor of a strong permanent physical fitness program in this country. As **Captain D. J. Wilkins** said: "Universal participation in some form of sports must be promoted as an essential part of education."

Just how such a result could be brought about was the next subject on the docket. About 35 per cent of the people feel that a rehabilitation of the present athletic organizational set-up is in order. **Tait Cummins,** *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, was in agreement, explaining: "This opens up an interesting study of existing brass hats with their silly and asinine governing of such sports as tennis, track (with emphasis on the A.A.U. hierarchy), boxing (again with a bow to the chicanery and politics of A.A.U. heads both high and low). If it were possible to remove the lure of the dollar sign—and it probably isn't—without governmental control of some sort, that would be preferable. Every man connected with the sports writing game is familiar with the pompous little figures who strut their importance enforcing rules, meanwhile watching every angle to pick up a few bucks."

Frederick Ware, *Omaha World-Herald*, looked to the colleges for new leadership. "Certain organizations like the I.A.A.F. and A.A.U. need renovating," he said. "I look for the colleges to exert more and more authority over amateur sports. They are damned well qualified, too. Remembering well the years after the last war and what they have produced I am henceforth the bearer of a flaming torch for preparedness—call it an international cop force, a league of nations' gendarmerie or what you will—just so it's a strong, peace-maintaining arm."

"Let's take advantage of this war to arrive at a uniform standard of amateurism in sport," suggested **Lynn Callaway,** *Moline Dispatch*, "in which the colleges and the A.A.U. and all other sports groups will be united. There should be a National Athletic Union with a constitution which will govern tennis as well as

Continued on page 122

VAT 69
IN AGE AND TASTE —
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RAINWEAR
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-120

boxing, football as well as golf and which will establish once and for all when a man (or woman) is a pro or an amateur."

"'Rehabilitation of present sports control bodies' is good," wrote **Howard De Freitas,** Middletown, New York, *Times-Herald.* "I believe this phrase, in substance, hits the very nail on the head. Here in New York State, state-controlled boards have well-nigh ruined sports in the high schools, the place where boys and girls alike either begin to develop themselves in proper physical manner; or else participate in half-hearted fashion in such sports as ping pong and shuffleboard and therefore turn out as relatively poor physical specimens. What we need in the high schools is a rigorous athletic program involving every pupil; but too, we need a lifting of the restrictions now checking interscholastic competition. This has had much to do with making the current youth of America soft. It's time for action."

The vote on the need of rehabilitation of our athletic set-up showed the following percentages in favor of it: The public 32.65 per cent; Sportscasters, 37.51 per cent; Sports Editors, 38.32 per cent; Advertising Executives, 35.55 per cent. The question of government control of sports naturally came up next, with the following percentages recommending this step: The public, 18.37 per cent; Sportscasters, 6.25 per cent; Sports Editors, 16.82 per cent; Advertising Executives, 15.03 per cent.

Frederic R. Coudert, American representative on the International Olympic Committee, recommended: "Governmental encouragement, but not governmental control. No nation can afford to go soft, and all young people should not only have the opportunity, but be under obligation to attain bodily excellence, which is inseparable from mental poise. These together will greatly aid in making the useful, self-reliant American of the future." **Joe Szafran,** Oil City, Pennsylvania, *Blizzard*, said: "General MacArthur spoke from experience when he emphasized the worth of competitive athletics in the training of soldiers. For that reason I believe that a more diversified nation-wide sports program, with Uncle Sam at the helm, should be adopted."

George Sutherland, WFCI, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, suggested that: "The United States should create a permanent sports commission for the encouragement of sports, exercising care, however, to allow various sports to govern themselves and direct their own activities. Instead of being allowed to drift, the aggressive co-operation of a government commission or board with financial under-written support where necessary should solve the problem."

"Governmental assistance is important," said **Francis E. Regan,** Rome, New York, *Sentinel*, "especially in the smaller communities whose stadia, athletic fields, swimming pools, etc. are products of federal grants. Following the last war the trend in this country seemed to be to scrap everything military and among many of the young sophisticates there developed a tendency to scoff at the purely physical. It was much easier to guzzle gin with some flaming flapper than to keep in training for the football team. Heaven forbid a repetition."

Pat Flaherty, WOAI, San Antonio, felt that: "A Federal Administrator of sports is a long-needed item in the American sports program." **W. J. Krebs,** Kansas City, also thought that: "Health and physical fitness have a national importance in time of peace as well as war, and there is no reason why Sports and Games should not be worthy of a "Chair" in the President's cabinet."

On the other hand, **Ross Wallace,** Des Moines, thought: "Sports without fun and comradeship are work. Government regulation might take these elements out of sports." **Ed Wray,** *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, also was opposed to government interference. "Our way of life," he said, "athletically speaking, proved a success in the past. Why not in the future? It made the United States pre-eminent in most cases, in events of international character. Improved methods of control may be needed here and there. But as to government regulation—Horrors!"

"I feel that whether we like it or not, there *will* be greater government regulation of sports (as of everything else)." wrote **Ross D. Breniser,** Philadelphia. "It will be made part of a government plan for the strengthening physically and morally of the whole people. In our sports, we must have more actives and fewer spectators."

"I think what we need most in this country," wrote **Fred Digby,** *New Orleans Item*, "is a compulsory physical training program in the grade schools. This probably calls for government regulation and financing, but it's the way to build for a healthier nation. As we go at the moment, a youngster gets little or no corrective exercises or physical training in our

Continued on page 124

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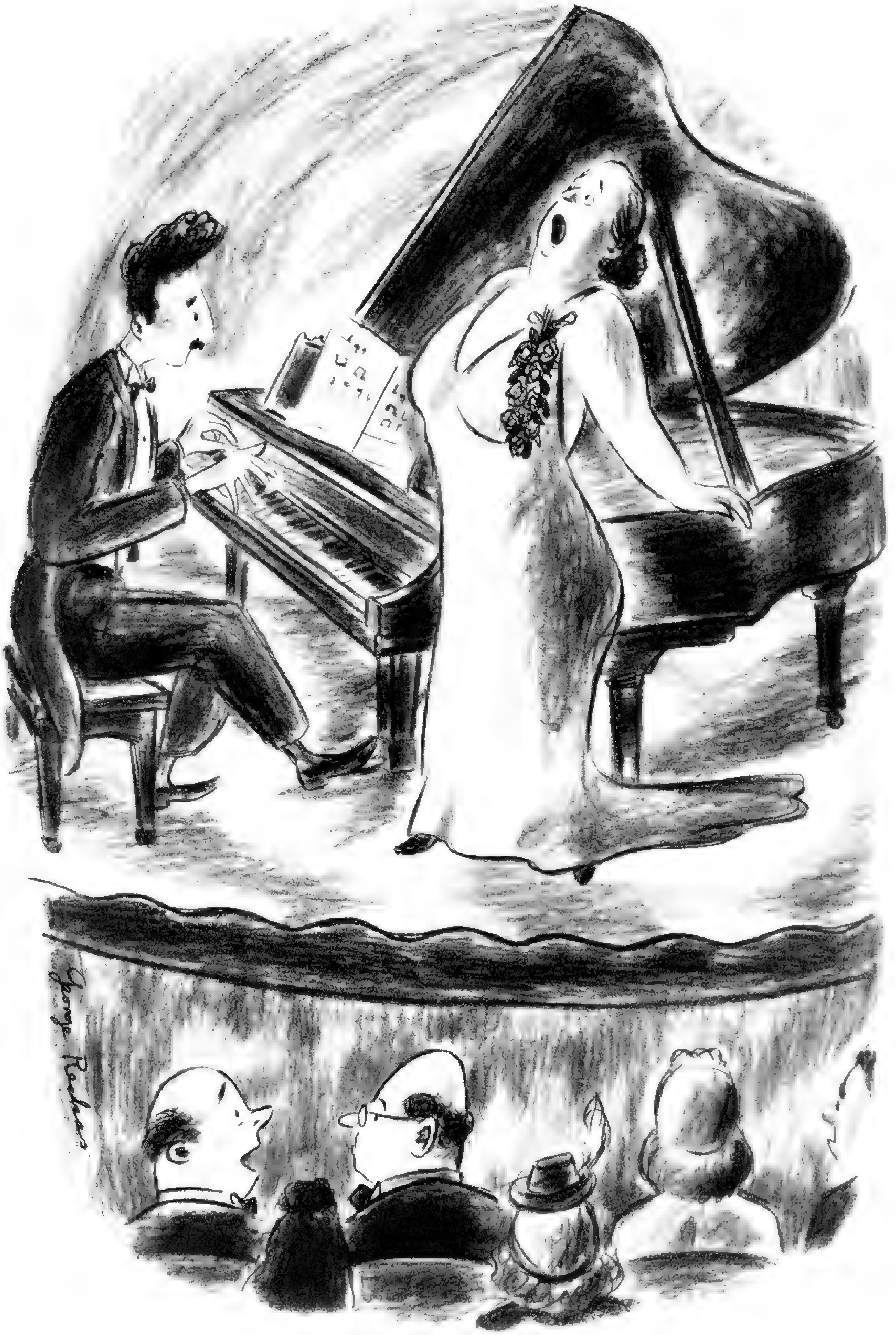
George Rosher

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 79-120-122

elementary schools. Government regulation or supervision of the entire program—from the elementary grades, through high school, and college, and then the period after college—may be the only solution. There would be great opposition to it, I imagine—especially from the N.C.A.A. and A.A.U. Such a program would cost a pretty penny, but a nation that can spend billions upon billions for war, should be sensible enough to spend a few millions to prevent war. Certainly we should never drift back into the old habits or faults, but we will do it unless steps are taken *now* to develop a physical education program in the elementary schools."

On the other hand, **Irving "Bump" Hadley,** who pitched for the New York Yankees from 1936 to 1940 and now broadcasts for Radio Station WBZ, Boston, felt that: "Usual sports activities have in the past been quite satisfactory. Without military training, the youth of our country through sports develop competitive spirit and physical fitness. As a result, compulsory military training has never been necessary here."

"There is no need for government controlled sports," agreed **Ira Seebacher,** *New York Morning Telegraph.* "The very words have a connotation that smacks of the thing we are now fighting to erase. And as for creating new sports bodies, what would be the use? The same stuffed-shirts would appear, no matter what the committees were called."

Percentages in the poll for continuing the old ways of informal drifting in sports were: The public, 16.23 per cent; Sportscasters, 16.66 per cent; Sports Editors, 10.28 per cent; Advertising Executives, 18.72 per cent. Favorable response attended the question: "Will the need for a permanent preparedness enforce a continuation of our present war-time policy of stressing sports?" The figures were: The public, 42.85 per cent; Sportscasters, 72.91 per cent; Sports Editors, 58.87 per cent; Advertising Executives, 45.09 per cent. Comparatively few people expressed a belief in any prospect of future disarmament, the percentages supporting the theory being: The public, 12.24 per cent; Sportscasters, 4.16 per cent; Sports Editors, 3.74 per cent; Advertising Executives, 4.45 per cent.

"I believe that after this present world conflict is over," wrote **Jimmy Dooley,** WHBC, Canton, Ohio, "circumstances will be such that military training will be compulsory and also that general preparedness will be continually in the active stage. Therefore, sports in the sense of keeping the public physically sound, may be stressed to even a greater degree than they are now." **Al Jennings,** WTMC, Ocala, Florida, said: "The words 'physical fitness' will never again be forgotten. The government should work with physical instructors to keep America fit." **King Harmon,** KGVO, Missoula, Montana, reminded: "Pacifists, (and we'll always have them among us) will rise up and cry to high heavens when this is over demanding the abolition of military training; but if we listen to them after our most recent lessons we don't deserve to be called an intelligent race of people. A military program backed by an organized program of sports is the answer."

"The praise heaped upon athletes by the Army, Navy and Marines," wrote **John O'Donnell,** *Davenport Democrat & Leader,* "leaves no doubt about the value of our athletic programs. Sports will be bigger and better than ever in the future. The drive will be to include almost everybody in the all-out sports programs, to have teams for more than the varsity."

"I am thoroughly in favor of sports and every form of outdoor and indoor exercise," wrote **Struthers Burt,** "but one by one I have seen them ruined and commercialized and made too expert for the average man or woman by the fierce American love of organization, competition and perfection. Take skiing, for instance. When I used to live in Wyoming all year, it was the way we got about in the winter, and it's a lovely, solitary, exquisite way of getting about, and a lovely, solitary, exquisite sport. Look at the damned thing now. And so it goes. I don't know what can be done about it. On the other hand, general physical training for a nation is imperative, both in war and peace. But that doesn't mean competitive sports, since sports are after all a relaxation. Perhaps the answer is a standing army and universal military service. The latter is almost sure to come and will take care of the physical condition of our young men."

Said **C. B. McAbee,** Corinth, Mississippi, *Daily Corinthian*: "Sports should receive more stress after the war because we will never know in the future when we will be again 'stabbed in the back.' Sports will condition men to meet such an attack." **Marshall Blake,** Oskaloosa, Iowa, urged: "By all means, sports for everybody, from the kindergarten up—participating sports; a healthy body breeds a healthy mind. Perhaps some of our cocky, too healthy optimism on the eventual outcome of the war springs from the American 'Do or die for dear old Alma Mater' spirit that puts us in the frame of mind that *we* will always come through victorious like some Horatio Alger hero. However, it is this sports-fostered will to win that makes Americans different from the slave nations; and, thus, I think sports should be inaugurated for all, back in the kindergarten." ##

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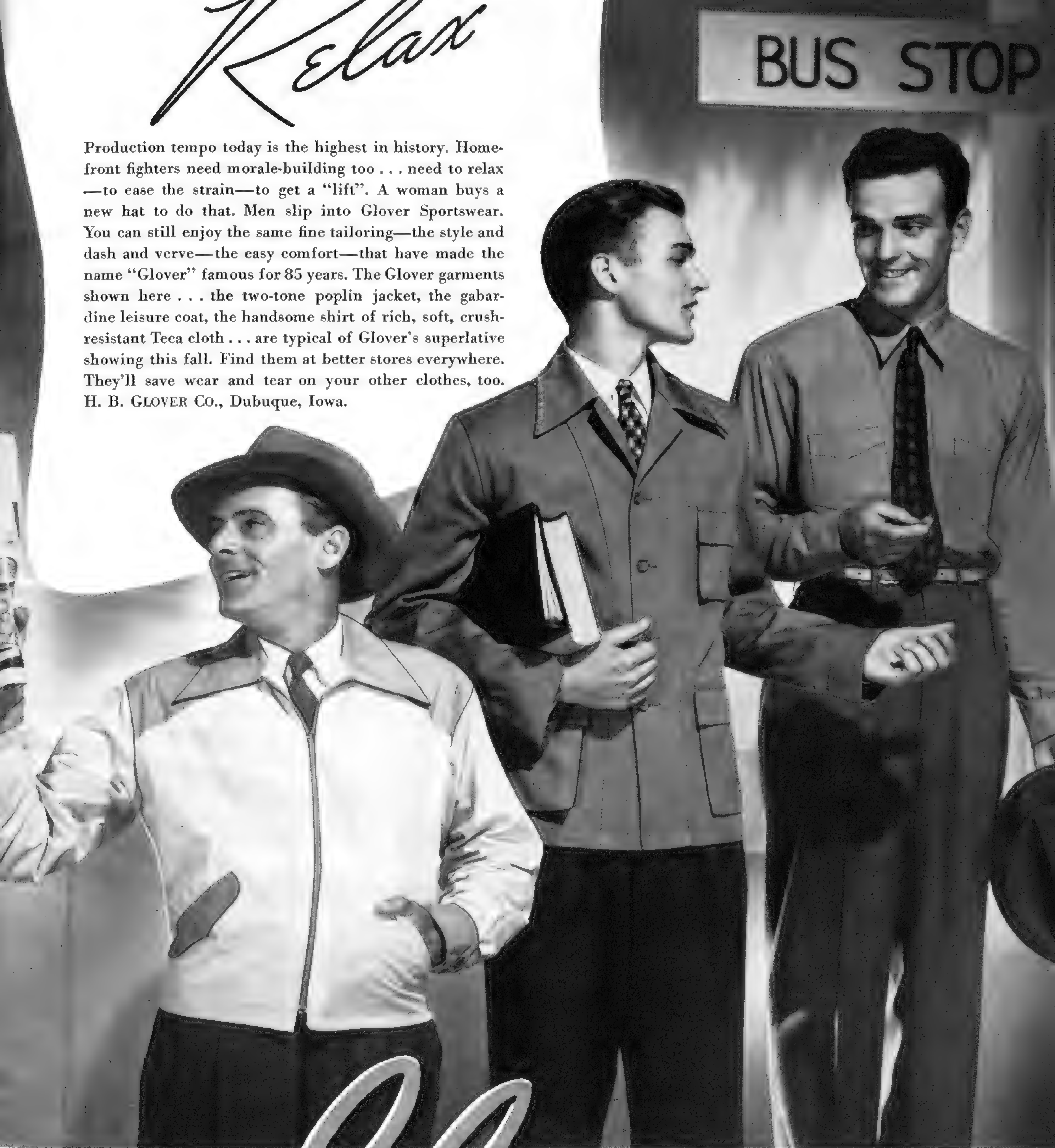

PORTSWEAR BY *Glover*

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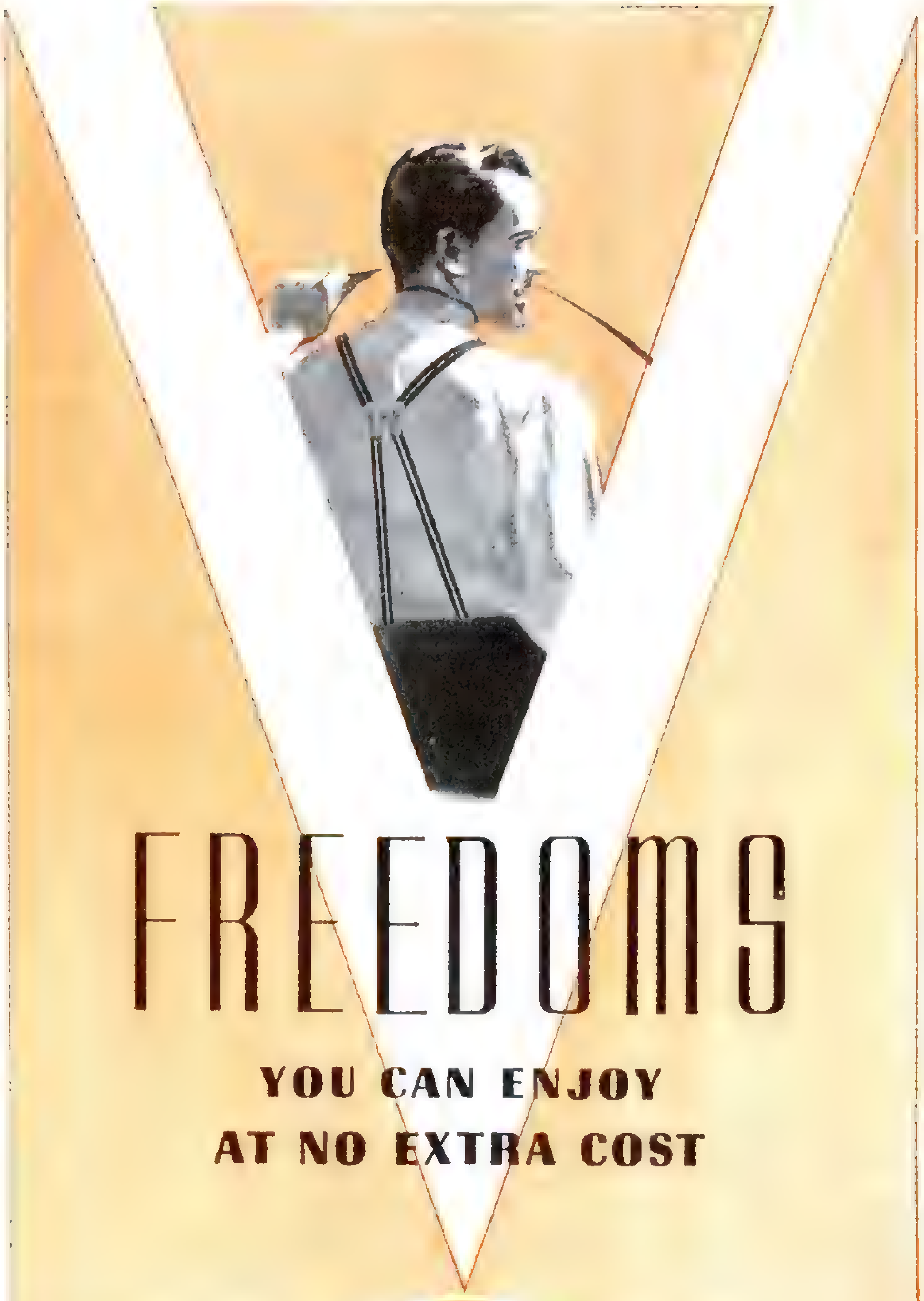
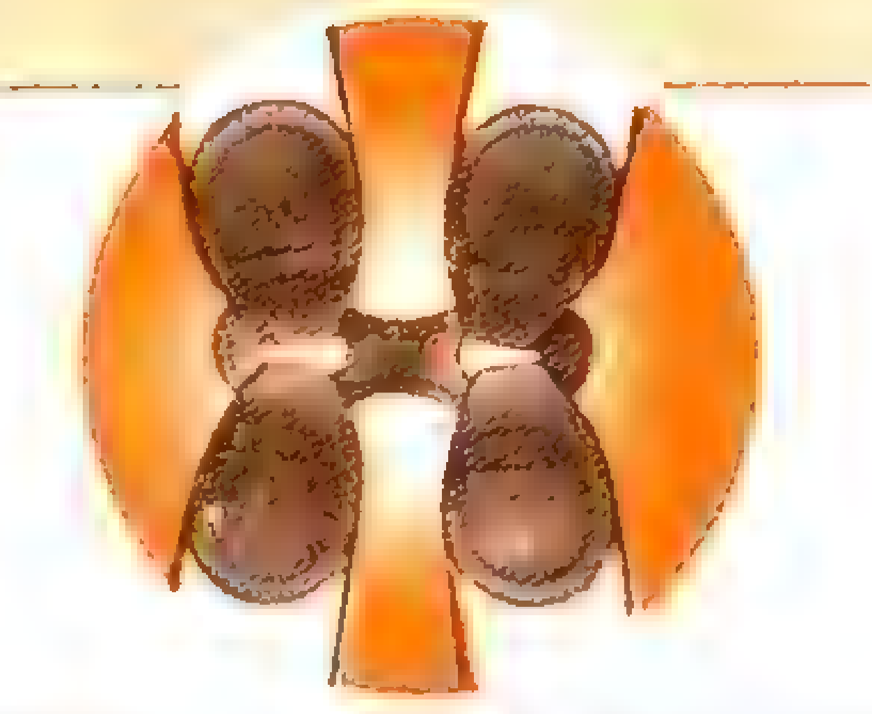
SHIRTS . . . SPORTSWEAR . . . PAJAMAS





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THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

The Esquaportable Shelter

Continued from page 64

mind that this will-o'-the-wisp shelter is in no wise bounded by convention, or on four sides. You can twist it, like a tube of toothpaste, into any kind of kiosk that fits your fancy. You can paint on it the wild, fevered designs that festoon the totem poles of the Northwest coast, the wats of Rangoon, and the ghats of the Punjab. If you are a fisherman at heart, specify a huge, flying, grinning gar; if you hunt, a mural depicting the Aard-vark at play, or the okapi galloping in search of a two-toed sloth.

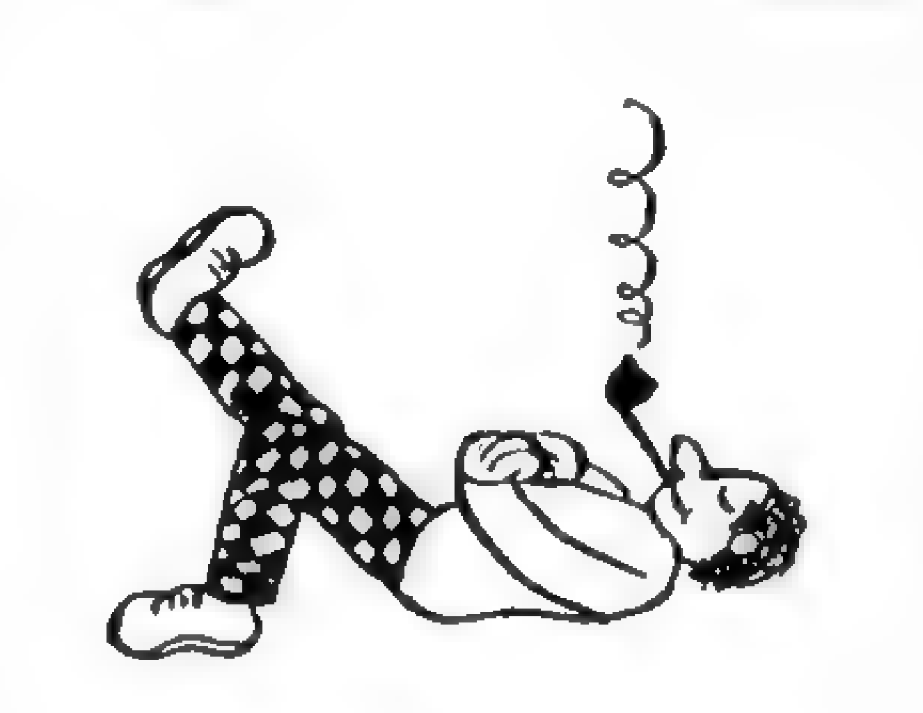
For simple elegance and affectation, you might settle for a façade composed of your initials.

* * *

Now as to specifications: to keep initial costs to a minimum, and portability at a premium, floor area has been confined to 9 x 7. Ceiling height is 7 feet. But no feeling of confinement exists, because of the structure's "openness."

The chief structural material is pressed-wood; for this boarding is perhaps least subject to priorities. This is no guarantee that the material is going to be available in abundant quantities at the time you make up your mind to order half a gross of these miracle-whip *chez moi*. It does mean, however, that probabilities, if not priorities, are in your favor. Sooner or later even tears will be rationed; and Esquire, for all its good will, is no substitute for Koschei, the Magician.

Windows, for the time being, are to be of glass—for although glass is frangible, it is also available. Plastics are not. The proposed windows, however, are not ordinary glass—nothing as prosaic as that. These are semi-coated windows, shutting out any view from the outside in; but giving full outlook on the nubile beauties which, perchance, should sport themselves before your guileless eye. It follows, of course, that in preparing guest houses for such happy stay-overs as the Misses Rita Hayworth, or Virginia Bruce, you will reverse at least one glass . . . so that beauty will not blush unseen.



Oil Note

What America needs is more pipe lines and fewer pipe dreams.

Weight has been kept down within the gossamer reaches of the dandelion puff. The house, neatly folded together, could be lifted by a girl still in pigtails. It can be transported on top of a bicycle, or rolled about on a little cart made from Oswald's Erector set.

As for setting up: the mechanics are elementary. First you lay out the rigid floor . . . in sections. A few bolts and nuts bind these together. You set up the center mast, drive four stakes, tighten the turnbuckles on the guy wires.

The four sides are then unfolded. Each is put in its proper place, loosely bolted. The roof is unfolded, and fastened to booms which project from the mast. The roof overhangs the walls.

At this point you stop, survey your handiwork, and send a boy for a couple of beers. Properly refreshed, you stand on a stack of Esquires, or a friend's back, and bolt the sides to the roof.

Your work is now finished. Nothing is left to do but make things tight; and this is quickly accomplished with a pair of pliers, some soda . . . and a bottle of spirits. You are now set, if not sotted. Roll into your bed . . . and go to sleep.

* * *

An imaginative bit of attention to engineering details will adapt this structure to a variety of emergency uses. Suppose, for example, you need shelter on cold days—say for a ski shack, a winter hunting lodge. In no time at all, you can provide the walls and roof with heavy insulation. Simply take a week's collection of newspapers; nail them, 48 pages thick, to the walls. In severe climates, two editions of the *Sunday Times* should overlap one another.

If viewing old news leaves you cold, the Associated Press murals can be decorously covered with raffia or straw matting.

Too much never can be said about the importance of privacy-shelter; it is as psychologically important in American life as automobiles and movies. In fact, a large part of the escape value of automobiles and movies derives from the fact that most members of the American family are sick and tired of one another. But since there is only one home, the movie house and the parked car have had to fill in very nicely.

How often have you bored yourself through several hours of second-rate double features . . . simply "to get out of the house." How often have you parked on a crowded road, battled mosquitoes, blinked through glaring beams . . . for the simple, though debatable pleasures of would-be sanctuary.

It's not yet practicable to do away with the family. But it's a snap to multiply the home. Order a stack of these dilly-dally chalets and divide yourself into as many camps as you please. Privacy is yours for the asking.

Dramatize the possibilities, gentlemen. "Take another house with you, on your way home."

"Summering on the Coast? Well, Telegraph a house via Postal." #

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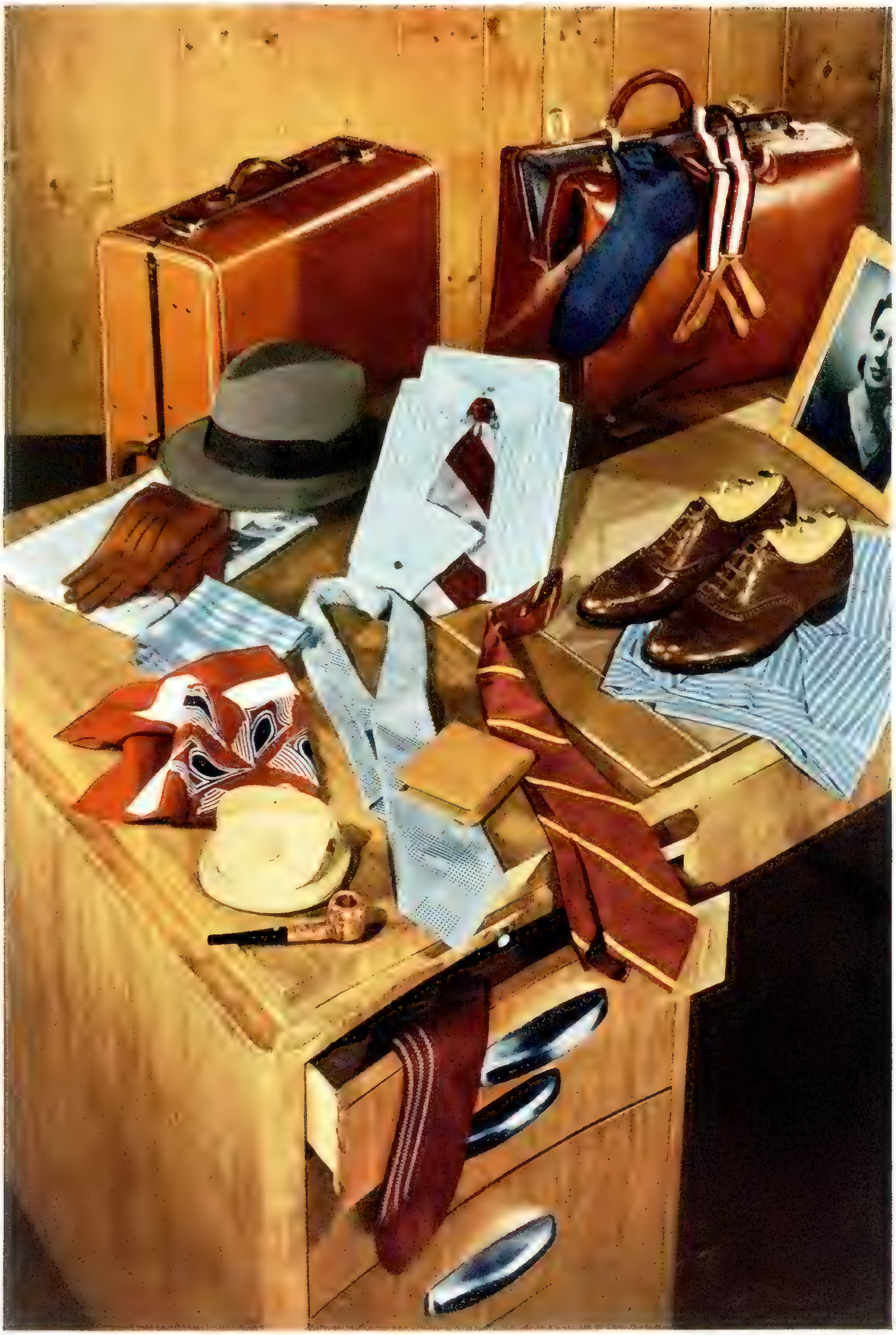


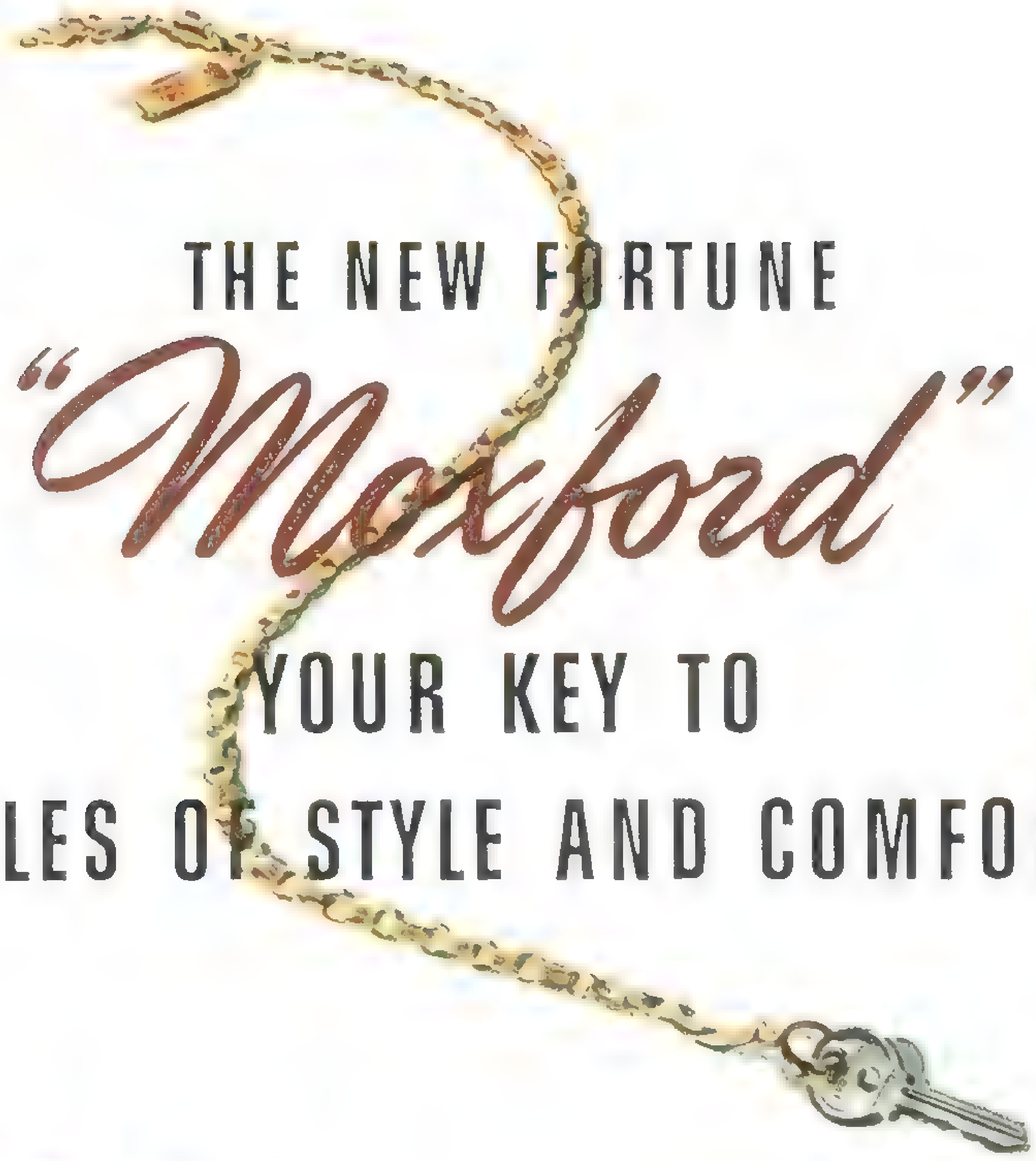
DESK SHOWN THROUGH COURTESY OF W. & J. SLOANE, NEW YORK CITY

KODACHROME BY HOWARD S. REDELL

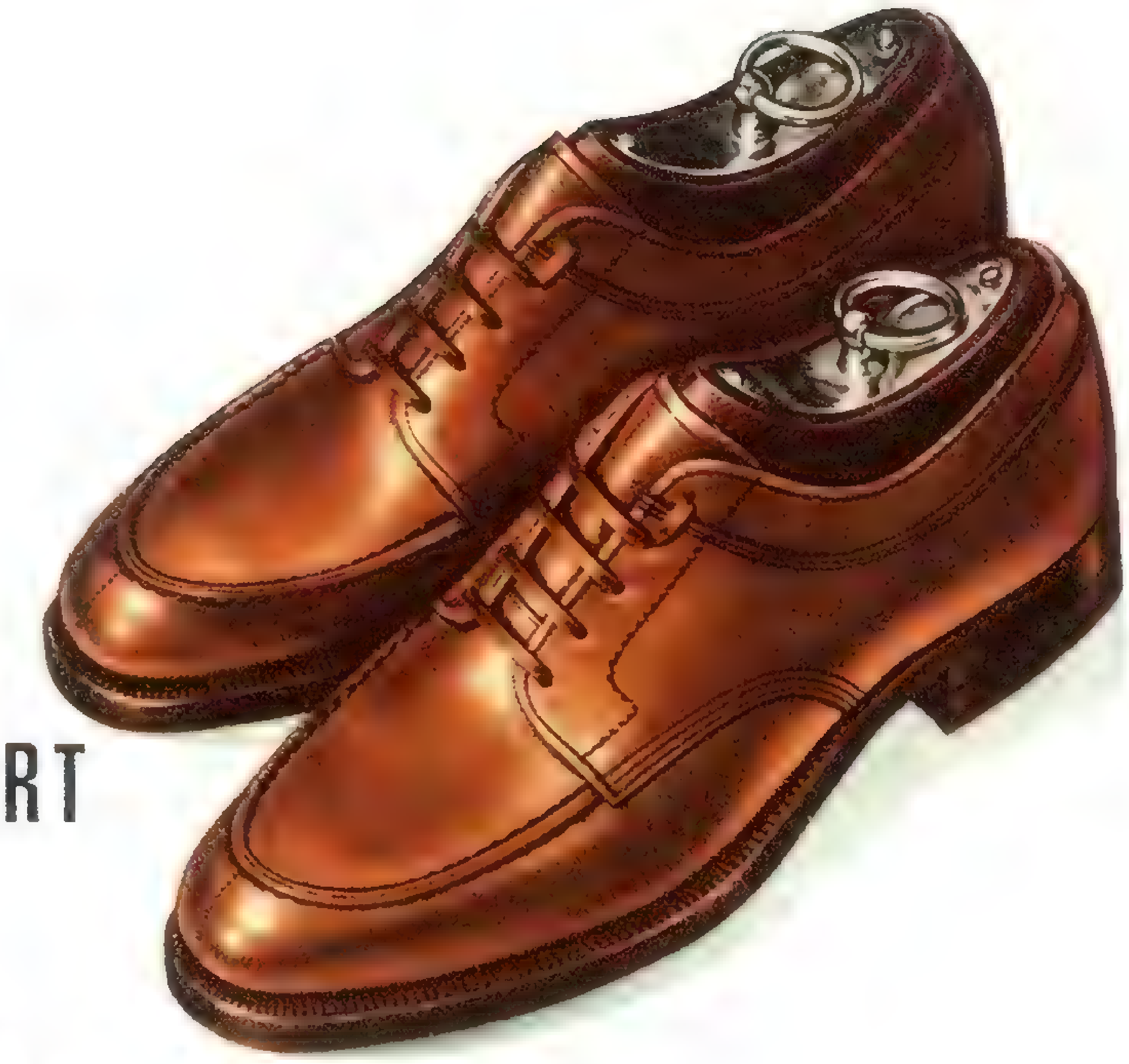
accredited accessories for business

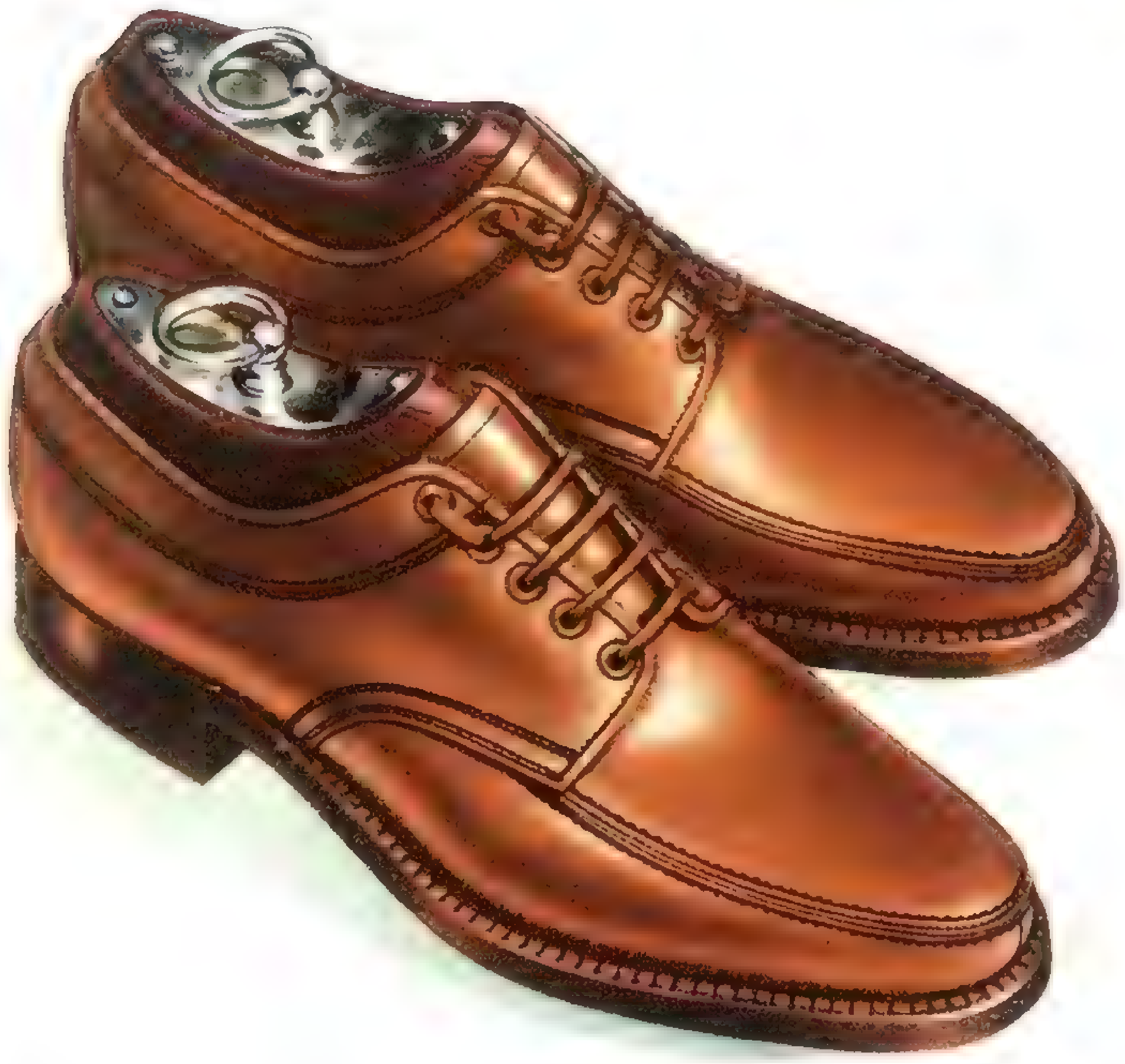
To save you time in choosing accessories for wear to the office or en route, we assembled the group in this photograph. They are right with a blue or a grey suit. The broadcloth shirt sets off the wide-striped tie of non-crushable silk. The plaid tie, incorporating the Glen Urquhart design, and the striped repp are accepted alternates. The colors of linen handkerchiefs are complementary. The felt hat with welt edge brim, hand-stitched capeskin gloves and town last shoes form an alliance in tones of brown. The pajamas under the shoes are broadcloth. Half hose offer a change of pace in vertical and horizontal patterns. The ribbon suspenders show sharp color contrasts. Also illustrated: pipe, pigskin pouch and wallet, fountain pen, leather picture frame, bag and suitcase.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



THE NEW FORTUNE "Moxford" YOUR KEY TO MILES OF STYLE AND COMFORT





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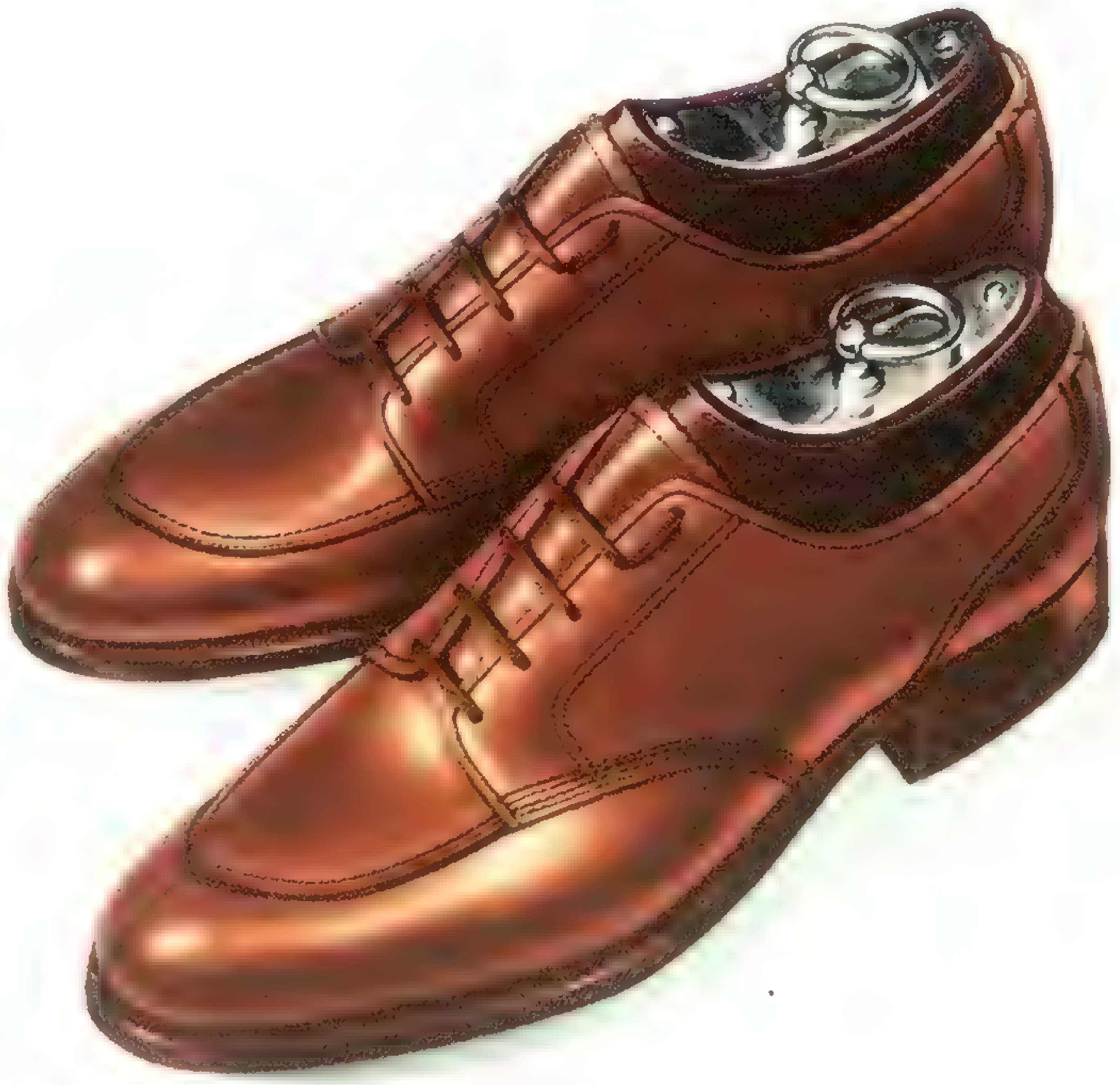

● *Above: Style No. 6767. "Moxford" with an extra comfort feature—"built-in flexibility."* ● *Above, right: Style No. 6106. The smart blucher pattern "Moxford" with saddle stitching on tip.* ● *Below, right: Style No. 6139. "Moxford" with the Fortun-Aire cushion insole from heel to toe.*

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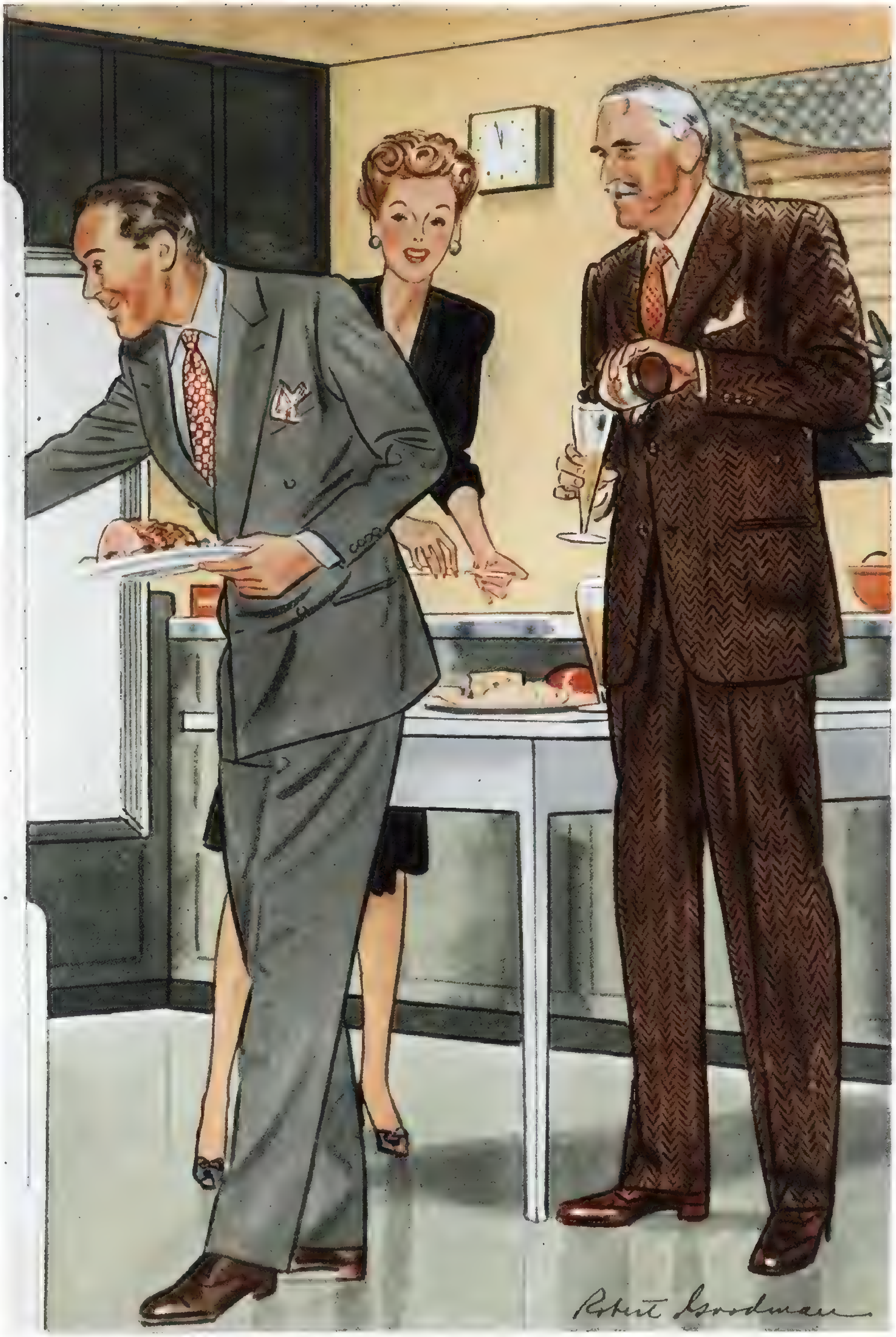
SOME STYLES HIGHER

STEP INTO A FORTUNE — YOUR KEY TO A WEALTH OF SATISFACTION



three at the home plate

"Well, Baby, I guess you know by now I married you for your swell cookin!" . . . Here are three midnight snackers Americana who believe that home is where the range is, and whose favorite game since childhood has been "Tap the Icebox." The first kitchen cutup wears a staple grey flannel suit with a double-breasted jacket and no waistcoat. His trimmin's include a pale blue broadcloth shirt, patterned tie, oxblood red border stripe handkerchief, and a plate of leftover ham. His shoes are dark brown with straight tips. The fellow prowler who pours himself a tall brew is at home in a Graphite Brown tweed suit, and if you will notice, chillun', the jacket is shorter and the trousers are narrower to suit the golden rules of Mr. Henderson. His tan oxford shirt allies the colors of the Glen Urquhart plaid wool tie with the tone of the suit, and his wing tip shoes are custom last.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Bob and Madame White

Continued from page 44

for me. Nor, sadly enough, will it be for the majority of men, no matter how well endowed they may be with what are facetiously called, these days, the world's riches. From here on in we all have a "job of work" to do—as my Yankee neighbors put it.

With everyone working at top speed, periods of recreation are doubly needed, even if they be but short interludes. A few hours spent in the open air will do more to restore a man's perspective than all the vitamin pills and synthetic exercises he can soak up. The gunner won't have to be told how to employ his spare time—not when the season is open. And he will be doing something more than merely finding diversion. He will be keeping in practice against the day when his services might be needed in home defense. This refers, of course, to old gents of fifty, sixty and on up. Now you take a fellow who has been throwing shot at quail, grouse and woodcock for years, hand him a rifle and tell him to guard a bridge or defense plant. You can just see it, can't you? He'd know right where to hold, how to time the shot and everything.

Maybe it is stretching things a bit far to say that Bobwhite is going to play a part in national defense, but I'll take a chance. He will do it by luring a lot of fellows out into the field who otherwise might find little of value to occupy their spare time. Those who are fortunate enough to live in the South will have many happy hours during a long winter season. Maybe they will take their sport on foot, leaving the horses at home. They may even hike to the covers because the car no longer has rubber. So much the better for their muscles. They will be a lot hardier than the lazy fellow they tell about who rode a long-eared mule afield. Accompanying him was a little darky on a smaller mule. The dogs came to a point and as the men rode up, the languid gunner, not relishing the idea of dismounting, said to the colored boy, "Sam, can I shoot from this mule?" Sam rolled his eyes thoughtfully and after some hesitation replied, "Yassuh, you kin shoot from dat mule—once!"

Pretty soon the football upsets will be coming thick and fast, and the sports experts will know how the military experts feel.

Though the cream of the quail shooting is located in the deep South that's only part of the picture—the part about which we hear the most. Jump up just a little bit on the map and construct a belt starting with Virginia and ending away out in Nevada. It covers a lot of territory and in most of it Bobwhite is a prominent citizen. Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and, of course, down into Texas. This is the great middle zone where quail shooting is whittled down to a status calculated to fit into everyone's life. In every town and village you will see pointers and setters, ranging from bench dogs to lean flea-bitten examples. They have one thing in common; they know quail.

Above this belt lies the northern zone: Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, New York and New England. Here quail shooting is spotty and unorthodox, it's uncertain and it's rigorous. For those very reasons the sport is wholly fascinating.

Bobwhite is a hardy soul. Give him agricultural land, semi-wooded country, swamps and hilly uplands and he will squeak out a living. He is resistant to the diseases that periodically wipe out most of the grouse and can thrive in the midst of hawks, weasels and other vermin. He can stand an astonishing amount of cold; but one enemy he cannot combat—deep snows. Unlike the grouse, the quail is an almost exclusive ground feeder and when the earth is blanketed deeply the game is up. For this one big reason we can never hope to have consistently good quail shooting in the North.

But in spite of winter we do have sport in the North and much of it of a very fair order. Pennsylvania and New Jersey, having less severe weather, might be expected to yield good annual crops of birds. Long Island and that part of Connecticut adjacent to the Sound is favorable, too. The birds thrive in Rhode Island and very good sport may usually be had on Cape Cod and parts of Massachusetts near the sea. What may come as a surprise to some gunners unfamiliar with the East is the rather startling fact that we have a quail season in Vermont and New Hampshire. The reason—and there must be a reason, when you take into consideration the savage winters we have up this way—is that for many years quail have been bred artificially and planted in covers, as are pheasants. In addition, feeding stations are established during the winter and many birds that would otherwise have perished come through in fine shape.

In the North Bobwhite is a welcome addition to the mixed bag and most gunners consider the bird in this light. It is difficult to find anything prettier, say, than a fine old grouse, two or three woodcock and a pair of plump Bobwhites. With such a bag the shoot-

Continued on page 132

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Bob and Madame White

Continued from pages 44-131

ing man's cup is full.

I think of the Connecticut covers of a decade ago, of my consistent shooting partner, John Holman, and of the merry chases we were led into by white-throated Bob and his demure lady. It seems that Bob always popped up somewhere, even when he was far from our thoughts. Like the time we drove the car into a gravel pit with the intention of parking it and hiking over to a piece of woodcock cover. I looked out of the window and saw, on a gravelly slope as though mounted, a quail. It did not move when the motor was shut off. What to do?

John said he would step out of the off side of the car, load the guns and wait for me. We would then emerge at the rear and go into action. In the meantime I was to restrain an enthusiastic pointer, who, fortunately, had no inkling of the plot. It sounded fishy, but there would be no harm in trying. Everything went off fine. Guns were loaded and I managed to push the pointer in the face and close the door without too much of a bang. We peeked around the corner and the quail was still there. We stepped out boldly and a covey of ten or more birds materialized from nowhere and fanned out. I should be modest and blush a little when I write that we each got a double. But I'm not going to. This, after all, was not Southern quail hunting. It was the Northern kind, catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred.

Once you get bitten by the quail bug you will find yourself going to any length to rout out birds. The Northern gunner is right in his element at this sort of thing because for years he has been practicing tricks and dodges which would make an orthodox Southern quail hunter question the fellow's sanity. Cat brier jungles, blackberry patches, rocky moraines, bogs up to your middle—these are nothing if there is a bird ahead. The chap who was trained on ruffed grouse and woodcock can handle a scattergun as adroitly as Wild Bill Hickok feathered a .45 Colt. And he can toss lead as fast and accurately.

We were pleased to see army pay rates jump. There aren't many businesses where a fellow could get a one hundred per cent raise in salary in so brief a time.

When the covey scatters and it's a case of hunting single, in second growth timber or swamp, the grouse gunner is at his best. This is the unorthodox aspect of Northern quail shooting. Down South when the going gets tough you simply give up and find another covey. But in Connecticut or Massachusetts or New York it may take half a day to find a fresh covey. So if you want shooting you'll jolly well plunge in after the singles and take th rough weather along with th sport.

That is the hard side of Northern quail shooting; there is another and pleasanter angle. This is to find the birds in open country, to flush the covey and then to follow singles along old stone fences, through brushy pastures and in lots of standing corn. Ah, those old corn patches! The dog ranges back and forth methodically searching for the telltale scent; corn stalks rattle dryly as he rubs against them. He slows up, makes game and points. Your partner is over to the left. You can't see much because of the standing cornstalks. But soon a little brown bomb will go hurtling skyward and you'll have to work fast. You move in, a step at a time. There is a hollow buzz as Bob jumps from under the dog's nose. The gun is only half way up when he's out of sight. He quarters to the left and you holler mark! Spam, goes your partner's gun, sounding muffled in the corn. "Got him," he calls exultantly, and you grin and go on through the lot.

If you have hunted Bobwhite in the South you will already know something of his habits and this knowledge will be of use. Where the birds roost, at what times they feed, how they act in bad weather and again on fair days, all of this information is indispensable in building up a working technique for successful Northern quail shooting.

In hunting Bobwhite over a period of years I have found that ten o'clock in the morning is usually early enough to start. Birds seldom move much before that time, especially in frosty weather. And fair, bracing days are much to be preferred to any others. When there is a high wind blowing quail are apt to prove as cranky as jacksnipe and dive into heavy cover at the first flush. Late in the season when there is light snow on the ground good sport may be had if the weather is not too cold. Birds will be out in the open feeding and will usually lie well to the dog. I remember one weedy pasture, grown up to sweetfern and hardhack, where I could always bank on finding birds after the first snow of the season.

When the covey has broken and you've had your first shots (and birds in your coats, I hope) it is a good time to sit on a log, fill your pipe and think how lucky you are. Don't be impatient to follow the birds. It's pleasant to sit there in the October sunshine, puff serenely and look at the white clouds drifting across an azure sky. And all the time you are doing yourself a favor, because the scattered birds will have moved about and left scent for the dogs to pick up. Presently you will hear the sharp, sweet-toned call note of a quail. *Where are you?* it inquires. It's time to knock the ashes out—step on them well, incidentally—and move on to the sport ahead.

Dogs and guns have been left to the last, because there isn't a whole lot that can be said which won't apply to other phases of Northern upland gunning. What sort of dog is best? Well, what kind of dog have you? That's about the only answer there is. If he is a shark on grouse and woodcock he'll do—pointer or setter. Or springer. I have killed many a bag of quail over a smart springer. If you have the type of dog that your partner crabs about in grouse hunting—a fast, incautious beast that gallops over the ground like a jeep car you may be positively lucky. For Bobwhite, under ordinary conditions, lies exceedingly close and is not prone to flush wild. A fast dog will cover acres of ground which a slower animal must pass up because of a more serene temperament. If your fast dog has a good nose and bird sense you've got something—a real quail machine.

Any good upland gun will handle quail. It should be bored fairly open, for most of the shots are close. My favorite is a 16, bored improved cylinder, right, and improved modified, left. Early in the season number nine shot is right, while later, when birds are apt to flush wild, number eight may be substituted.

Unlike grouse, woodcock and pheasants, quail do not improve with even moderate hanging. Dress them out soon after shooting, hand them to the cook and go shake up the ingredients. One application of this treatment and you won't be able to keep guests away from the house. ♯

A Day with Debutantes

Continued from page 57

Smith under his breath.

They had some drinks in some places. "That lemonade," said Barbara to Harrison Hyler, "is going to give you a sick headache tomorrow." She had an inspiration. "Let's drive over to Fenmore Park and see if we can stir up some fun. These dumps are dead."

Ortwingle's jaw fell. "That's all we ever do when we come to town is hang around Fenmore Park."

"So much the better," said Barbara.

Fenmore Park was an amusement center with a gayway. Smoot & Company had shot so many clay pigeons there they'd begun to feel sorry for them. They'd had their weight guessed, won Kewpie dolls, and whistled at stenographers so often they could do it in their sleep. Alicia voted for the Tunnel of Love but Barbara wanted the roller coaster. "Don't you simply adore hot dogs?" said Alicia in a muffled voice through a mouthful of roll. Alicia's father owned half the cows in the Southwest and was trying to get his hands on the other half.

"Roller coasters kinda leaves my stummick in two different places," protested Ortwingle.

"I rather have a table in the Lido Club right close to the fan dancer," Corky Smith sighed.

Harrison Hyler smiled at Smoot grimly. "I think the copy of Emily Post's book you're familiar with must be the 1905 edition."

"Deputants! The trouble with bein' in the army," muttered Sergeant Smoot as the roller coaster pulled up the steep climb, "is that for some unbeknownst reason everything happens to me. All I have ever ast for in this life is to fight about a thousand Japs singlehanded, but instead of any fun like that I am gave the assignment to ride on roller coasters with deputants. I guess I was born under an unlucky omen."

"What's that you say, Sergeant?" shrieked Barbara.

"I said if I ever fell into a diamond mine I would probly come up holdin' the bag," said Smoot.

"You're a card, Sarge," she laughed. "I haven't enjoyed myself so much since an uncle of mine busted his leg."

Later, having all of this they could stand, Smoot protested gravely that a new regulation required them to be in barracks before dark. Gloomily they rode back to camp in the limousine.

"Anyway," said Corky Smith philosophically, "we got at lease a quick glance at them tennis courts and swimmin' pools and butlers."

"I tole you guys I felt a foreboding premonition of things to come," said Sergeant Smoot. "Here," he said.

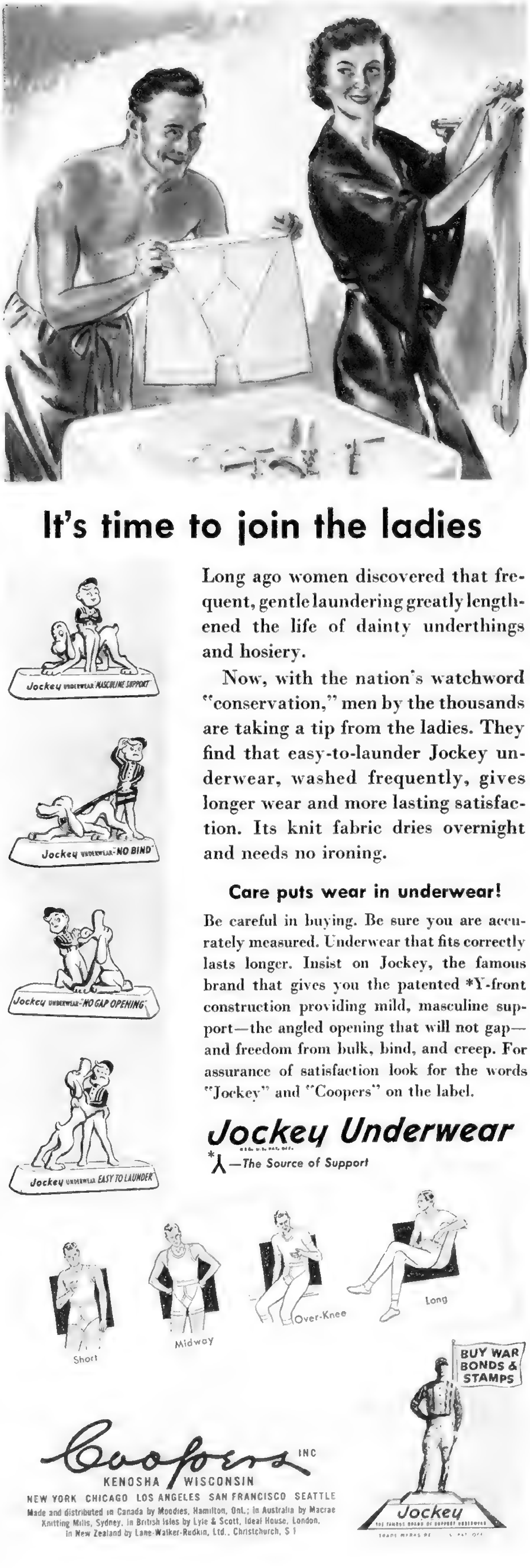
"What do I want with it?" Ortwingle demanded as he opened the limousine window and dropped the big Kewpie doll out on its head.

"You should of kept it as a mimento of all the different battles you been in durin' the war," said Smoot.

"I don't want no mimento of this here battle," said Ortwingle. "My stummick is become enemies with them frankfurters I et since we shot down on that roller coaster."

"Look," said Corky Smith. "If you guys ain't too tired after bein' run ragged by them high social deputants, how about we tell this here monkey to turn around and drive us back to the Lido Club. We done our duty for the army, now how about we have some fun on our own time? I feel a strong impulse that I haff to see a fan dancer shortly."

Harrison Hyler tapped the chauffeur on the back. "Driver, we've changed our minds. The Lido Club." ♯



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The Atavism of Ralph Piscatore

Continued from page 53

eels. He noticed a passing sea trout, which bore a marked resemblance to his younger son. The same disdainful expression; a kind of shocked superiority. Ralph grinned. He wondered if he could mention it to his wife.

Come to think of it, would she even believe all this had happened? No. His friends? They would have him in an asylum within twenty-four hours.

This was a sea horse of another color! The situation called for serious consideration.

And as he pondered, there passed along his spine a quiver of fear—some atavistic instinct, reinstigated by his new environment. Without hesitation he flung his body sharply to the left, just in time to avoid the lunge of a blue-nosed shark. Inertia carried the shark forward a few feet; it turned and lunged again.

Piscatore found his bulk a handicap in the comparatively shallow waters around the coral reef. His new-found agility was strained by the vital test. Cornered, he held himself ready and timed his turns like a matador in the bull ring; for were he to dodge too soon, the shark could swerve in time to run him down. Desperately he sought some avenue of escape. Direct flight was out of the question, for fast as Piscatore could swim, the shark was faster.

Evening had begun to cast greying mists through the water before the fight was done. Once, when a close lunge left the shark's body unguarded, Piscatore flung his full weight against the fish, cutting the shark's belly on the coral reef. Thereafter, the shark made one more feeble attack, suddenly tired, and left the scene. The dimming light hid from Piscatore the trail of blood that oozed and blended with the water, but a saline sensation in his gills irritated him, and he fled. From out of a clear blue sea came sharks and barracuda, smelling blood, to finish the wounded shark.

Slowly then did the man named Piscatore swim toward the shore. For the first time he realized clearly the dangers of his new life, as well as its pleasures. Yet within him pulsed the pleasure-beat of conquest; he had done well.

And now he was tired. He had earned his rest, and he looked forward to an evening before the open fire, a hot supper and a warm bed. Even the rasp of his wife's voice he could recall with pleasure. She would nag him for his unexplained absence, but he could afford to smile. He might even take her. That, too, would be good.

He swam directly onto the sandbar that shelved gently into the beach, and when the water was barely deep enough to cover him, he started to emerge.

But this day of miracles had not ended for Ralph Piscatore. For as he lifted his head from the water, a strange thing came to pass: he could not breathe.

Under the protective waves once more, he sucked the water through his gills, and gave oxygen to his aching lungs. He tried not to think; not to fear; and once again he lifted his head out into the air . . . and almost strangled. He could not breathe the air he sucked in, for it was foreign to his body. The atavism of Ralph Piscatore was complete, and only the functioning gills of the third embryonic month could serve his need for oxygen. He fell back into the water like a man stunned.

Long did he remain near the shore of his home. Lifting his head, he could see the lighted windows of his study, and his wife's silhouette as she peered out anxiously. In time she caused a searching party to put forth a boat, from which they cast nets. Ralph Piscatore swam slowly out to sea when they came his way, for he knew now that he was lost to dry earth, and capture could mean only death. Fear was in him, and sadness, too. Yet another thing as well: a sense of relief. But this was buried deep, and he gave the night over to mourning.

Rather than face facts, he sought to deny them. And so, in terror, he told himself that this was all no more than a madman's dream, brought about by passion for the sea and its creatures. This he repeated to himself until he was lulled beyond fear, and hunger drove him to hunt for the grey shrimps that have shining eyes in the dark.

And so the night passed, and when dawn came, the black shadows crept swiftly back and down, into the depths of the sea. And with the coming of sunlight, hope reflamed in the heart of Piscatore. Hope of returning to his old way of life was gone, and with it went regret. Already memory of his life on dry earth was beginning to fade, for the sea takes care of its own. And Ralph Piscatore was soon too occupied in his new life to consider long the old.

A new sense of freedom broke his bonds with the past; he realized his power. Now it was given to one man and to one man alone to ken the secrets of the sea. No limit of time or space shackled his study. His powerful body swept rhythmically along with the ebb tide, and he sought the ocean deeps. No more would Ralph Piscatore stumble over clods of earth; no longer would he be content with the shallows. His were the depths of the ocean, where pressure was a comfortable thing and the world existed in three dimensions.

This, perhaps, was the essential difference. For while on land, Piscatore moved forward and back, and occasionally sideways; rarely was he concerned with height or depth. Yet in the ocean, as in the sky, the three dimensions were coequal. Not only was Piscatore free to move forward, down, back, sideways and up, but every movement was a combination or variation of all.

He revelled in his prowess, and would fling himself upwards and out, then dive fast, whirl on himself and shoot forward like a bullet.

After such play he would rest quietly, deep within the comfortable nest that is the under-ocean, deep enough to rest upon the pressure below and around him, with every muscle gently upheld. There he could float, more completely relaxed than is possible for any creature outside the sea.

Rested, he would hunger, and life immediately became a quest, a vital game. No more did Ralph Piscatore search for the unclean grey shrimp or the filth-loving crab. Clean, sleek, full-bodied fishes in the swiftness of life were his sustenance now, and he sought them out in schools and alone. Black sea bass he sought; bluefish, snapper and jack; chiro, snook and salt water trout. He stalked them like game; was often hungry and rarely sated.

Now it came to pass, in the present year, that a fishing vessel was put to sea; and in it rode determined happy men. And when they found themselves far out to sea, deep within the Gulf Stream, they cast forth lines and caused many small fishes to be taken into the boat. These they lamed, by deft splitting of fins; and cruel steel barbs were passed through each fish's body, where they caused pain, but not death; and where they could not be seen. The two and five pound fishes were then set free, at the end of a long line, and swam slowly back and forth, dying. The happy, determined men smiled at each other, and called the dying fishes "bait." Good bait. A hungry shark took one, tore his snout on the hook, and disappeared. The fishermen waited patiently, and baited another hook.

A typical American is one who will accept rationing cheerfully, pay taxes gladly, accept military service without kicking, and squawk like hell because his alma mater's stadium hasn't 100,000 seats directly on the fifty-yard line.

Thus it was that Ralph Piscatore, intent upon his hunger, came upon a small school of fishes idling to and fro beneath and beyond the shadow of a boat. Seeing him approach, they darted away. Piscatore circled cautiously. The boat he recognized as belonging to a former neighbor in the town called St. Petersburg, in the State of Florida. He was called by the name of Hebbard. Piscatore had hated him, because he carried on him the smell of fish that are dead. A spasm of that hatred and fear passed along Piscatore's spine, and he swam swiftly away, almost a quarter mile.

It was then that he noticed a lone red snapper resting almost directly in his path. His hunger swept away all thought of the boat and men, far behind, and he flung himself toward the small fish. The snapper saw him come, and strove frantically to avoid the rush. But his clipped fins weakened, and Piscatore took him in a single gulp.

The steel hook was embedded in Piscatore's belly before he was aware of it. The rush which captured the snapper for him had carried him on almost fifty yards before the barb tore into the lining of his stomach and brought to him the taste of his own blood. Then a mighty jerk brought his rush to a stop, and he became aware of the heavy cord that fed into his mouth and down his throat, and the agony in his belly wiped out all thought.

After the preliminary rushes, which failed to dislodge the embedded hook, Piscatore tried to seize the cord and break it, but he was helpless. Somehow he could not bring his arms forward into position to seize the line. He tried to snap it with his teeth, but it was too strong. The blood bubbled up through his throat and he dove for the bottom in frenzy. Down and down he plunged, the line tearing open the corner of his mouth; yet he would not stop.

He would not stop, until he was stopped; until the line drew taut and held him, and a spasm of pain drew the blood from his eyes, and his stomach came loose inside with a sickening tear.

* * *

Time is a player of tricks. It does not move by the clock: it speeds or dawdles, according to the situation, and man-made clocks can only strike an average.

How long was it, then, that Piscatore fought for his life? How long, but a lifetime? Only this could it be, and the hours mean nothing. He fought with his belly, with his muscles, his lungs and his back. He plunged and struggled up to the very last moment when the steel gaff was plunged into his chest, and he felt his hot heart-blood gush from his side out into the dark blue foam-flecked water. This was his last conscious memory, before the darkness closed in: the look of the water, dark blue, there in the Gulf Stream, slipping away below him as he was hauled aboard the fishing boat.

And in the boat the determined men were happy, and they laughed, and slapped Frank Hebbard on the back and shoulders, for his, they said, was surely a prize catch, indeed: a blue marlin, of uncommon proportions and unquestionable courage. ###

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In the October Coronet, on sale September 23, you'll find a special gatefold giving a sampling of tests used by Army, Navy and oculists . . . plus an article that gives you the latest dope on this mysterious business of color deficiency: *What's New On Color Blindness* by Gretta Palmer. You can have a lot of fun testing yourself and your arm-chair bombardier friends, so keep your good eye peeled for the October Coronet, coming soon.

Would you know what to do if a Nazi paratroop landed in your backyard? *Your Role as a Guerrilla Fighter* pulls no punches in telling you in detail how to stop the enemy, all alone. It's dirty talk, this advice on how to commit murder and mayhem, but it's advice that's bringing in dividends for Commandos and the Home Guard in England. Yank Levy, a veteran of many a war in which guerrilla tactics were widely employed, wrote this article before returning to England, after instructing at the Massachusetts State Guard school for home defense. He knows what he's talking about . . . and someday you may be plenty glad he told you how it's done.

Glance at the table of contents of the October Coronet, see articles on everything from buying second hand to telepathy, from voting wisely to football betting pools, and you'll see why we're tempted to haul out the old variety-is-the-spice-of-life wheeze for the occasion. A varied reading menu such as this you've never seen . . . *be sure to see the October*

CORONET

Diagnosis of Anemia

Continued from pages 48-137

I have not been back there for twenty years, and the boys have strange names. But I would probably fail, even then, to get the queer reactions of chronic alumni, who are always subscribing sums of money to professionalize the teams as much as possible.

Even for the player himself, something of the urgency, most of the emotional thrill, is gone from the game in which he has become a professional. In a symposium held at Columbia last fall, Professor Kenneth V. Thimann, a scientist, said (apropos of something else entirely): "The professional golf player, though his game may be much the better, has lost something of the excitement of the game which captures the enthusiasm of the amateur." And it seems to me that even if this should not always be true, its possibility would always be in the mind of the spectator.

I could go to a baseball game today, between teams of one of the big leagues, and enjoy every minute of it. There seems to me no skill in the whole athletic world that approaches that of the individuals in a top-notch American baseball team, and no such incredible swiftness and efficiency as that exhibited by the team as a whole. It always arouses my wondering admiration. Perhaps I should not be altogether popular with my neighbors; for I fear that I should applaud every feat of special skill, and not always remember that it was my duty to applaud only the feats of Our Side. And this would be because I should have a hard time remembering which was Our Side.

Cleveland? I am a Clevelander, and have been for thirty-eight years. Are any of the members of the "Cleveland" team Clevelanders? (Maybe some of them are; I wouldn't know.) Are they getting in there and fighting for the honor of the dear old town, for their schoolmates and neighbors and intimate friends? Could they find their way around the town? Are they held to Cleveland by anything but the name of the city on their shirts?

I may be mistaken in the details; but I am not talking about anything but my own feelings as I watch the game. I am saying that however I admire it as an exhibition, it is difficult for me to think of it as a contest.

And as I say, I enjoy exhibitions of skill and grace. I like to watch the trapeze artists at the circus, the tumblers, the riders, the jugglers. But even of these varied skills, I can easily get a surfeit. I should not care to attend a circus every day. And to forestall the obvious answer to this statement, I shall relate a bit of personal history:

In the year 1906, I was a baseball fan. Enjoying the regular graft of newspaper writers, I possessed a season book of passes to the games. I used every ticket in that book personally—which means that I attended every game that was played on the home grounds during the entire season. At the end of the season, I went to New York and to Philadelphia to see the World Series. My record was perfect.

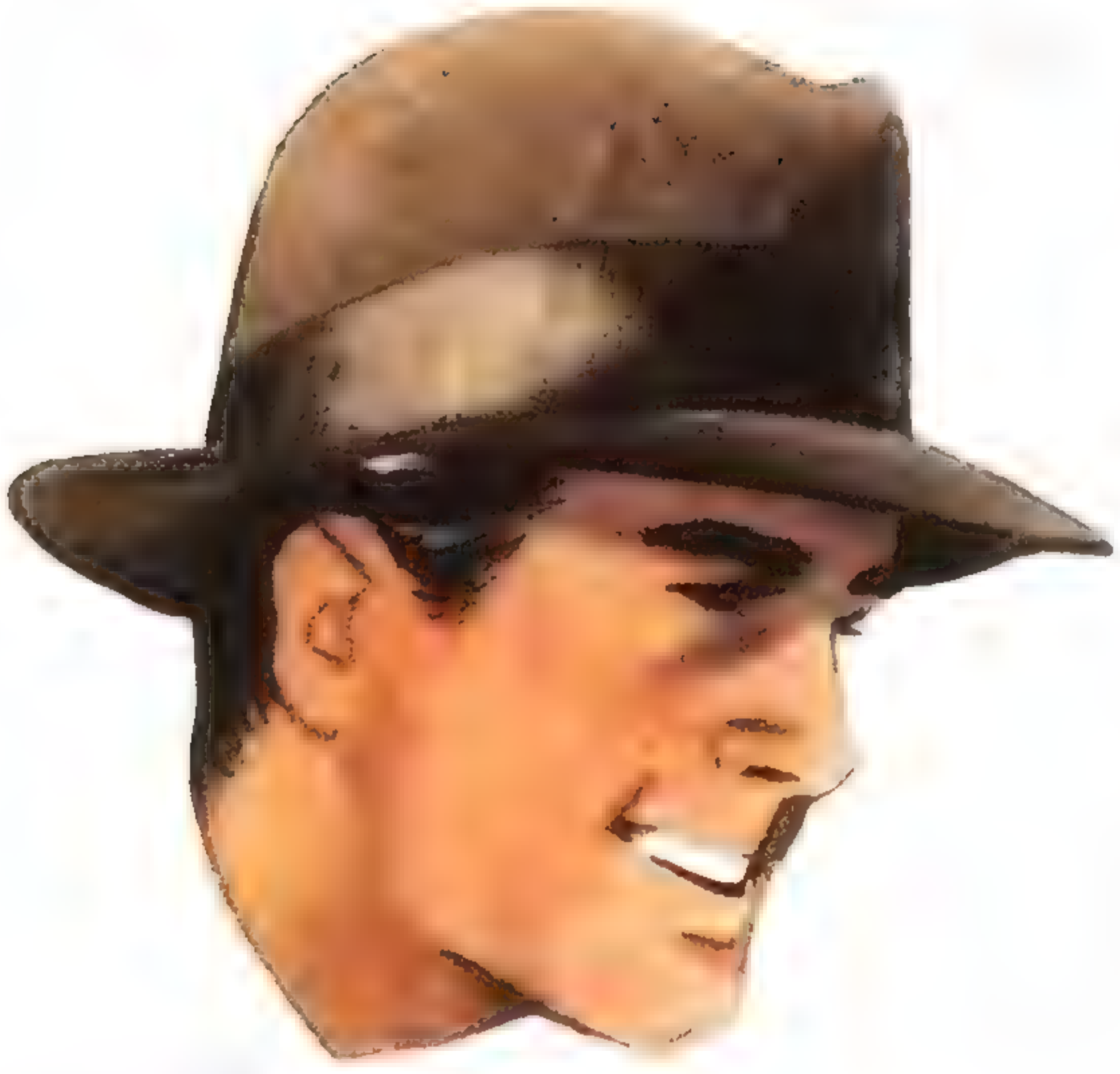
I have never seen a baseball game since.

I do not tell that story for the futile purpose of demonstrating the truism that gluttony brings satiety. I relate it in order to forestall any deduction that my attitude arises from inexperience—in order to show that I, too, have been an addict. And perhaps that day is near when I shall resume my place in the bleachers and in the stadia. For that time approaches inexorably for me, as for every true lover of sport, when the coronary arteries give their warning, and arthritis clamps on its manacles and throws away the key, then I shall have to sit back and play my games vicariously once more.

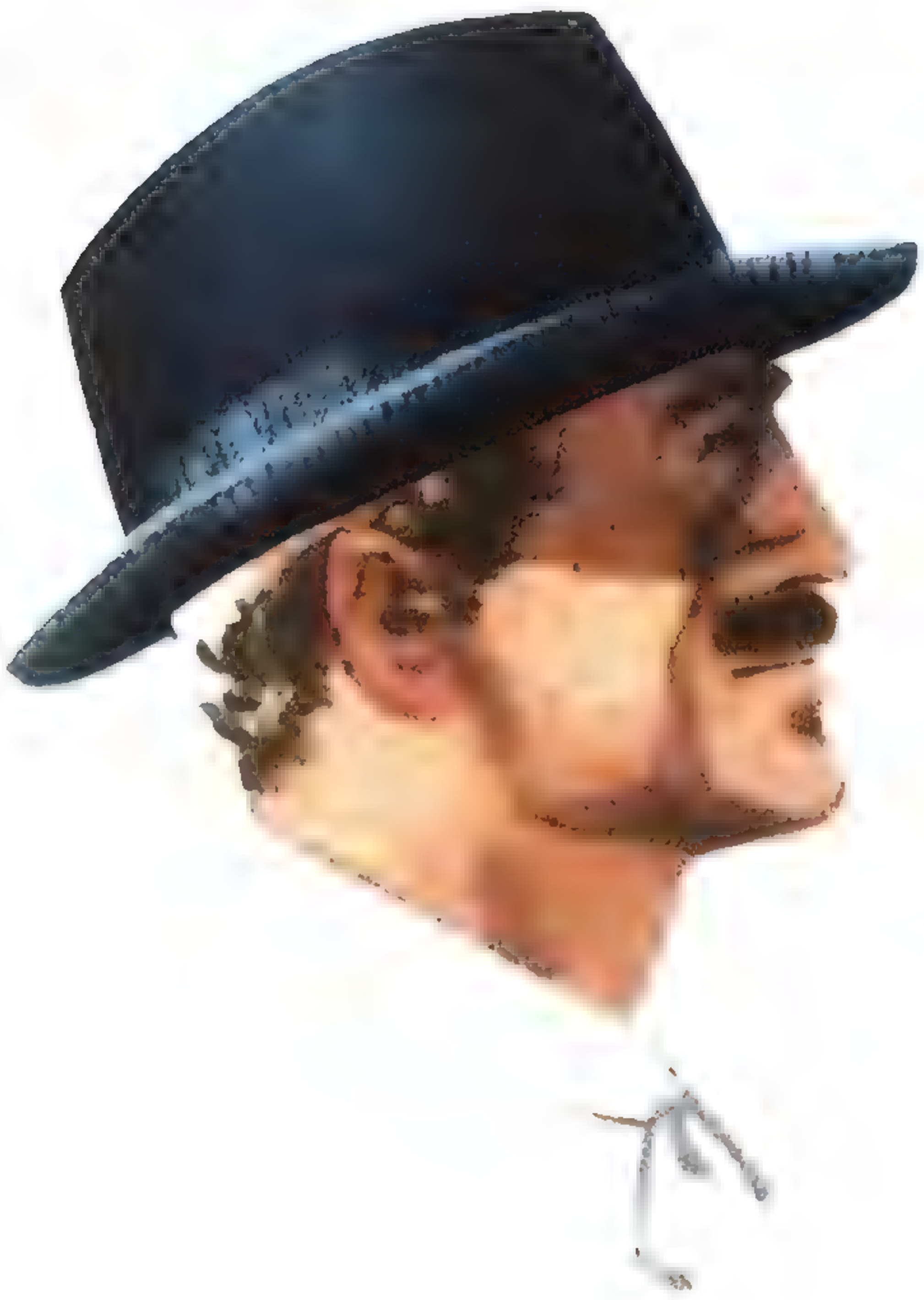
But do not think that I shall be contented. I shall reserve a little hate for sport that is a profession, for public games that are a business, for any play that is organized, drilled and disciplined. Play! Surely it loses half its meaning when it ceases to be spontaneous, and all its virtue when it begins to be mercenary.

In fact, it is in these respects much like Love. ‡‡

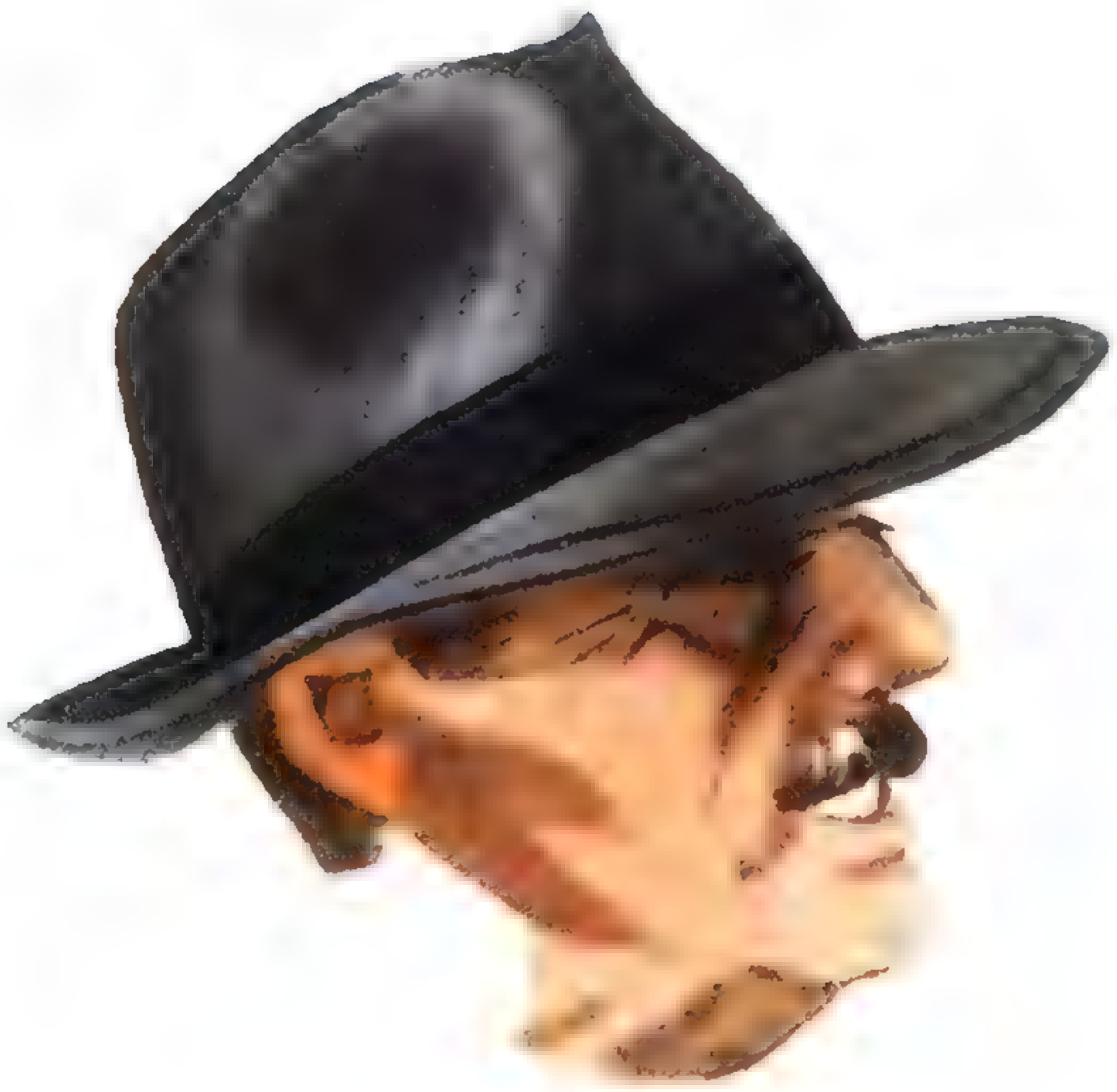
Conforming to WPB regulations, this man's double-breasted jacket is worn without a waistcoat and the trousers are cuffless.



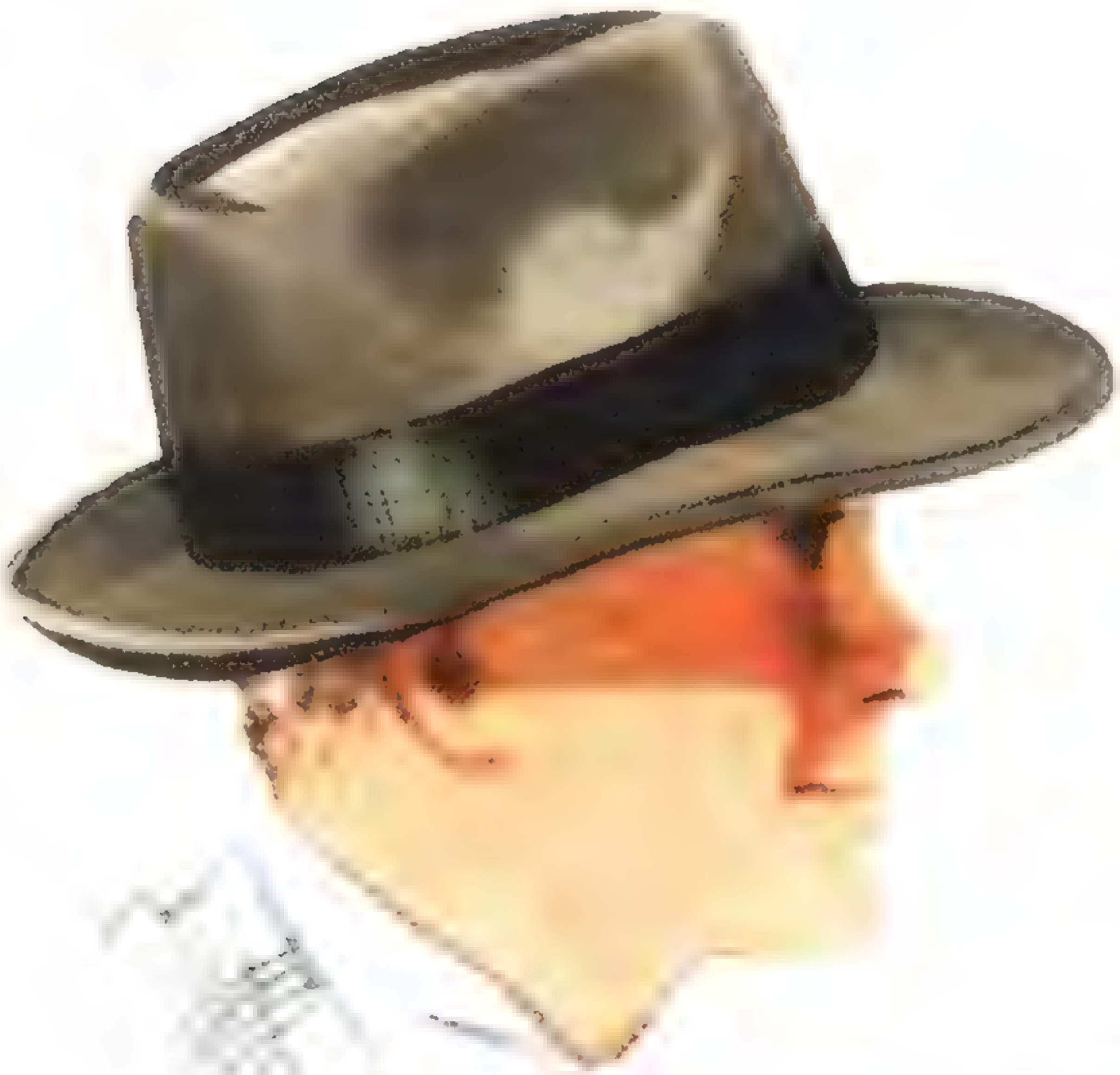
High Crown and narrow brim brown felt with center crease.



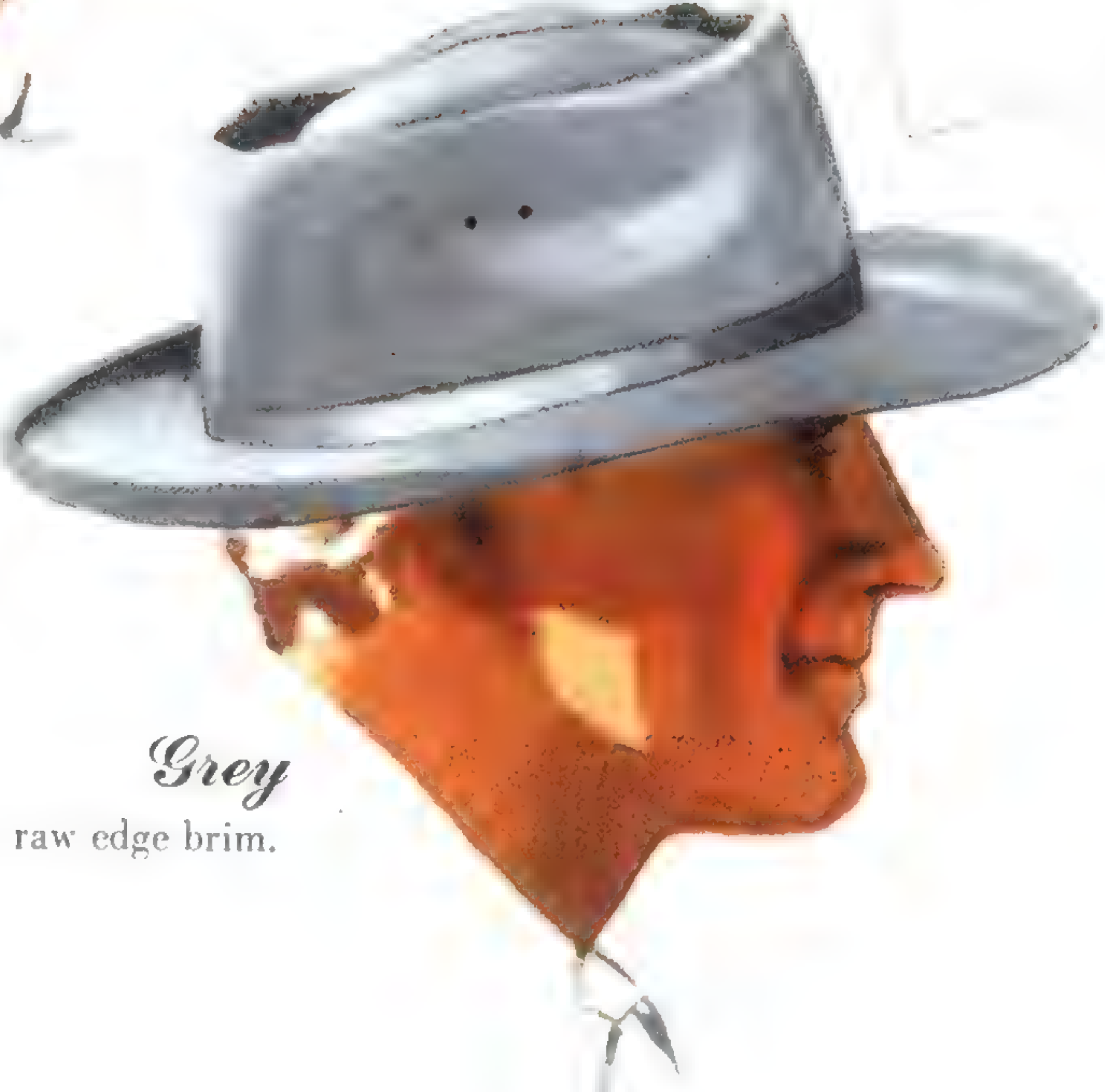
Midnight Blue Homburg for business or evening.



Dark Greyish Brown felt with welt edge and contrasting band.



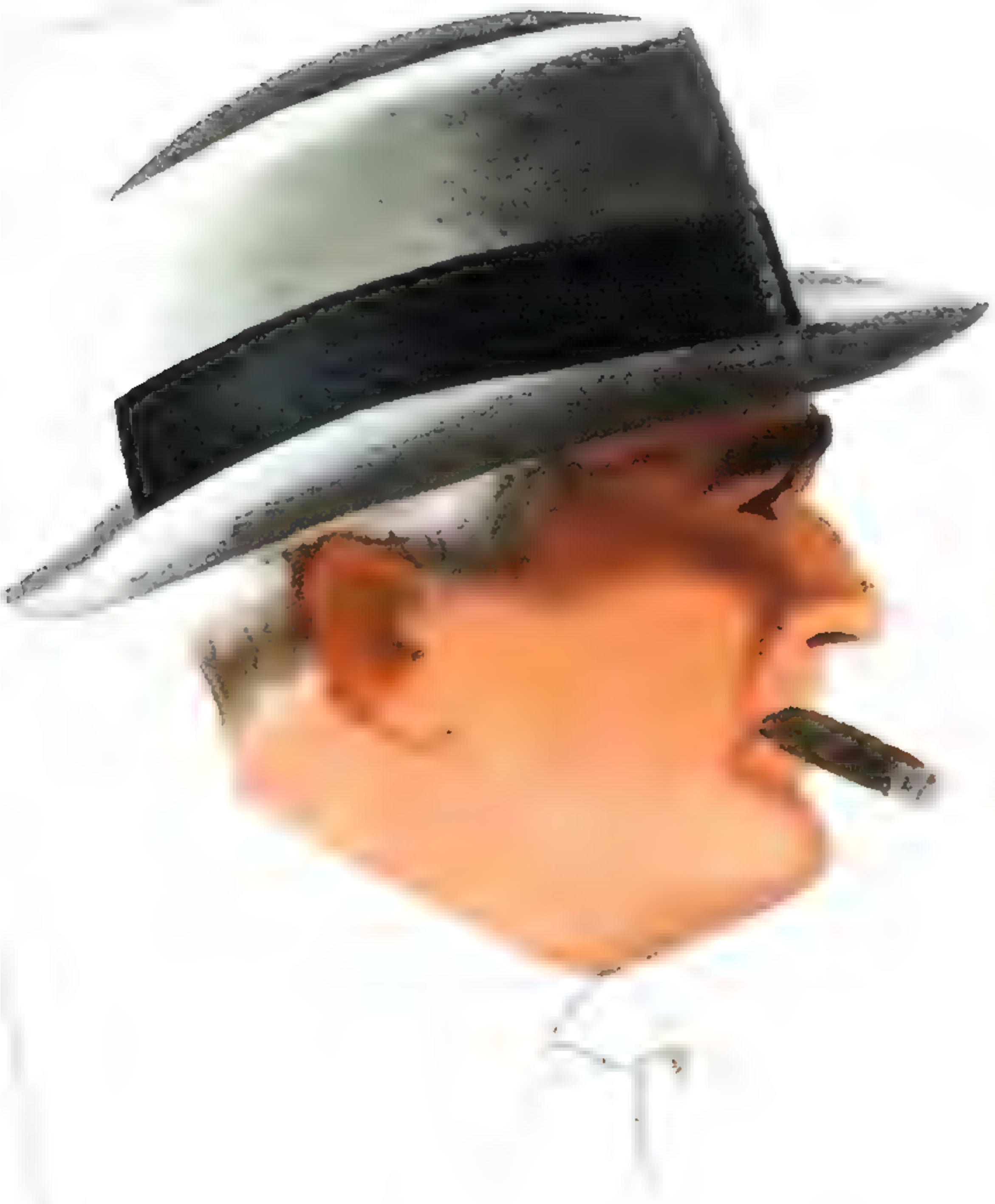
Olive Drab felt snap brim for university.



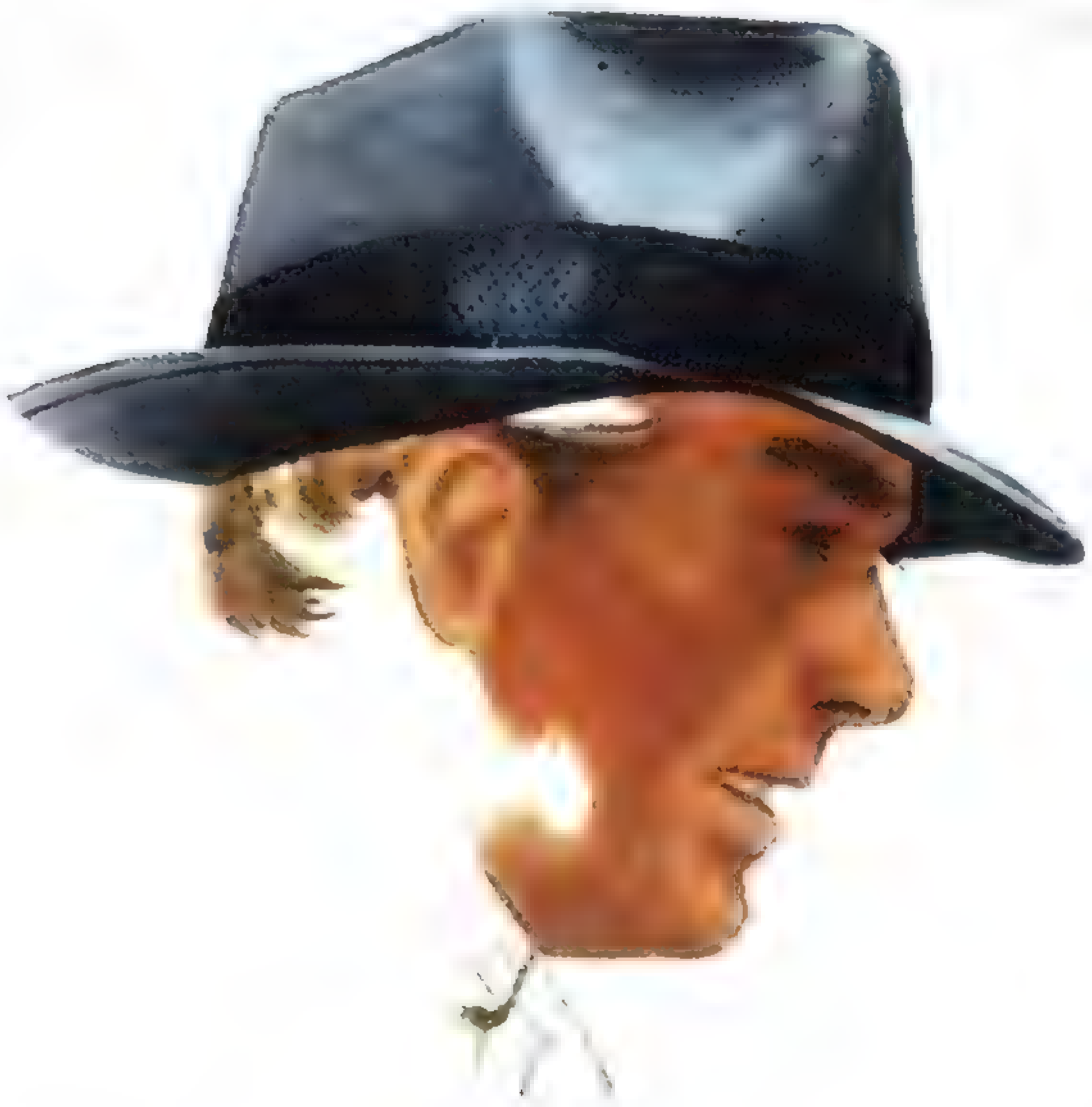
Grey lightweight felt pork pie with raw edge brim.

good grooming ahea
seen b

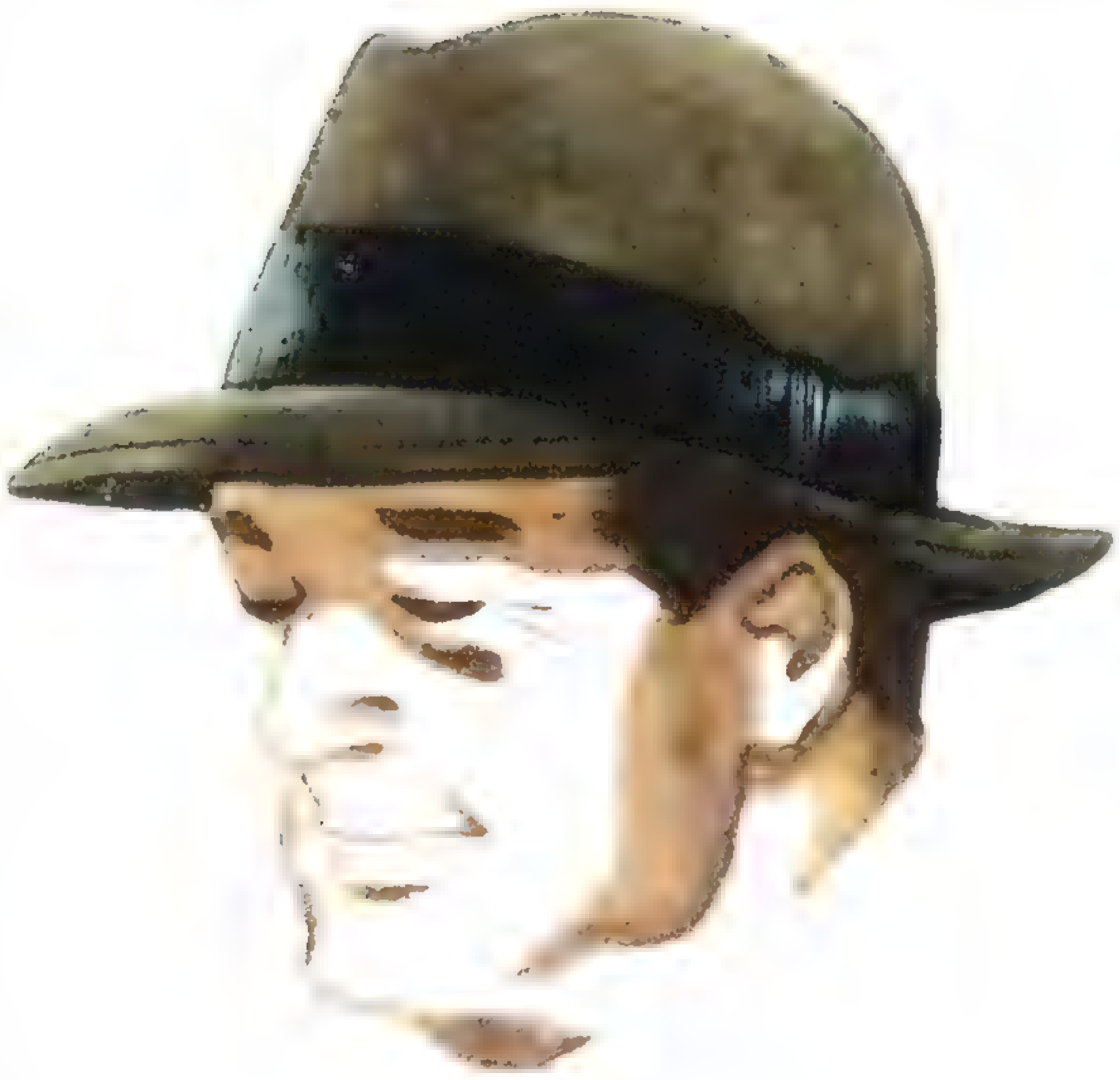
These drawings depict accepted types of hat
and turned-up brim models reflect the stron
elegance in dress. Most snap brim hats for b
have brims on the wide side. The custom of
center crease only is gaining wider acceptance,
narrower brim hats. Undergraduates prefer h



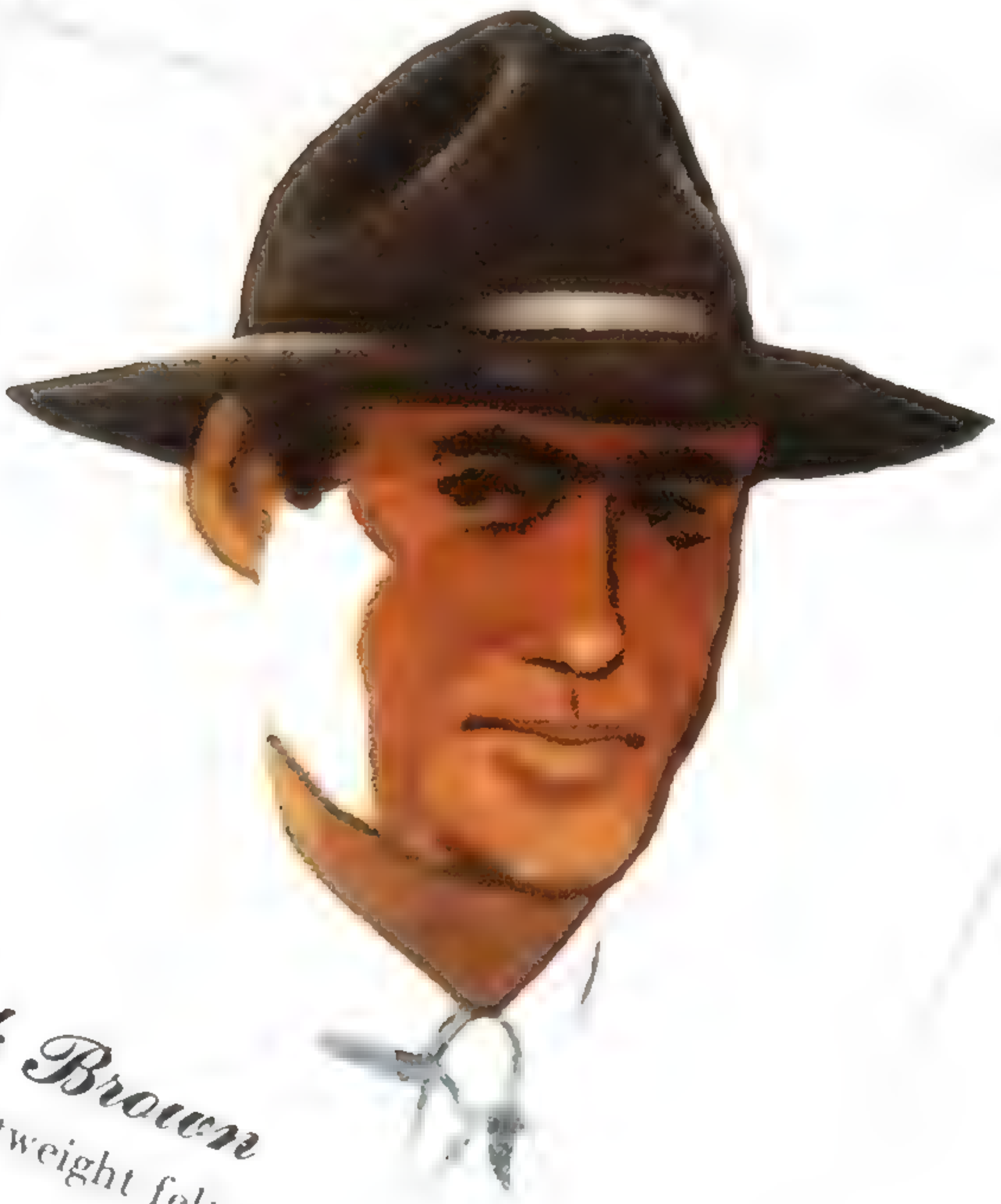
Grey
brims-up felt with center crease.



Freedom Blue
mixture felt with harmonizing band.



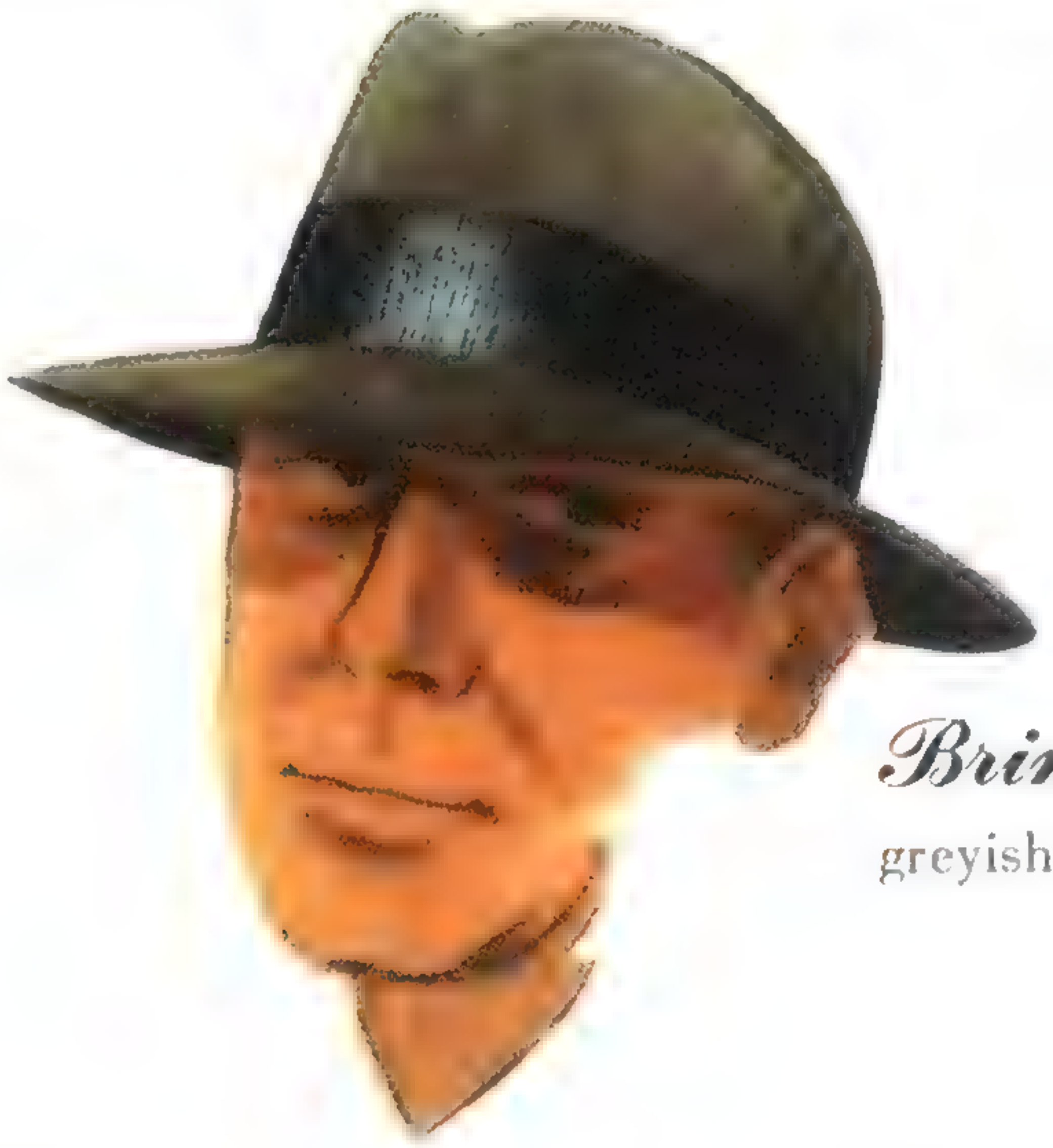
Khaki
mixture felt with bound edge and center crease.



Mohawk Brown
suede finish lightweight felt for semi-sports.

d
y Esquire . . .

s for fall. The Homburg
ger trend toward simple
ousiness and semi-sports
wearing the crown with
particularly with the new
ats of olive drab shade.



Brims-Down
greyish brown felt with raw edge brim.

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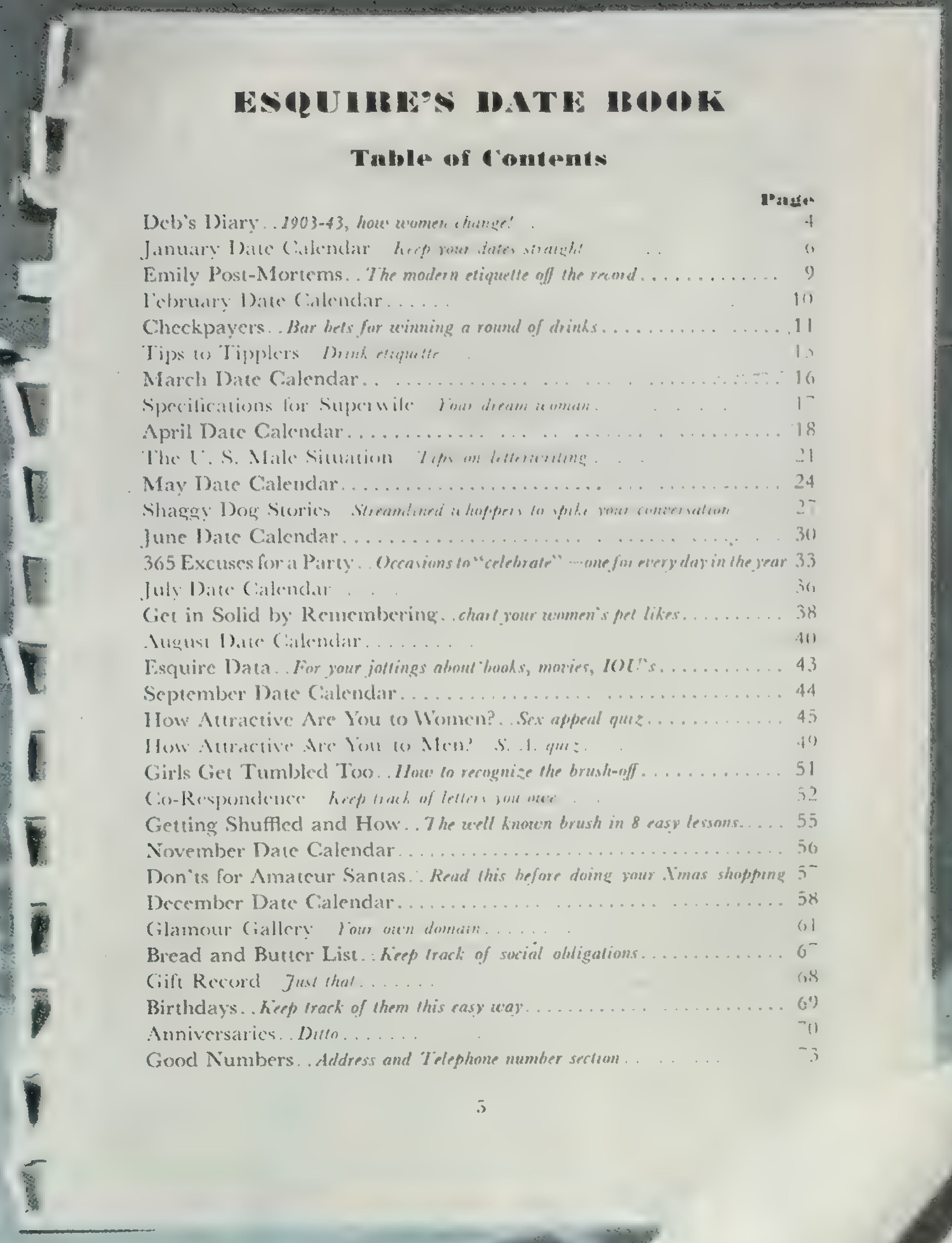

ESQUIRE'S DATE BOOK

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5

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Red Dog of the Valley

Once-crippled Wade will bring another triumphant football season to Missouri

by **JOE FINLEY**

• SPORTS •

MOUNTAIN GROVE is a tiny town buried in the Ozark country, but right now it's the sporting capital of Missouri. For one thing, Don Faurot hails from that town—as does Maurice "Red" Wade. Don Faurot is the football coach at the University of Missouri, but Don can't get out on the field any more and run for touchdowns. Maurice "Red" Wade takes care of that.

He scored nine of them for Missouri's Tigers in their success-splattered year of 1941 and ran them right into the Sugar Bowl. That was just his sophomore season, and it was a pretty good one for a kid who had been pronounced a hopeless cripple just ten years back.

The early Fall of 1932 was just about the toughest time of his life for "that crippled Wade kid," as Mountain Grove knew him then. The depression had struck hard at the little strawberry and fruit country, and the Wade family, with four healthy children on hand to feed, had no money to provide for the youngster struck down by a strange malady. Some of the doctors called it inflammatory rheumatism, while others said tuberculosis of the bone. So they placed him in a wheel chair, and there at the window he received his introduction to football at the age of twelve—watching other little boys playing it out in his own front yard.

Red Wade's illness was the beginning of one of his strongest friendships. A young fellow named John "Hi" Simmons had just come to Mountain Grove for his first coaching job. One of the older Wade boys was in high school, and Simmons became acquainted with the family. Every day the coach came to visit the crippled kid.

The Wade family was willing to do almost anything to help their boy, and when they were told about the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children in St. Louis, young Maurice was taken there. The doctors decided now that his trouble might be osteomyelitis, and began treatment. After five months at the hospital, a brace was placed on the boy's leg, and three months later he was sent home, hobbling on crutches.

It would have been hard to make Oklahoma's Sooners believe all this that day last November 15 in Columbia's Memorial Stadium when out of a struggling pile, a driving human projectile hurtled into the open, cut toward a downfield blocker, dipped and swayed, cut sharply away, and ran for a touchdown! Before the day was over he was gone for another and another, and the Oklahoma Sooners were crushed, 28 to 0.

Up in the press box among the writers an old Illinois man was grinning and shaking his head in a reminiscent fashion. "He runs just like Grange," he said. "He's the best I've seen since the Old Ghost at following his interference. *My*, he looks just like Grange!"

The stocky red-haired youth whose legs now look like twin nail kegs had come a long way since he left the St. Louis Shriners' Hospital and returned to Mountain Grove to learn to walk on crutches.

In 1935 Red had turned out for football in high school, but his friend "Hi" Simmons wasn't there to see him. There had been a coaching shakeup at Columbia, and Mountain Grove's own Don Faurot had been called in to pull the old Mizzou Tiger out of a football doldrum. "Hi" Simmons had played under Faurot at Kirksville, and the new Missouri coach brought in his old pupil to handle the freshmen.

As a high school freshman, Wade was hardly able to make the team, but the next year he transferred to nearby Monett, where his brother Lowell had come from Kirksville to coach. For the next three seasons, Wade scampered through the Ozark high schools. The Red Dog of the Valley was on his way, and in the Fall of 1939 he headed for the state university to play under his old pal "Hi" Simmons and Don Faurot.

There was a lost year when he worked in a coal mine near Columbia to earn money to pay his way, making it necessary for him to re-win his place in football at the unversity when 1941 rolled around. Faurot was experimenting with a new kind of T-formation, and they dropped their first game at Ohio State, 12 to 7 with Wade running 28 yards for the touchdown. A week later he ran 64 through Colorado in the rain. Against Kansas State he turned in a masterpiece jaunt of 65 yards, in a 35-to-0 victory. He had one of his best days at Michigan State, although he did not score. Through the season it was the same story, as Wade's running exploits helped his club to victory after victory. Six of his nine touchdowns came on long, breakaway runs and his lowest ball-carrying average for any game was 4.4 yards. His best was 17.5. He averaged 6.49 yards a crack for 105 plays in nine games.

Red Wade is going to be on hand for this football season because he's now enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve until graduation. The Marines can use men like the Red Dog who have spent their whole lives fighting just to live. ⌗

Football's Great Game-Buster

Indiana's famous Billy Hillenbrand is known as football's one-man show

by ROBERT A. COOK

• SPORTS •

COACH Don Ping of Reitz Memorial High School, Evansville, Indiana, had figured that he could sit this one out without "wrinklin' my britches." But the hand on the scoreboard time clock showed six minutes to go, and the score stood Central 26; Memorial 13. Coach Ping had the bench jitters for the first time in a long while. In more than five years of coaching—in more than fifty games—his teams had gone down to defeat only twice.

He jumped up off the bench, and sent a boy in for Billy Hillenbrand. When "The Kid" came in, Coach Ping said to him: "Don't sit down, kid. I'm going to send you back in."

"Sho enuf?" panted Billy. "But what can we do to win it?"

"You've got to take things in your own hands, kid," the coach told him. "It's up to you. You've been too big-hearted out there, where your own teammates are concerned. I want *you* to do the work. Make your own breaks. Take some chances."

Coach Ping sat down. A rinky-dink fifteen-year-old jabbed his elbow in the coach's side and said: "Relax, Coach. Billy has brought us through tougher ones than this!"

It was the fourth down and nine. Central of South Bend punted from its own 35. Billy took it on his own 25, and started up the field cautiously. He seemed to be loafing as he dodged one tackler, but out of the corner of his eye he was making plans to elude the next. The Kid reached the midfield marker, having worked his opposition into a traffic jam over along the side line. He did a left turn, and started across the field.

"Now he's operating," muttered Ping. Memorial blockers were "picking up" Billy, and he was *through!* . . . outrunning a pair of Central halfbacks! For the point-after, Billy always just ran 'em across when they were needed, and it was Central 26; Memorial 20 with 4½ minutes to go!

Central tried to play safe, but there was a fumble, and Memorial recovered! "Let's try 88," Billy commanded hurriedly. "I'll hang it out there for you, John, and when you get your hands on it, take off!"

Billy was rushed hard, but he brushed off an onrusher. Bill blazed away. By this time, John, the track team sprinter, was alone. The ball nestled in his arms, and he went 20 for the goal. All square, 26-all! And again, just as he had two minutes before, Billy picked up the goal line scent and no one—not even the three Central players he carried across on his shoulders—could stop him!

That is the way Billy Hillenbrand, Indiana's famous game-breaker of 1941, played football in high school. That is why it was no surprise to those who knew him that he tore up the Big Ten his first year of big-time competition. He set up Indiana's touchdown against Detroit with a 30-yard pass and then scored from close range. Two touchdowns against Texas Christian both carried the Hillenbrand. And he put on a performance at Nebraska that gave the Hoosiers their first victory over the Cornhuskers in a six-game series. Indiana's invasion of Wisconsin had all the aspects of complete rout until Billy shifted gears after his opponents had gone into a two-touchdown lead. A Hillenbrand pass brought one score. And with eight seconds left in the first half, Hillenbrand took a punt on his own 12 and cruised 88 for a touchdown.

The Indiana-Iowa game was five minutes young when Billy, failing to eye a receiver on a pass play, ran 37 yards for a score. Against Northwestern he intercepted a pass and ran 72 for a score; then engineered a 64-yard drive that brought another.

In the snow against Purdue, a few seconds before the end of the third, following a scoreless first half, Billy broke off tackle and raced 44 yards, failing to score only because he slipped in the mud while trying to evade the safety man. Then he called out only: "The Purdue Special"—a pass especially set up by "Bo" McMillin to go to the left end, who hadn't caught a pass all fall.

It clicked to the 4. Twice Billy called for line plunges by a teammate. Then on third down, he ripped through for the score. No wonder the coaches called him football's "One-man show."

What does Hillenbrand have that the others lack? "Bo" McMillin, one of the greats himself, just says: "He's just loosie-goosie, that's all." But "Bo" will admit a little more: that he has "the knack of making the most of situations in split second judgments."

Billy Hillenbrand is legend to the grown-up football fans of Evansville. He is Superman himself to the 30,000 kids in that southern Hoosier city.

Yes, Billy will be on hand this fall. He's a cadet officer in the R.O.T.C., and probably will get to finish his college career before teaming up with the man of the long, striped trousers. Those who know Billy from a long way back think he will do a good job in *that* affair, too, when the time comes. ##

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Walter R. Ray, President, Triplex Oil Refining Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

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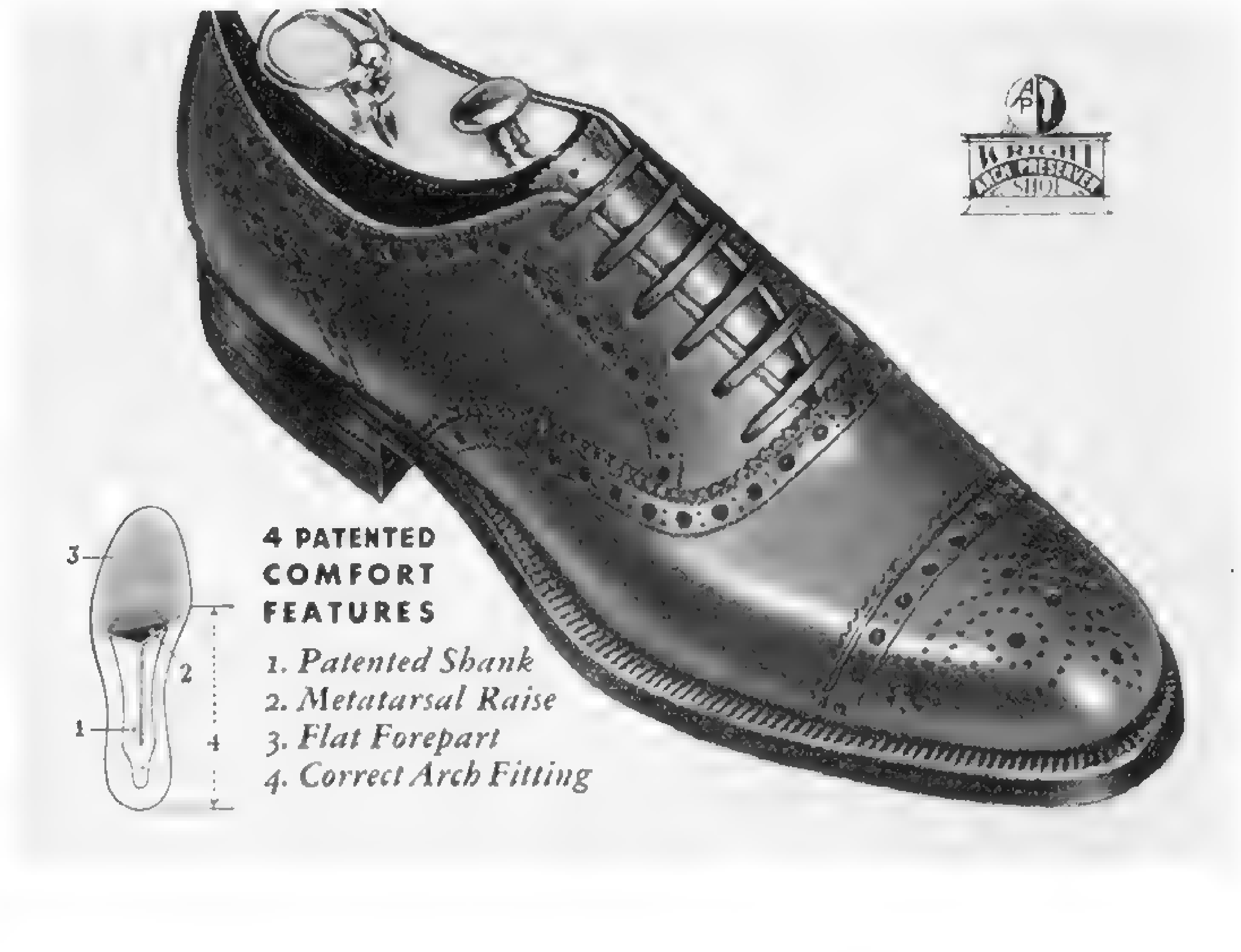

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Continued from page 68

polite and pleasant looking girl.

"We want to find out about little Lily Belle," old Dick told her.

"Lily Belle?" said the girl. "Does she work here?"

"No, no," said Dick. "You know. Little Lily Belle. She takes care of her grandfather. Only he ain't really her—"

"In the paper," said Wales.

The girl looked at them. She began, slowly, "I don't quite—"

Another girl, a dark, neat-looking one, turned toward them from a cash register. "You mean the little girl in the comic strip?" she asked.

"That's the one," Dick told her, "only it ain't really comic. Her grandfather's sick, an' gittin' worse. We want to know whereabouts she lives."

The girls looked silently at each other. The yellow-haired one spoke. "I suppose the *Sun* gets that from a syndicate."

"Ma'am?"

"I think that's the one Garrity draws," the dark girl said. She turned to the two old men. "It isn't syndicated. One of the men on our staff draws it. Did you want to see him?"

Dick shook his head. Wales began fumbling in a pocket.

"I ain't partic'lar, Ma'am," said Dick. "We wanted to find out how to git there. We thought we'd take that old man to Floridy."

Wales had his pipe out, and was fumbling in another pocket for his tobacco.

"I'll tell you," said the dark girl. "I'll call upstairs and see if Garrity's there. Maybe he could find out if—"

"We'd like for you to meet him," said the yellow-haired girl. The other one took up a desk telephone. Wales got his pipe to drawing while she talked. She came back to them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Mr. Garrity's out somewhere. Could you come back sometime? I don't know whether he'll be in any more today."

"Couldn't you just tell us where little Lily Belle lives?" Dick asked.

The yellow-haired girl started to say something, but the dark one put a hand on her arm. "I'm afraid I can't," she said. "I've never seen the child."

There was a silence. The old men looked at each other and then at the girls. "I sure hate it," said Dick. "That old—"

Suddenly the yellow-haired girl squealed. "There he is! Oh, Mr. Garrity!"

A lean man in a gray overcoat came toward them from the revolving doors. "Mr. Garrity!" the girl called again. "Here's your public. Tell them about little Lily Belle."

"You ask him what you want to know," the dark girl told them. "He knows all about little Lily Belle. He's almost a father to her."

So they started explaining. "We've got a car out here," said Dick. "That old man's goin' to die if somebody don't do somep'n. We 'lowed we'd take him to Floridy. Maybe that there Navy grandson o' his'n'll show up, time we git 'im down there where it's warm."

Garrity was a worried-looking man with a large nose, with blue eyes under heavy, sandy brows. He looked the two old men over, glanced at the yellow-haired girl, looked at the door. "You got that car here?" he asked.

"Right outside," Wales told him. "Back seat's full o' quilts."

"Listen, men," said Garrity. "We'll want to talk this over. Come around the corner here, and I'll stand you some coffee while we get this straight." Before they could answer he was leading them to the door.

On the street Garrity paused and asked, "Would that be your car?"

"That's her," said Dick. "An' full o' gas."

"You think it'll stand a trip to Florida? How about the tires?"

"Mr. Garrity, that there is Dick's car," Wales told him, "but I know her. She's in good shape. An' tires don't wear fast. How long you had them tires, Dick?"

"Not more'n four or five years, I don't think. An' the back seat's full o' quilts."

Garrity took hold of a door handle and shook it. There was a thudding. "Feels pretty solid," he said. "Come on and let's get at some coffee."

They went along the street a few steps, to a hole-in-the-wall. As they entered, Garrity laid a dime on a counter and took three cigars from the box. When they were seated in a grimy booth, he laid the cigars on their table. "Let's smoke these ropes," he suggested. "And tell me what this business is." To a girl who came toward them he said, "Three coffees."

Dick put back in his pocket the pipe he had just fished out. Wales knocked the fire from his on the edge of his seat, and put it away. They bit off the ends of the cigars, and Garrity held a lighter-flame for them. He extinguished it and lit it again for his own cigar.

"That fuzzy-headed gal didn't know a thing about little Lily Belle," said Wales. "Don't she read the paper?"

"I doubt that she reads much of it. I suppose she can spell out a little." Garrity stopped. Wales was squinting through his smeared glasses at the end of his cigar. Old Dick sat silently puffing. The waitress put their coffee down, slopping it into the saucers. "On the half-shell," said Garrity.

"You're the man that puts Lily Belle and her grandfather in the paper," said Dick. "You know 'em?"

"God," said Garrity, "do I know 'em! I'm Garrity. What are your names?"

"I'm Dick Lucas. He's Wales

Pottorf." Dick pointed his thumb at himself and then at Wales. "We live out at Sundown."

"Glad to know you." They shook hands.

"Me an' Wales, we been watchin' that old man git sicker an' sicker. An' nobody doin' nothin', except the little girl a-takin' care of him."

"Not makin' no headway though," said Wales. "Nothin' but waitin' for that sailor to send some money so he can go to Floridy an' git over that cough."

"It worried you?"

"Mr. Garrity," said old Dick, "that's an old man. He ain't goin' to stand it much longer. Me an' Wales are old men. We've seen a plenty of old men git sick in the chest. We 'lowed we'd help this old feller out. An' little Lily Belle." He set his cup on the table, and drank the coffee the girl had spilled in his saucer.

"So you thought you'd load Lily Belle's grandfather into the back seat and take him south?"

"The back's full o' quilts," said Wales. He struck a match on his trousers to re-light his cigar.

"Think you'd like the trip?"

"I ain't never drove no such trip," said Dick. "But me an' Wales could make it. That's an old man."

"I couldn't let you start off in that car," Garrity told them, gravely. "Suppose your tires gave out?"

"You mean you won't tell us where they live?" Wales asked. He and Dick looked soberly at each other.

"Mister Garrity," Dick argued, "you don't know what you're doin'. That old man ain't a-goin' to make it if we don't help him."

"Listen to me, Mr. Lucas," said Garrity. "I guess you're right about the old man. Maybe he's too sick. Maybe you can help him. I'll tell you what I'll do.

"I draw those pictures. I admit it. And I'll see that little Lily Belle and her da—grandfather go to Florida. They'll have to go on the train, I guess. I'm afraid the car would be too much for you, or him. But it would be more interesting if they could have gone in your car."

"We could take 'em."

"No, Mr. Lucas, I'm afraid they've waited too long. The train's quicker. But they'd enjoy seeing the pictures just as if they had gone in your car. I'll fix it up for them to go if you'll let me put it in the paper that you are takin' 'em. How about it?"

"We'd kind o' looked forward to helpin' 'em. I guess if you can be sure—"

"They'd have liked to go in your car. Is it all right if I make pictures of 'em doing it? I'd like to get that car in. And you two men helping little Lily Belle and the old fellow."

Wales looked at Dick. Dick looked back. "The back seat's full o' quilts," said Wales.

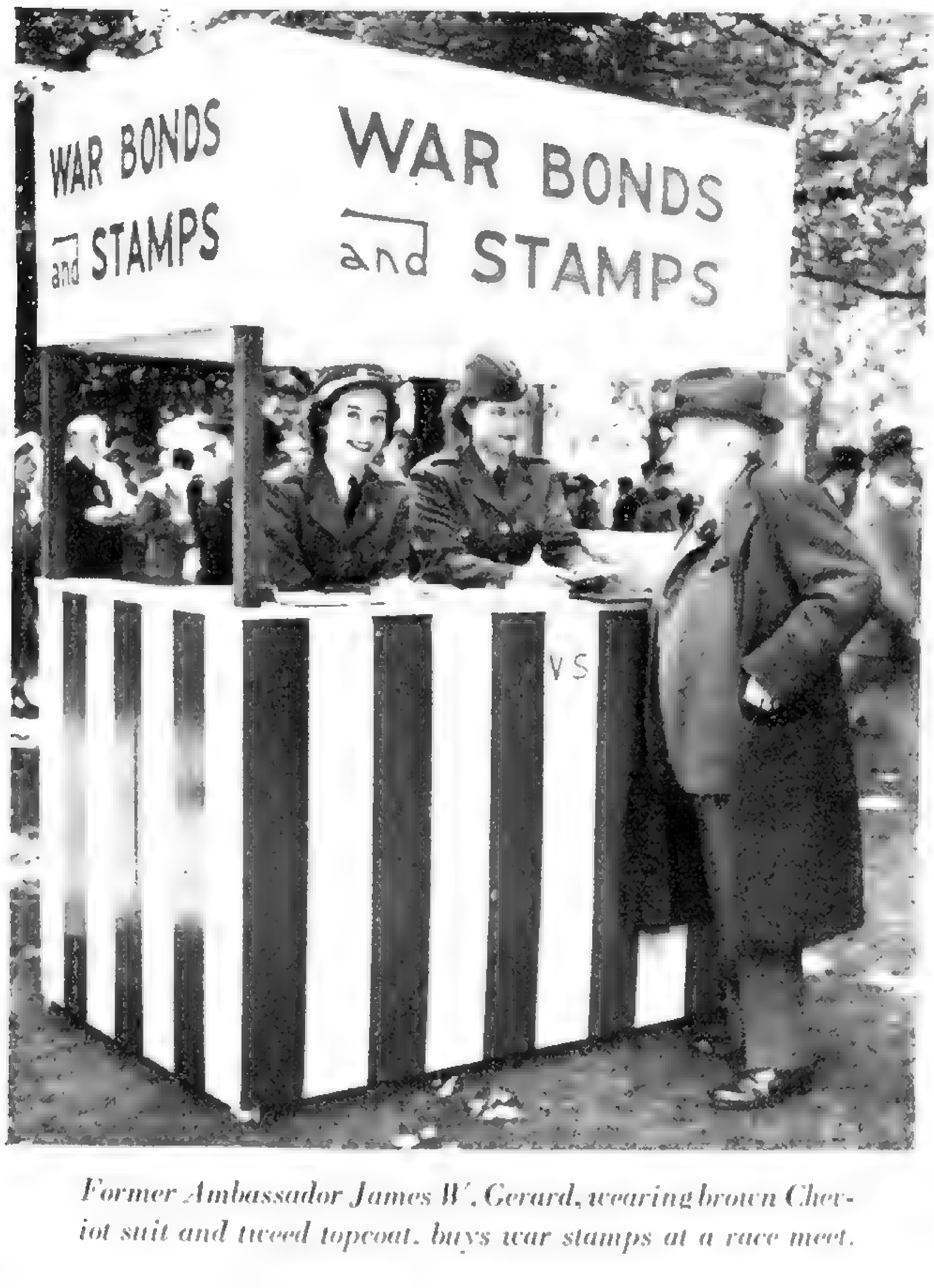
"I'll remember."

"Well, it's nice o' you," said Dick. "I been worried—"

"Girl!" Garrity called. "Bring some steaks over here. And don't put the coffee on the half-shell this time. You like steaks Mr. Galahad? Mr. Roland?"

Dick pointed with his thumb again. "I'm Lucas. He's Pottorf."

"Galahad and Roland in my book," declared Garrity. "We'll gnaw those steaks, and go and have another look at that car." ⧺



Former Ambassador James W. Gerard, wearing brown Cheviot suit and tweed topcoat, buys war stamps at a race meet.

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Return of an Aristocrat

Continued from page 85

over Marie's Raphaelic features. Always pure white, with but one regular exception. "Trois jours par mois les camélias blancs etaient remplacés par des camélias rouges" notes one of her contemporaries.

Dumas, the octoroon, was a moment's fancy with her. She had Franz Liszt, the magnificent, drop in frequently and give her a "music lesson." She had the unnamed suitor who prefaced his first call by sending her a dozen oranges, each wrapped in a 1000-franc note. Marie could well afford camellias, and she bought them plentifully. The following bill was sent her in 1842 by Raginot, the florist at 14 Rue de la Paix:

9 flowering plants	15 (francs)
2 clusters of Camellias	4
Corsage of 4 Camellias	12
2 clusters of Camellias	6
Corsage of 2 white Camellias	5
January 1844	15
1 old-fashioned bouquet	15
1 flower of Camellia Imperialiste	3
Corsage of 2 Camellias	4
1 old-fashioned bouquet and 1 Corsage of 4 Camellias	20
5 Azaleas	15
2 Roy Roses	16
1 Heather	16
1 pot Hyacinths	2
1 Bouquet	20
2 clusters of Camellias	8
9 pots Hyacinths	16
Total	192
Paid on account	20
Balance	172

"Paid on account" was an omen. Marie was slipping. Perhaps her admirers shrank from the ravages of the disease that was wasting her. When she died of tuberculosis, in 1847, she was penniless. At the end, there were only a few camellias by the bedside. She was twenty-three.

Dumas immortalized her—and himself—in his romantic novel, *La Dame aux Camélias* in 1848, and dramatized it a year later. Napoleon's censor held it up until 1852 (even in France!) and then all France gave it welcome.

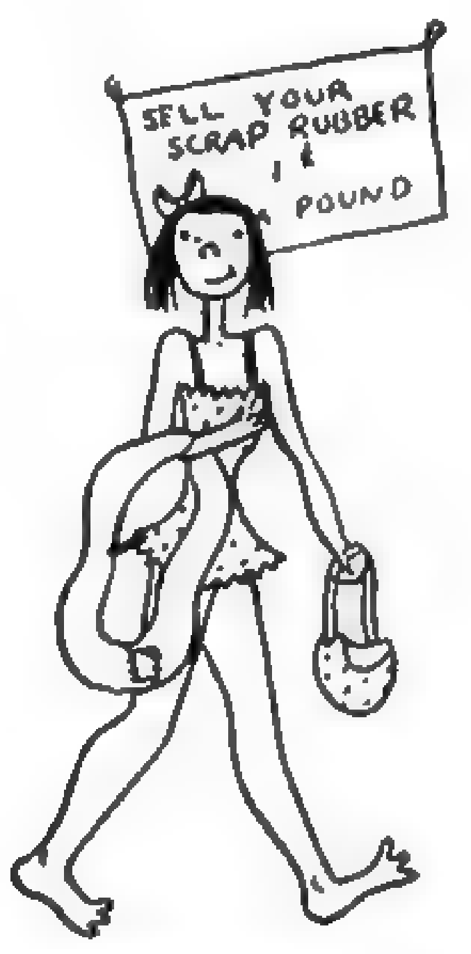
Meanwhile, in more restrained fashion, the English and the Southern aristocracy in America took to the camellia. It was extremely pleasant just to sit among Chippendale and chintz, to stroll in gardens patterned like a rug. And one could always trust the precise camellia to do the proper thing, and have the same dimensions as the next camellia. The flowers were perfectly suited to the great Southern plantations. There was plenty of "help" to manicure the estate and tend the conservatories, and there the camellia trees flourished, some for 100 and 125 years, 20 feet tall and more, bearing up to 15,000 brilliant blooms in a season. Camellias spread as far north as Virginia, as far south as middle Florida, as far west as the Mississippi. And the planters sensed the bounty of the camellia, just as the Chinese had before them. The Manchus would place a reservoir on a mountaintop and use it as a gigantic watering pot to freshen mile after mile of deliriously tinted camellias pouring over the slopes. The South had also its miles and miles of camellias, banked along the sides of carriage roads that wound across the fragrant lands of the great estates.

Naturally, South or North, the belle of the ball had to have her camellias. What happened, then, to send the favorite into exile? Well, there was the Civil War, first, and the passing of many of the old plantations. Later, the great houses and their conservatories began to disappear. A new century brought new habits of living with it. Apartment houses, and cut flowers. Because the camellia has a very weedy stem, it does not take up water very readily, and is a disappointment in a vase. And other flowers—the gardenia, the orchid—bloomed to challenge the camellia as the No. 1 corsage. After all, the camellia shatters very easily. It was not uncommon for Madame to have a gorgeous shoulder cluster of camellias one minute, and just a cluster of leaves the next, as camellia petals cascaded to the floor.

But the lovely aristocrat now returns—thanks to the skill and artistry and wit of the few growers who kept the faith. Changing fashions in flower arrangements have brought back the camellia, floating in a shallow bowl in a gorgeous splash of sheen and color. The tragic shattering is overcome by splinting the flowers with tiny wires. New and lovelier varieties have been nurtured.

In the South, your amateur gardener is apt to be the authority on camellias. But farther North, with soils and climates agin 'em, two professional growers share the camellia kingdom, and stand with honor against all comers even in flower shows below the Mason & Dixon line.

If your conception of the wizard-gardener is that of a little nut-brown man with gnarled hands and pixie eyes, you can go back to reading your Irish fairy tales. Far from being anything resembling a leprechaun, the two camellia barons of this country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Fable

Once there was a slogan-maker who failed to make any reference to scrap-rubber or scrap-metal as a means of winning the scrap.

are big, hearty men with shrewd business heads and a sense of humus. Edward Dupuy, of Whitestone, New York, even leaning against a pile of rich-smelling plant encouragement, looks more like a banker than anybody on Broad Street. A midnight blue Homburg and a pince-nez on a ribbon seem to make camellias grow lovelier, don't ask why. And Joe Hill, of Richmond, Indiana, is all a Hollywood casting director could ask for a shipping czar.

Eddie Dupuy, who will take a plane with you to Los Angeles quicker than you can say *Hermes Imperator*, carries on for the Dupuy Greenhouses, now that his father, originally of Vichy France, has gone from among his camellias. But from the humble wizardy of the old man has grown a business that takes an order for 40,000 geraniums for the World's Fair as part of the day's work. You can follow Eddie Dupuy about his forty-five acres of flowers without realizing how neatly he can parry a question about his growing formulas with a fascinating story about what happened the time he sat next to the mayor of Scranton in 1922. Camellia growing can be a huge business but even a successful wholesaler with a yen for flying, has to stay on the ground.

You can stroll down Easthaven Avenue in Richmond, Indiana, to the E. G. Hill Company, 240,000 square feet under glass, and never know that Joe Hill, the boss, is a namesake for an old English gardener, his grandfather. Joe Hill, who, like Eddie Dupuy, looks as if he could lift the front end of one of his own trucks, came by his fascination for camellias almost as romantically as his Eastern confrere. Dupuy, from Vichy, is not a too-far cry from the opening night of that tear-jerker, *La Dame aux Camélias*. But Joe Hill seen his duty with his own eyes, and he done it. One night at a party, florist Hill spied an eye-filling gal toting some camellias, and knocking the gang, including Hill, for a loop. Joe Hill started planting camellias next day. Now the whole nation wears 'em.

Yes, the camellia has come back. But don't let the image of two gentlemen who can turn magic-with-stamens-and-pollen into big business disturb your poetic soul, if you are one for the slim, leather bound volume held lightly between the fingers. Because there creeps every year to the grave of Marie Duplessis, on the anniversary of her death, an unknown worshipper of her memory. And on the stone he leaves another corsage, for the lady of the camellias. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 81

poems are so excellent as poetry, that the appearance of this small pocket-size volume is really a literary event; and Canada takes her place in poetry among the leading nations of the world. I am glad to see that the Toronto *Saturday Night*, often regarded as Canada's leading weekly, greets this small volume with a front page leading editorial. As I myself have been sounding the trumpet for Canadian poets for the last ten years, I am particularly pleased with this Anthology. (Penguin Books, New York.)

Turning from Canada to England, a young English poet, James Elroy Flecker, who died in 1915, wrote some lines that will never be forgotten; and he happened to write two versions of one poem, which give the reader a good test of values. Sir John Squire, his editor, said the second version was a "drastic improvement" on the first, yet I prefer the first.

Once a poor song-bird that had lost her way
Sang down in hell upon a blackened bough,
Till all the lazy ghosts remembered how
The forest trees stood up against the day.

Then suddenly they knew that they had died,
Hearing this music mock their shadow-land;
And some one there stole forth a timid hand
To draw a phantom brother to his side.

(Second version)

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.
At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

One of the most interesting and entertaining books of the year is *Giants in Dressing Gowns*, by Julian B. Arnold, the son of Sir Edwin Arnold, who wrote *The Light of Asia*. The son of a famous poet and diplomat, he traveled widely and met personally an amazingly large number of famous Victorians. In this book he talks about them so intimately that it is as if we saw the expression on their faces and heard their voices. Here are some of them: Queen Victoria, Edward VII, Garibaldi, Swinburne, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Napoleon III, Charles Darwin, Emerson, Arnold, Holmes, Irving, Ellen Terry, Disraeli, Gladstone, Stanley, Sir Richard Burton, Senator Bayard, Whitelaw Reid, Carnegie, Pulitzer, Conan Doyle, and the last chapter contains a fine tribute to his father; also a tribute to tobacco. "An inveterate smoker, Arnold attributed to tobacco some of his ability to accomplish much without strain. Indeed to it he ascribed not only most of the successes of his life but also a large part of his bodily immunity from diseases, as well as his unfailing calm of mind."

I can't understand why this book is not already a best-seller. The author, now in California, writes me, "It was the generous pen of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* which started *The Light of Asia* upon its notable career.

Continued on page 150

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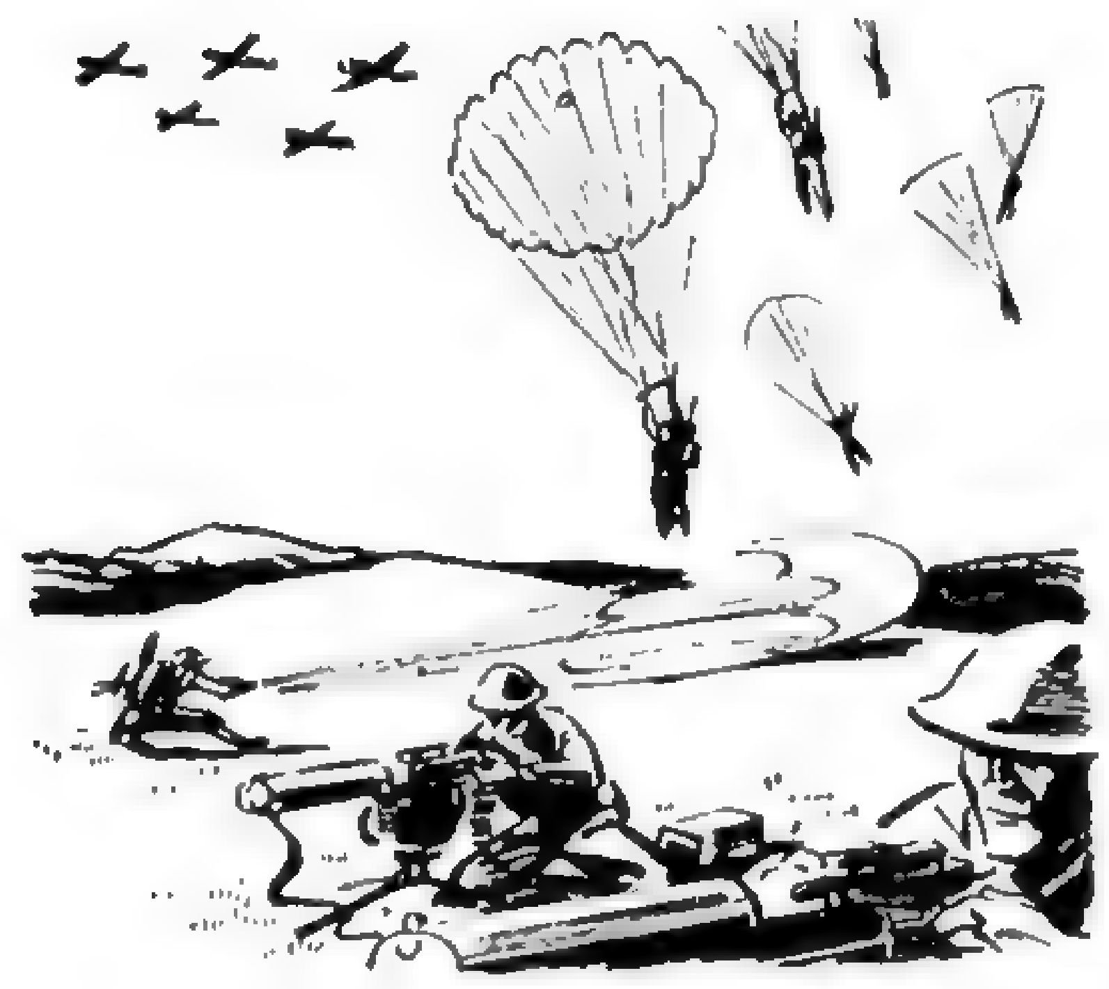

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CORONET

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 81-149

My father had sent a copy of his epic to Dr. Holmes, who, for friendship's sake, read the work critically—then lovingly—then with all of his splendid enthusiasm. Then he wrote his memorable review in the *American Review*—and straightway the floodgates of popularity were opened."

Well, not the least of the good effects of that review is this entertaining and valuable book, for the popularity of the father gave the son golden opportunities, and he made the most of them.

In a recent issue I commented on one of the most terrifying and nerve-shattering ghost stories, *The Beckoning Fair One*, by the British writer, Oliver Onions. I confidently recommend this story only to those who are sure their nerves can withstand it. The wife of Oliver Onions, Berta Ruck, is herself a novelist, and I have enjoyed a number of her works. She happened to see an allusion I made to this story; and writing from Wales, where she and her husband are living during the war:

"Your mention of the story *The Beckoning Fair One* was a source of real pleasure and pride to us all over the family.

"It struck me that you might possibly like to know of its inception.

"This took place when we were first married and lived in Hampstead in the old-fashioned white-panelled rooms which were afterwards described by O.O. in the tale.

"It was a frosty night and I was brushing and combing out my hair, which is long and thick and of which I had at that time a rather unusual quantity. The frost made the electricity in it snap and crackle quite loudly and my husband, turning at the sound, said, 'There is no sound in the world like the sound of a woman's hair crackling under the comb. How uncanny it would be if one *heard* that sound and *saw no woman there.*' He added, 'I think I shall have to write that story—' and he did, describing the whole place minutely, even to the dripping tap, but bringing in the phantom Fair One. Well, as I said, it meant that never again was *I* able to be left alone in that flat, which became for me a completely haunted place. Actually I think it was haunted. We used to make it rather pretty with candlelight and flowers, but after that story was written I was quite pleased when we moved."

Wing tip shoes, in accordance with the WPB policies, look like any other type. The front part of the upper, however, is all one piece instead of two. The pinked-edge effect is done with stitching. Good appearance is maintained and leather conserved. Lighter soles are specified.

I am glad to hear that Oliver Onions is writing a new novel called *Emperor and Clown.* It deals with evil, the ethical value of success, the herd instinct, honesty, and popular education.

Professor James L. Clifford of Lehigh, whose admirable biography of Mrs. Thrale (Hester Lynch Piozzi) was published last year, writes me about another eighteenth century prophecy of air fighting, to add to those I have printed in Esquire by Thomas Gray and Dr. Johnson. Richard Owen Cambridge was a scholar and a gentleman, well known in literary circles in his time, but I did not remember the following interesting passage, probably because I had never read it.

"In reading your 'Five Minute Shelf' in the June *Esquire*, I was much interested in your comments on Dr. Johnson's prediction of aerial warfare in *Rasselas.* I wonder if you remember the amusing passage in that little read 18th century satire by Richard Owen Cambridge, *The Scribleriad*, in which another aerial combat is described? A recent Ph.D. dissertation dug it up, and I venture to transcribe the passage for your amusement.

Two youths of equal fire
Spring from the crowd, and to the prize aspire.
The one a German of distinguish'd fame:
His rival from projecting Britain came.
They spread their wings, and with a rising bound,
Swift at the word together quit the ground.
The Briton's rapid flight outstrips the wind:
The lab'ring German urges close behind.
As some light bark, pursu'd by ships of force,
Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course,
The nimble Briton from his rival flies,
And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.
Sudden the string, which bound his plumage, broke;
His naked arms in yielding air he shook:
His naked arms no more support his weight,
But fail him sinking from his airy height.
Yet as he falls, so chance or fate decreed,
His rival near him urg'd his winged speed,
Not unobserv'd. (Despair suggests a thought)
Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught,
And drew th' insulting victor to the ground:
While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.

In *The Scribleriad*, so I understand, one may even find references to devices for the purification of air for submarines and incendiary bombs. The eighteenth century could at least imagine what the twentieth would endure."

Among recent murder-thrillers, I recommend *Assignment in Brittany*, by Helen MacInnes, the accomplished author of last year's spy masterpiece, *Above Suspicion*. This is not quite so good as that, but it is far above the average of its kind. It combines excitement with art. Will Oursler's *Folio on Florence White* is a most ingenious assortment of thrills, with a legal triumph over circumstantial evidence. Francis Beeding produces the best of his numerous thrillers (I have read them all) in *The Twelve Disguises*, which glues the reader to the page. ##

Confirmation

When airing an opinion
On our economic state,
Or the fracas we're engaged in—
Why, I'm open to debate,
But I always am delighted
As I have a right to be
At the brilliance of the scholars
Who are in accord with me;

I might put this down as smugness
If I hadn't tried and tried
To unearth some clever thinkers
Who were on the other side.
But you have my word of honor
That I've never met a crew
Half as stupid as the nitwits
Who dispute my point of view!

—Phil Stack

The Score for 1943

Continued from page 29

so don't count on minor, or even major, physical defects to give you automatic deferment.

Married men without children seem to be safe until early 1943. Those with a "working wife" may be taken immediately if local draft boards find the wife's job nullifies a "bona fide family relationship in their home." But a wife's ability to earn a living, to live with her parents, to get along on unearned income, no longer by itself pushes a married man into 1-A.

Deferment will be based on existence of a family unit and financial dependency. In line with this, a married man supporting a wife and not living with her is ripe for 1-A. Wives acquired after December 8, 1941, don't count. But children born after that date do.

Married men in war work will still be classified as 3-B. They are not to be called until the supply of married men not in war work is exhausted.

Married men with children will not be called until the supply of single men and childless married men has been drained. Men with one child will go before those with two children, etc.

Men just turning twenty will be called almost immediately.

Eighteen and nineteen year olds seem sure to be drafted by late 1942 or early 1943.

The man who is supporting his mother and father has less than one chance in five of staying out of the Army. This is true even if the minimum amount required for the support of the parents is not made by the share taken from the soldier's pay plus the 25 dollars government contribution which the new Allotment Law provides in such a situation.

2-B or not 2-B, that is the question—when it comes to occupational deferment. No matter how important a position you occupy in a firm which is not doing war work or work closely related to the war, your chance for more than a six-months' deferment is remote—less than 1 out of 4—and the odds are becoming greater against you daily. In war work you may be one of the hundreds of thousands of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-four who have been trained in the four- or six- or eight-month courses to do skilled work in the airplane factories, at machine tool plants, and the other technical enterprises that used to require an apprenticeship of from one to five years. Because you have been employed in an industry so directly related to the war, you have been deferred. But don't feel too secure. While that industry will be even more critically necessary than it is now, *your* continued deferment is much less likely. Women will not only take your jobs over, but in many instances they will do a better job than you are now doing. That's already been proved true in a number of the aircraft and munition loading plants where jobs requiring dexterity and continuity of application of fine work are more effectively accomplished by women.

The shipyards were the last war's favorite haven for those who found military service a little too uncomfortable. The farms, this time, with a good deal more grace and a hell of a lot more work, provide the safe furrow.

But, okay, you're clearly over age or you're doing vital war work, a replacement can't be found quickly, no girl's got what you've got, and you are blind in one eye anyway. Where do you go from there? In the first place, you go to the tax collector.

You undoubtedly are acquainted with the old feudal rule that the lord of the manor could require his tenants to set aside a certain number of days a month to work for him. Well, when March 15, 1943 rolls around you are going to find that you worked at least one day in five during 1942 for Uncle Sam. Out of every dollar of wages, fees or other income you received—exclusive of the ever-diminishing personal exemptions and credit

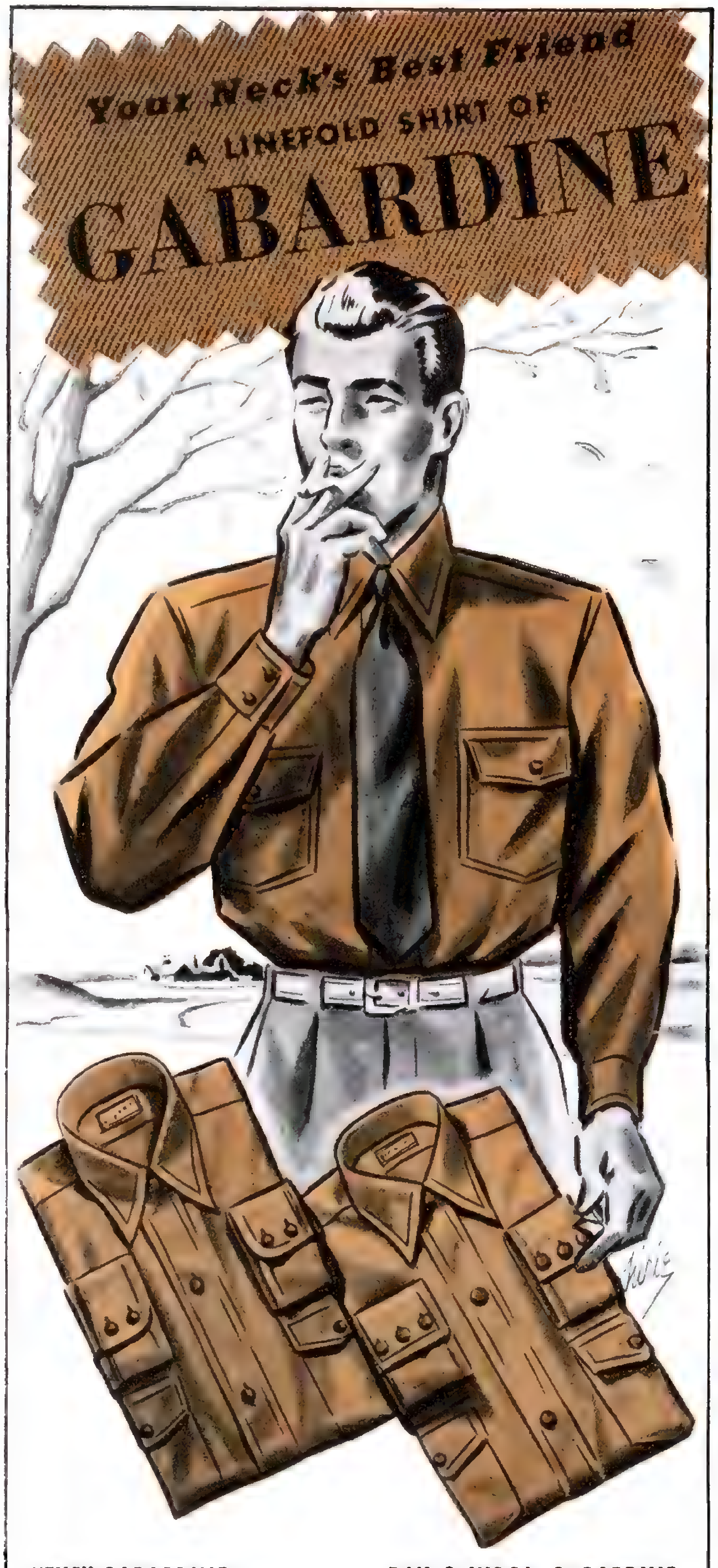
Continued on page 152

You have to grow wings

to wear Laskinlamb

Last year, all you had to do was to go down to your favorite store with Dad or Mother, and come out with a coat of Laskinlamb. That was last year—this is War. And for the duration, Laskinlamb goes only to the men of our gallant air force. We take pride in the fact — and we know you do, too — that as our airmen climb into the cockpits, the bomb-bays, the gunners' nests, they are kept warm, ready for action, by Laskinlamb. So, while it's goodbye now, look again for Laskinlamb when the job is finished—We'll be seeing you.

J. Laskin & Sons Corp., 130 W. 30th St., N. Y. C.



"THE" GABARDINE
A beautiful quality cotton Gabardine in the shades of Buckskin Tan, Copen Blue, Bottle Green, Pearl Grey, Saddle Brown, Navy Blue, and Black. *At all fine retail stores.* $2.95.

RAY-O-WOOL GABARDINE
A luxurious blend of 5.7% Virgin Wool and 94.3% spun-rayon Gabardine. In Sand Tan, Palm Green, Teal Blue, Wine, Native Brown, and Navy Blue. *At all fine retail stores . . .* $5.

ALL LINEFOLD Shirts have the famous one-piece self-folding LINEFOLD Collar. No wrinkles, no bulges, no neck-gouging seams. Insist upon shirts with LINEFOLD Collars.

LINEFOLD
SHIRTS

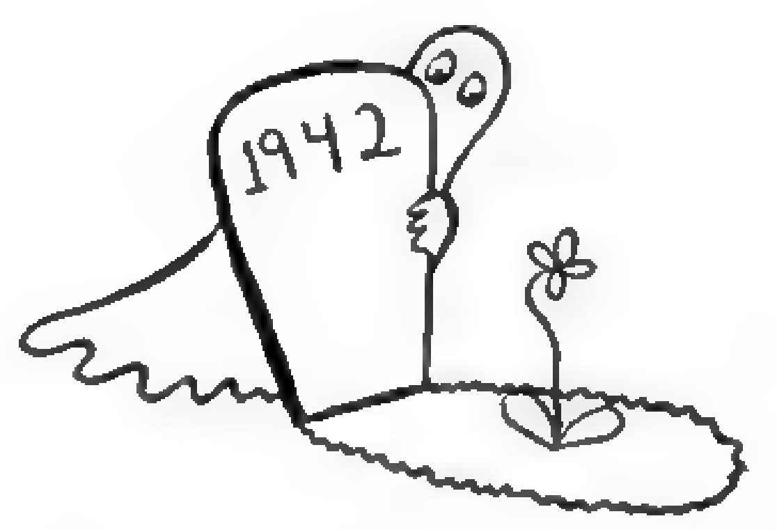
If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Department "P" of the
NEW ERA SHIRT COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Score for 1943

Continued from pages 29-151

for dependents—a minimum of some eighteen cents will go for income taxes. And this will graduate sharply for the high income brackets.

Speaking very roughly your income tax bill for 1942 will be twice what you paid last year. If you're single and earn, say, 3,000 dollars, your share of the new taxes will be about 450 dollars (you probably paid in the neighborhood of 225 dollars for 1941). If you earn 10,000 dollars, are married, but have not yet been visited by the stork, your tax bill will be a little short of 2,100 dollars. Two dependent children would reduce this bill to 1,800 dollars. Does this seem high? Just wait until 1943!



Epitaph . . . 1942

Here lies the body
Of Merton Morse,
His car was frightened
By a horse!

The government is going to help you pay this tax by requiring your employer to take a part of it out of your pay envelope every week. This is the "withholding tax" you've heard so much about. If you own stocks, you will probably feel the effect of higher corporate surtaxes and excessive profit taxes in the form of reduced dividends. And you can expect to pay more for many of the things you buy—especially items like tobacco and liquor—because new or higher excise taxes will boost their prices.

Even with tax increases all around, the government needs more funds. It plans to get some of that money by making you lend your extra dollars to it. The reaction to Secretary Morgenthau's *voluntary* savings plan has been heartening, and the sale of war bonds has gone along at a pretty good clip; but the need for money to finance the war gets greater and greater. Besides, if you have too much loose cash around, we'll be flirting with inflation. These factors add up to "compulsory saving"—you will be *forced* to save a certain percentage of your income.

In general, you'll be getting more money, but actually you'll be earning a good deal less. Corporate taxes before the war is over will run as close as possible to 100 per cent on all except minimum normal profits, stopping only at the point where business incentive would be completely wiped out. And by the way, the concept of "business incentive" will undergo a more radical change before the Armistice than anything you've yet blamed on Washington. The reason is very plainly this: with the exception of a few smart operators, nobody's going to be making money, and yet production will reach the highest peak it has ever reached in America. We'll learn as they learned in England, in Germany, and in Russia that profit is not a necessary incentive—that the threat of a bullet in the pants is all the push you need. The average executive caught between the squeeze of priorities, allocation, rationing, licensing of his business, suspension of his whole enterprise, compulsory orders, requisitioning of his property, removal of his labor or shutdown of his power and fuel will find himself producing if he is capable of producing, profit or no.

What are the prospects for those of you who work for salaries or wages? Well, your wages will continue to creep a little higher despite everything that Washington says about keeping the lid on wages, but the real money in your pockets will grow less and less. First of all, a mild form of inflation has been with us for some time and will not be stopped by price control. Price control is doing a bang-up job of preventing a runaway inflation, but come hell or high water or Leon Henderson, prices will not be frozen. Not long after the general freeze went into operation, OPA was compelled to lift the ceiling on gasoline, canned fruits and other commodities. By this time, ceilings have been cracked open on other products. It's not that prices can't be held; it just isn't up to Leon Henderson to do it. It's up to a combination of the Federal Reserve System, Congress, the Treasury Department and—let's not forget—the people themselves.

Because it is a very important part of your immediate future you want to know about one of the most important battles now going on: The Battle of Inflation Gap. This is not a military battle, but it can lose this war for us just as decisively as any armed engagement—because unless we can close this breach in our lines our whole economy will be torpedoed. The consequences of this conflict may have a greater effect upon you than Bataan, Corregidor, Singapore or Tobruk.

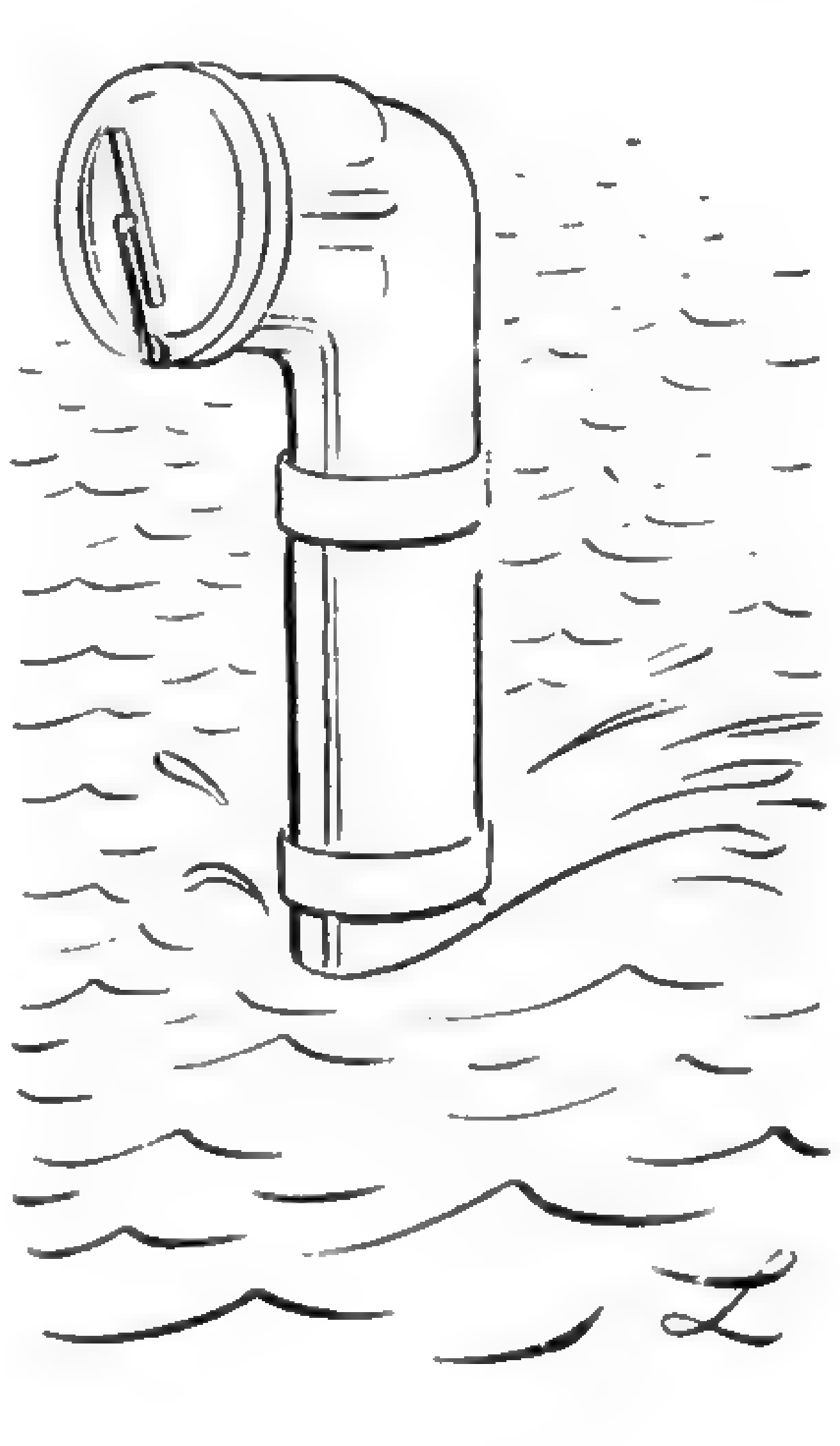
(Have you forgotten Tobruk? Refresh your memory, Mr. Jones, because that one development in June, 1942, has been conservatively calculated as adding one or two years to the previously estimated length of the war—with definite economic consequences that are going to make life tougher for you than it would otherwise have been.)

Here are the forces in the Battle of Inflation Gap: on one side all of you Joneses and your poor white and black nephews, your wives, sisters, neighbors will be accumulating an annual income of about 120 billion dollars. This money will be burning a hole in your pockets, looking for things to buy. It is your worst enemy. The war industries are producing between 60 and 70 billion dollars worth of war goods a year—which leaves only 60 billion maximum worth of civilian goods, the articles and services you can buy over a counter; the things, for instance, that are advertised in these pages of Esquire.

That means there's roughly two dollars of spending money in your pocket for every dollar's worth of goods or services that you can buy. And that, in a nutshell, spells inflation. If nothing were being done about this situation, your present dollar would be worth less than fifty cents and you would have a real, whirlwind inflation blowing the dollar bills out of your pockets right now.

Well, price control is trying to do something about it, and fortunately, by the end of the year about 40 billions will have been extracted for taxes, government bonds, social security, and so forth. But there will still be 20 billion bucks hanging around loose, burning that hole in the nation's pocketbooks. This 20 billion dollars is the no-man's land in the fight against inflation. Unless it is wiped out, two things will happen. The prices of the things that are available will rise until they absorb the 20 billions, and once they start rising at this rate there aren't many people—including all the experts—who know how to stop them. Secondly, when this kind of money is hanging around there will be plenty of the smart boys who will manage to find the goods to sell. If you have 40 or 50 dollars out looking for a tire, some slicker will get one for that price (worth maybe five dollars, incidentally) even though no tires are supposed to be available.

The black market comes into the picture here—with its arsenal of fraud, violence and all the gangsterism that characterized Prohibition. If not stamped out, it would help our enemies by undermining our war economy—diverting war materials, cracking price controls, defeating rationing, assisting the saboteur.



It may sound like a hollow victory to you to be told that the only way the fight against inflation will be won is by taking your extra dollars out of your pocket. But unless they come out by voluntary action on your part in the purchasing of stamps and bonds, or by the compulsory action of the government in forcing you to buy government bonds and stamps, we may be headed for the day when you'll need a suitcase full of bills to pay your carfare.

Your standard of living is going to take it on the chin as this war goes on, and the punches are going to land harder and more squarely than they have. Up to now you've had to take only a few glancing pokes: your automobile has been kept in the garage because you couldn't get enough gasoline for pleasure driving and because you wanted to save your tires; your wife may not have been able to buy the new refrigerator she'd been wanting; you may have had to make your old vacuum cleaner last longer than you had planned; you have noticed that the suits advertised in these pages no longer have cuffs on the trousers, and of course you know that you haven't been able to get as much sugar as you could in the old days. Behind the increasing shortages of the goods you want is the picture of old man war who has his hands on all the production facilities of the country. You can look forward to his scooping up larger and larger portions of what is made. He will clamp down harder and harder on the production of goods that don't directly contribute to the war. This means that as the months go by there will be less and less goods left for you to buy.

You have been able to take rationing in your stride so far because it hasn't yet hit too close to your solar plexus, but, if only on the basis of England's experience, you can be sure that you're in for rationing of a great many articles you use every day.

Rationing is necessary for three main reasons. First, when there aren't enough goods to go around, you've got to have some way of distributing them equitably. Otherwise, the limited supply would lead to very high prices and then only the rich could buy the scarce goods. And that leads to the second reason: those boosted prices would have "inflation" written all over them. The third reason is that we need controlled distribution so we can build the stockpiles we need—stockpiles of tin, rubber, etc., which may eventually mean the actual difference between defeat and victory.

Although American rationing so far has been confined to bicycles, gasoline, automobiles, tires, sugar and typewriters, it is no secret that Leon Henderson foresees the need for spreading rationing over fifteen new major groups of items within the next year. The House Appropriations Committee reported at

Continued on page 154

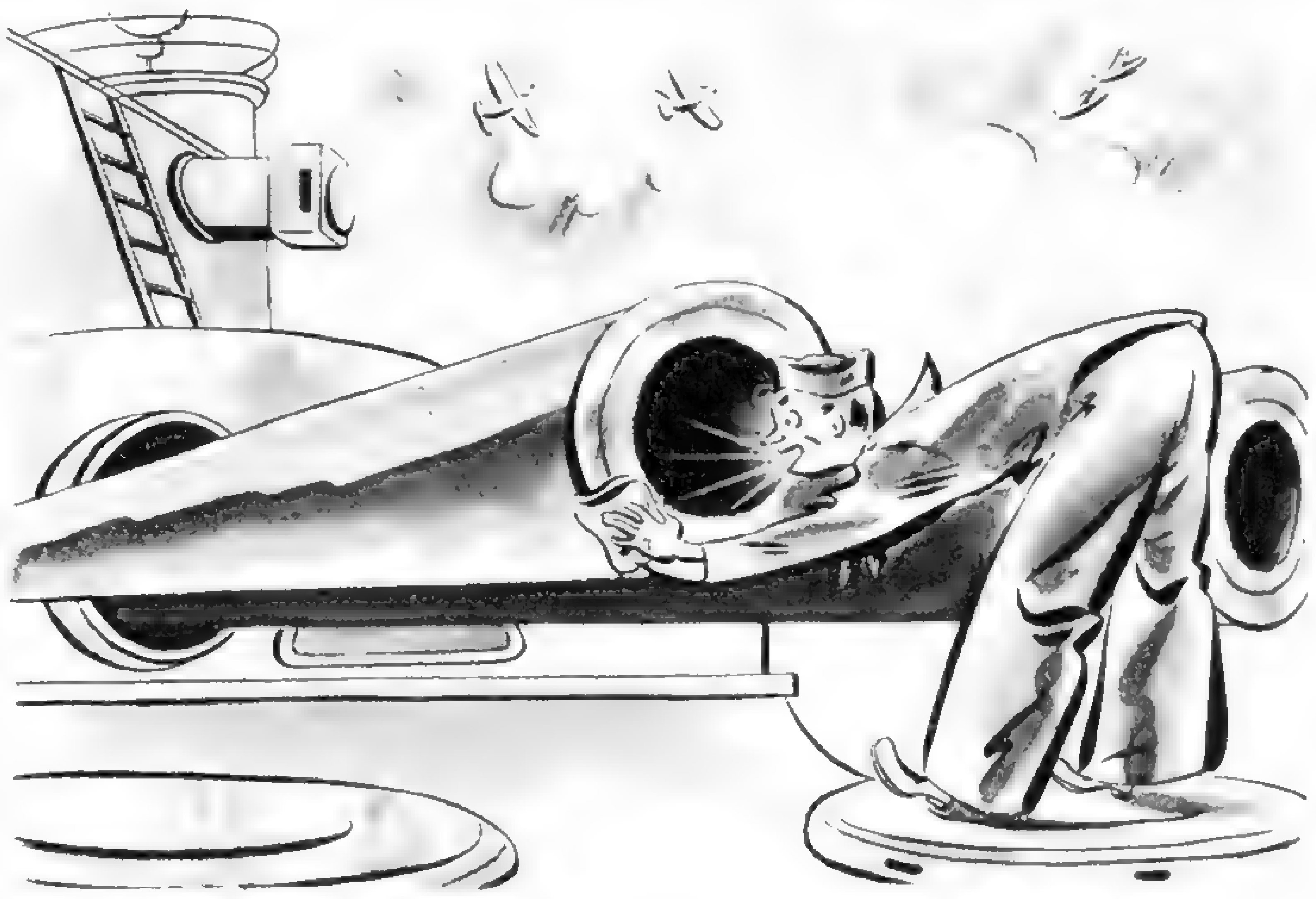
Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by H. Williamson

SET 10
DIRECTOR

"Register bliss, Clark . . . as if you were sipping a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve"

If there ever was a super-colossal production, it's a Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve! For this extra-luxury whiskey has a rare talent for *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its delectable "soft" flavor rates an Academy Award in six languages. Have your next Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

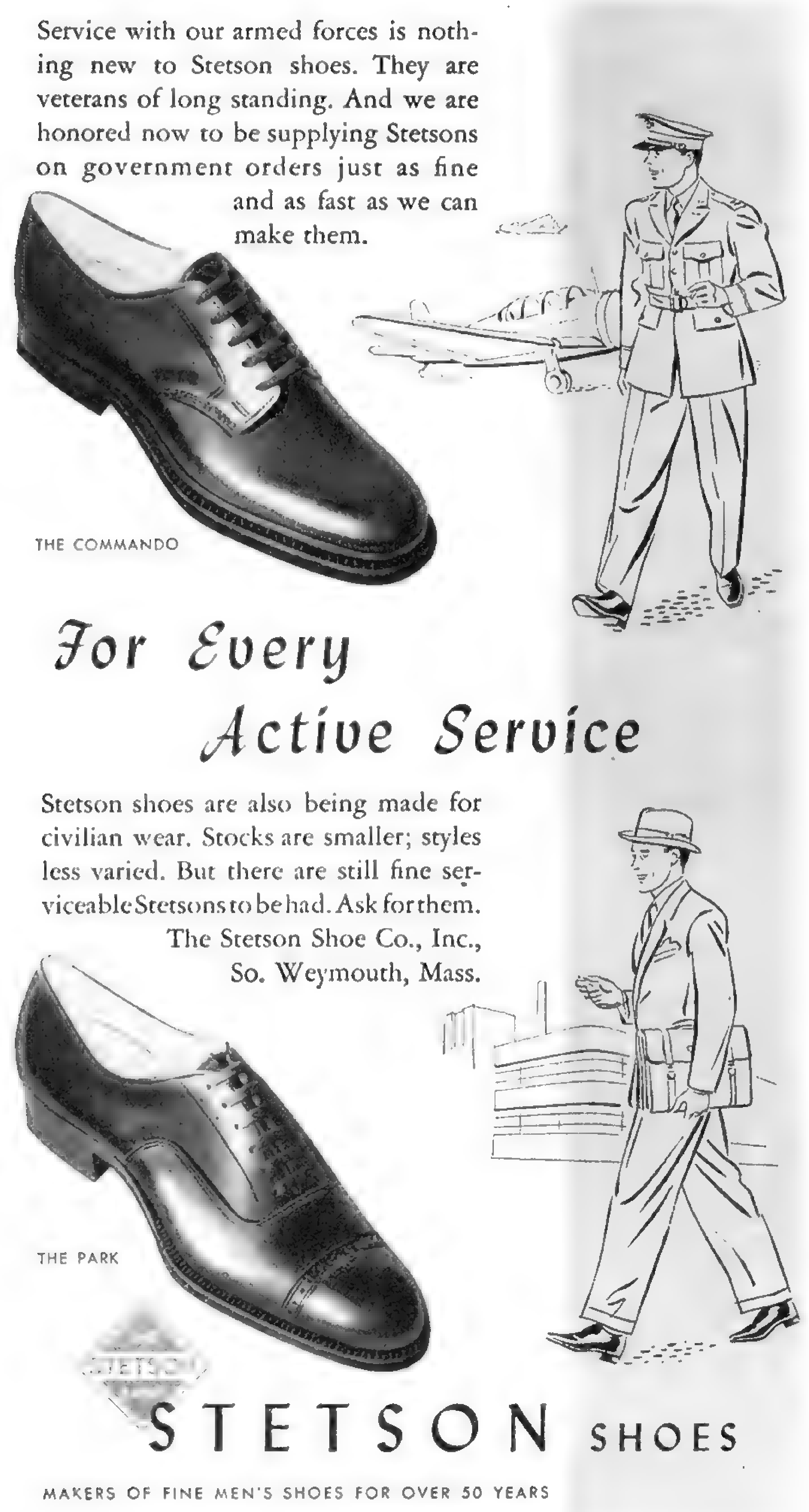


"Fire when ready, Gridley. I'm wearing PARIS GARTERS.
'No Metal Can Touch You'—you know."

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

And you get extra Style, Service and Comfort in the famous "No Metal Can Touch You" PARIS Garters. But buy only when you need them. Then —prolong their life: change your garters daily—while you're wearing one pair, "rest" the other. Make your long-lasting PARIS Garters last longer—than ever. That's a good way to save. You can do your part in winning the war—without parting with your good appearance ☆☆☆ You'll like the new Fall PARIS Garters—now at your dealer's at the same old prices: 35c to $1 ☆☆☆ A. Stein & Company—Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Toronto.

KEEP YOUR SOX UP—WITHOUT LETTING YOUR COUNTRY DOWN!



Service with our armed forces is nothing new to Stetson shoes. They are veterans of long standing. And we are honored now to be supplying Stetsons on government orders just as fine and as fast as we can make them.

THE COMMANDO

For Every Active Service

Stetson shoes are also being made for civilian wear. Stocks are smaller; styles less varied. But there are still fine serviceable Stetsons to be had. Ask for them.
The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc.,
So. Weymouth, Mass.

THE PARK

STETSON SHOES

MAKERS OF FINE MEN'S SHOES FOR OVER 50 YEARS

It's not too early for Christmas stockings—not by a long shot. For the walloping 304-page Christmas annual is already taking shape, and brother, *what* shape! Hold your breath till November 15.

FURNITURE R

You are cordially invited to visit our showrooms and see our beautiful display of Bedroom and Dining room Furniture.

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • DETROIT • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SHEBOYGAN • ST. LOUIS

FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

The Score for 1943

Continued from pages 29-151-153

the end of June: "It is likely that in the third or fourth quarter of this year the country will be faced with heavy demands on some very essential items. Several of these are in two of the basic cost of living groups, which means a general rationing program for the entire country.

"It would be folly to name any specific items which are likely to be rationed. To do so would cause immediate runs on existing stocks and bring about rationing earlier than ordinarily would be necessary."

Since it is an open secret, there's no harm in telling you that you are in for rationing, or even complete curtailment, in the case of articles like radios and phonographs, electric lamps and bulbs, household appliances such as toasters, flatirons, etc. There won't be enough stoves to go around because production of stoves has already been seriously curtailed. Cloth prints and other textiles will be harder and harder to get. Fuel and power are in for drastic curtailment—and if you don't feel these in your home particularly, you'll certainly feel them in your business. As a matter of fact, the transportation jam forebodes a pretty cold winter for people in the East who did not have the foresight to get their fuel, as the Office of Defense Transportation urged, while the getting was good.

And don't forget this: the goods that *are* available to you will not be the kind of goods you once could buy. Cuffless trousers are only a beginning. Not only fashioners of clothing, but designers of furniture, household appliances, and so on and on, will find their suggestions censored by war needs. Shortage of materials commands that whatever civilian production *is* allowed be carried on without unnecessary frills and gadgets and style furbelows. What you will be able to get is going to be as plain, as unornamented as cut-to-the-bone manufacture can make it.

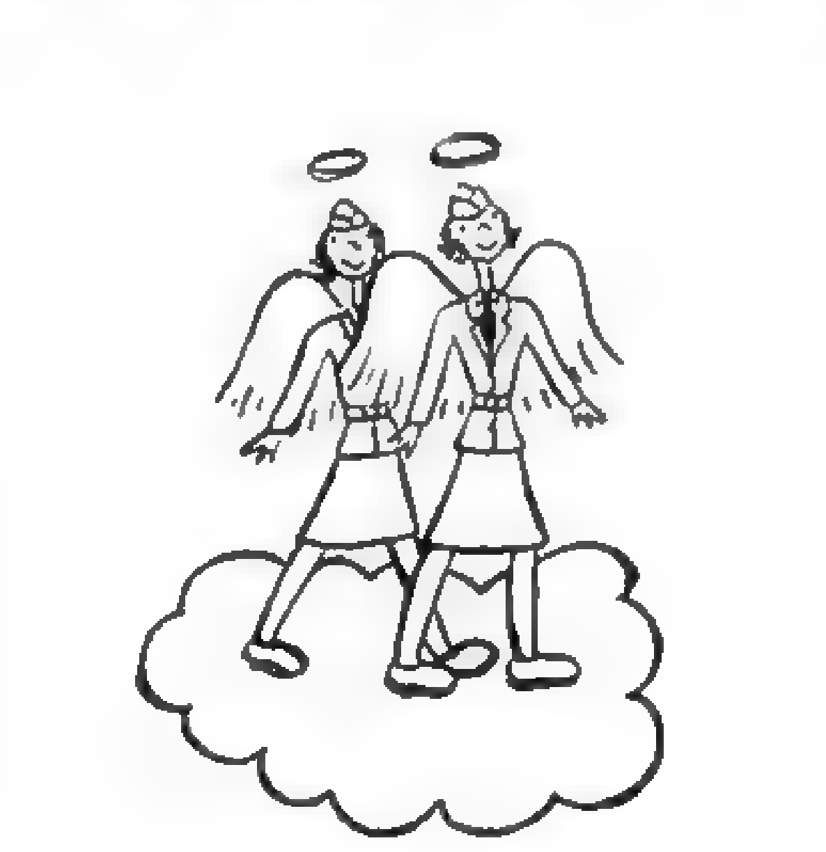
The quality of the things you buy is very likely to be lower than you have been accustomed to—in spite of every effort of government agencies to keep quality up. There is no alternative to this reduced quality for two reasons: first, since materials are being diverted to war production, only substitute and frequently less satisfactory materials are left for civilian use in many cases; second, the pressure of the price ceilings under which American industry now has to operate is such that many companies can stay in business only if they abandon superior lines and turn out cheaper goods.

You can see, then, that even though you may have more money in your pocket to start with, your standard of living is going to be a good deal lower than it was, because you won't be able to buy many things at all, and what you do buy isn't likely to be up to par.

You'll have to do some mighty close figuring to budget yourself wisely for 1943. After your whacking tax bill is paid you are not going to have a hell of a lot of money left. Prices, which are going to inch up despite all controls, are going to take their cut out of your pocketbook. Compulsory savings are going to take another bite. And then you'll want to charge yourself with the purchase of war bonds and stamps. Many people are wondering how much they can set aside for this necessary expense. Well, you'll be pretty lucky if, after taxes and your other expenses, you can manage to invest 10 per cent of your income in war bonds, but you certainly should try as hard as you can to aim at that figure. If it is at all possible, of course, put war bonds down for an even larger share of your income.

Everybody wants to know what kind of a world this war is leading us to. You don't have to be a crystalgazer or a soothsayer to see the three alternatives that present themselves. Discounting the possibility of losing the war, we are certainly faced with the possibility of losing the peace. There is a possibility, for instance, that after the war we might find ourselves in some kind of American imperialism. Sure we'd have full employment and apparent prosperity—but at what cost! It doesn't matter what high-sounding or fancy names such a system might be given, it would be the kind of economic nationalism which, in reality, leads to fascist oppression at home and abroad.

Or we could "just let things slide" and hope that somehow, mysteriously, the American people and American business would muddle back to "normalcy"—whatever that may be. It seems pretty clear that any such course would lead to severe depression, if not chaos. Our experience at the end of the last war indicates that. Besides, and most important, we can't ever go back to "normalcy" because the war has proved to us finally, completely, and once and for all that this is a world of abundance now, and our old ideas



We sincerely hope that none of the WAAC's lose their lives in the performance of their duties. We don't want to see anybody become a Gold Star Father.

of how to run it "normally" were based on the assumption that we were living in a world of scarcity.

The war has shown you, Mr. Esquire Jones, that we can operate at a hundred billion dollar a year income level—which represents full employment, full purchasing power, and consequently full prosperity. It is not surprising, then, that you ask, "If we can operate at that prosperous level in wartime, why can't we do it in peacetime? If we can plan and organize our facilities to get the bombers we need, why can't we plan and organize our facilities to get the houses, food, and clothing we need?"

There are in this country today a great many agencies, both public and private, which are making plans for the post-war world. Industry is taking a leading part in planning to avoid tragedy and waste in the post-war period. There will, of course, be tremendous problems. The demobilization of some 27 million men from the armed forces and from industries now going full blast on war production is going to create a great unemployment problem. There are plans for large public projects and plans for the stimulation of private investment in private business projects which are aimed at taking up that slack. Extended unemployment insurance benefits, perhaps dismissal pay, etc., are methods of maintaining purchasing power during the transition period so that the people will have the money to buy the things they need and want badly at the end of the war.

There are high hurdles to get over in the conversion of industry to peacetime production. Many large private corporations, like General Electric and U. S. Steel, have been carrying on engineering research for the solution of this problem. The small business man who lost his market in the shuffle of war production will have to find a way to get that market back. If he joins with the agencies that are now planning for post-war convalescence, he may find himself in a rather optimistic position on Armistice Day.

From an economic point of view there is no doubt, Mr. Esquire Jones, that you and your family can look forward to a world of greater wealth than we have ever known before, greater prosperity, greater comforts and happiness for all the people—*if* the tricky balance between production and distribution can be maintained. But that's a big "if," as the experience of the past proves.

The war will have swept away many of the pressures and weights which kept us from producing as well as we knew how. For instance, it is notorious that Detroit has known for many years how to build a better automobile than it has ever built. Engineers are thankful for the fact that the war has forced the companies to do what they would otherwise have delayed—scrap their old dies and designs and so clear the assembly lines for the better kind of automobile the engineers know how to build: a car that will cost you perhaps 300 dollars, give you about 50 miles on a gallon, run like a honey at 70 miles an hour.

What the automobile industry was to the post-war world of the 1920's, the airplane may be in the next decade. For instance, helicopters, planes that can take off and land on roofs or lawns, have already been developed to the point where they are almost foolproof in the hands of any man who can drive an automobile. And they can be produced cheaply, at prices well within the means of the average citizen. Tomorrow will be a world of the air not only in terms of "a plane in every garage," but also in the sense that air freight will come into its own as a great industry. At Douglas Aircraft Corporation, a giant plane able to do the work of 30 freight cars is already "far beyond the drafting stage." Such air freight transports will be able to open up the wealth and resources of sections of the world hitherto neglected because it was impossible to get development machinery in and products out. Plans are afoot for hourly passenger flights to and from Europe.

New plastics, new chemicals, new materials of all kinds, new techniques of production, new ideas—there need be no limit tomorrow on what our production engineers, our assembly lines, our vast resources can give us. Resting on the foundations of the Four Freedoms, the world's economy can create enough real wealth so that poverty will be wiped off the face of the earth.

Today the people of the world are paying with blood, sweat and tears for their tickets of admission to a brave new world. The price will not have been paid in vain if the people keep alert against betrayal of the promise of tomorrow. ##

Whatever Became of—

Advance Pullman reservations? . . . The time-honored phrase: "Fill 'er up?" . . . Ted Williams' .100 batting average? . . . The day when a football "eleven" consisted of fewer than forty-five players? . . . Weather reports that meant anything? . . . Big-time tennis? . . . Last summer? . . . All the college seniors who were voted "most likely to succeed"?

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by H. Williamson

"Don't jump! I'll buy you an
Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve"

Life *does* look a whole lot brighter over the rim of an Old Fashioned glorified with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the gift of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And its rare "soft" flavor—ah, that's something! Make your next Old Fashioned with Calvert Reserve . . . *"the choicest you can drink or serve".*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City
Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The Touchdown Combination
HOLEPROOF Tested SOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

● Your choice of *quality-right* Socks in *season-right* patterns and *ensemble-right* colors. In Pacer, sensational Sock with garter attached. Also in lightweights and Pacer Short.

At all popular prices

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

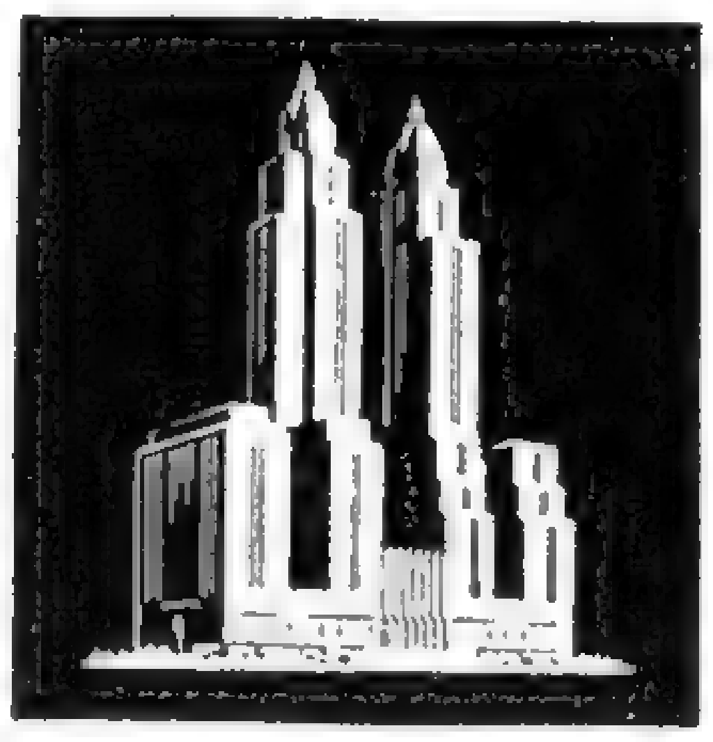
Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis

Do you have a horse in mind?

LAWYER: "We'll have to buy a horse, Henry, these tires just won't get to town much longer."

HIS DRIVER: "Beg pardon, sir, but they say living at The Waldorf Towers is just like living home, and you won't have to drive to town for the duration."

Don't worry about tires and gasoline for your city-going automobile. Live in town at The Waldorf. More than that, choose any one of three budget-levels...The Astoria Apartments, The Towers, or The Waldorf Rooms. Send for the illustrated booklet "A Plan for Duration Living." It has the answers to questions that are bothering you... questions that grow more troublesome every day.



THE

WALDORF-ASTORIA

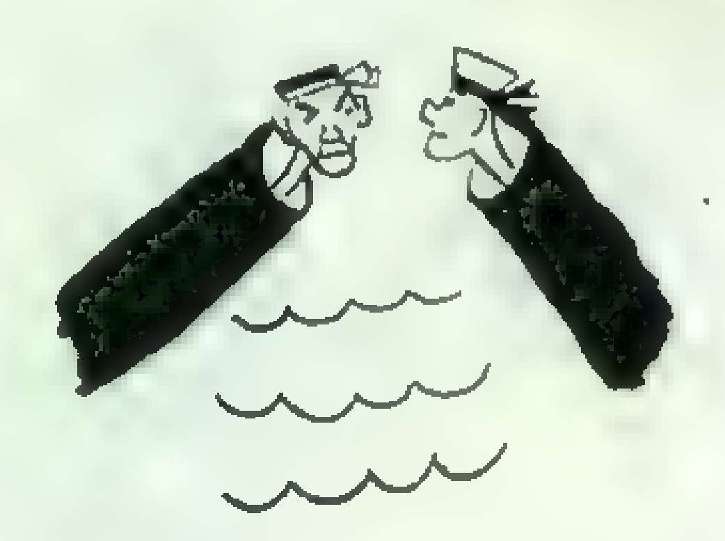
Park Avenue • 49th to 50th • New York

U. S. Grapes Are in the Groove

Continued from page 86

tongue. Instead of slicing each other's throats competitively, East and West in many instances have pooled resources in the working out of bouquets which give you national unity in every sip.

Only the most distrait tosser-offer would get the impression that all these wines were of the same grade, and even he might gather hints of differences by noting the range in prices. At the risk of shocking him, it would be well to point out that top-flight grape varieties are less abundant bearers and hence command a by-no-means basement figure per ton: and whereas Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years for nothing, slumbering wines run up a lodging bill. In fact, there is a curious hookup between what you have to pay and what you get, especially in the prestige bracket.



The old-fashioned naval battle when big ships slugged it out without benefit of air protection will probably be referred to as taking place in B. C.—Before Carriers.

Blah-hards who could out-smatter all comers on the subject of foreign wines and who boasted unacquaintance with anything American, have struck a new pose: the lowdowner on California. Wineries out there are too hopelessly large, they intimate darkly. Too modern. It's all business instead of a quaint art.

Admittedly, California *has* cut down on quaintness in favor of cleanliness. There's no denying, either, that an agricultural-vinicultural industry representing investments that run to nearly half a billion dollars and supplying 100,000,000 gallons of wine to demanders, *is* a business. But, due to the exertions and or-elsings of the Wine Institute, the Wine Advisory Board, federal and state departments of agriculture and public health, and link-ups with university labs, and the brand-proud enthusiasm of leading vintners, it's a business whose reliability has never been equalled anywhere abroad.

Indeed, to a pre-war European our standards, particularly the height of our quality "floor," would seem strangely finicky. Over there, 95 per cent of all wines produced were unkeepables, known as *vins ordinaires*, which ranged from fairish to fearful; one year was their outside limit. The other 5 per cent were supposedly sound wines fit to bottle, but you ran into unpleasant surprises unless you were posted as to which years were "great" and which were stinkeroo. In short, to be a successful orderer from a wine list, you had only to spend a lifetime boning up on peaks and pitfalls.

Ah, but some of those Chateaux wines of best years were sublime.

They were! I had occasion to reconvince myself on that score the other evening as guest of my friend Joe M.........., case-hardened gourmet and possessor of an astounding cellar of museum pieces. He and I had been feuding on the subject of American wines, with which he hadn't yet seriously concerned himself. As a challenge I had cited a certain Napa Valley red and here he was all set to shame me out of my California delusions by bringing out some real worthwhiles. So out came Chateau Margaux 1934, carefully room-tempera-tured. France's famed claret chateaux, sixty-one in number, are headed by four supremes, of which this is one. Slowly, appraisingly we sipped, breathing the fragrance. Then California.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Joe. "This has got the Margaux beaten. It's actually softer, rounder, and has more finesse."

Then came another classic supreme, Chateau Haut-Brion 1929, and again California copped the verdict. And then perhaps the supremest of the supreme, still older, Chateau Lafite 1924—with similar result. We agreed, though, that it would be useless to try to tell people what we had just proved. They just wouldn't believe us. So pardon my foolishness in mentioning the episode at all.

Any side-by-side comparisons between foreign and American wines will show that ours mature faster and hence are drinkable sooner. This trait manifested itself to a partial degree when, toward the latter part of the 19th Century, the vineyards of Europe, which had been devastated by a little insect called Phylloxera, were entirely replanted with hardy American vines, onto which the local varieties were grafted. It was found that these American underpinnings imparted a new tempo. But here in their own home land is where our vines really pump up vitality, irrespective of the breeds hitched onto them. At Guasti, for instance, you can survey 5,000 acres of such doings in a single spread which, as the world's largest vineyard, rates as activity even for California.

Not that California's handyman Old Sol hasn't seen large-scale wine production elsewhere. In Oporto, Portugal, for instance, there's a concern which, dating from 1756, has two miles of *vinhos* in its cupboard; not to mention a dozen other companies almost as old and as sizable. And most of these Port folks are also in the Sherry game at Jerez, Spain, where scope really sprawls out and takes in. Bordeaux and Burgundy (Beaune Dijon, etc.) likewise had

HAND-WOVEN

HARRIS TWEED

EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

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super-colossi interlocking them. Nor were the Vermouthers of Turin and Marseilles exactly shoestring acrobats. Sunset stupendousness, enacted by organizations and combines which don't mind reaching and branching to get the grapes they want, is therefore merely an Old World practice modernized along precision lines. So don't let any self-elected oracle tell you that big operators can't handle flavor. Last night with my steak I had some California Burgundy bearing the label of a company whose gallonage runs way up in the millions; it was excellent. But don't ask me how they do it.

Past performances, yesteryear's laurels, are matters which ye American vintner refuses to be detained by. What he's agog about is *next* year, *three* years from now, *five* years from now, when present betterments will reach the consumer elationally.

Typical of this attitude is the fervor of a pair of brothers who, climaxing long careers in winedom, have been rehabilitating a famous estate (chateau, the French would call it) which had skidded from glory. *Sauvignon Blanc* grapes for Sauterne have just been planted to the tune of 400 acres, and that many more will be set out each year. All table wines are now aging in oak casks, to be bottled when ready—no sooner, no later—and then binned for age in bottle. Sherry is mellowed in casks that lie out in the sun Jerez style. And so on. I see where I'll be following their improvements one lap behind them.

That's the trouble with this industry, from ocean to ocean; there's so much excitement in and about it, an observer gets palpitations of the palate, hampering my struggle to inform you that: Fresno, surrounded by "appetizers" and "desserts," is in there bottling for us. Cucamonga has struck bubbles in a big way. Strategic Lodi is critically assembling heart interests for your hatch. The renown-congested Sonoma Valley has lost count of its bouquets; any more prizes or scrolls of honor, and there won't be room for grapes. (Groved at Santa Clara, for example, a goldmine mogul is hobbying out remarkables in a classic quaintie.) Terrific tongue tension prevails at Hollister as Johannisberg Rieslings go into tall slims. Drawing ovations, Napa Valley's virtuosi render elegantest selections. The Vale of Livermore's varietal show, starring its luncheon and dinner blondes, is a smacko. Finny swimmers in Lake Erie are agape at the amber Chablis (fish's flatterer) that Sandusky hauls in from the Ohio isles. The Vermouth-chesty Cincinnati sector has cornered fragrant Americana till it would burst if it weren't so busy. Deep inside their hillsides, New York Finger Lakemen are fondling cool treasures. Stacked-up Extra Drys and Bruts at Egg Harbor, New Jersey, can barely restrain themselves. Old Car'lina is giving the squeeze to Scuppernongs, Southern charmers of the schnozzle. Careful St. Louis catacombers are doing their Christmas sparkling early.

Rather than seem negligent, the industry also produces wine's sly synopsis, achieved by distillation: brandy. California "grape brandy," a strictly American type, unblended and plenty fruity, has been a quench and brace favorite since horsecar days; its devotees scoff at anything else. Now there's Cognac type brandy, too, which, to the dumbfoundment of the many who said it couldn't be done, is already so close to France's Charente product there's hardly a label's thickness between them. The really de luxe ones I mean. Not uninterestingly, one of these outstanders is being made by the escaped survivor of a world known Cognac dynasty, using his family secrets of flavor success, with duplicated equipment.

Because of its medical invaluableness California brandy is now carried in the emergency kits of pilots, navigators and bombardiers who man Uncle Sam's bombing planes. Other vital contributions which the wine industry is making to America's war effort include chemicals, of which the wineries are the only source, necessary to the manufacture of smokeless powder, rayon, and photographic supplies. And taxes. Every bottle buys bullets—and doesn't call them "domestic bullets," either, any more than it cares to be called "domestic wine." It's *American*. None prouder.

As to how to use wines, hundreds of hefty books have been written, which boil down to this: You *drink* them. And that's my authoritative advice. Any types you please, at any temperature you prefer, in any non-squinchy glasses you choose, with any food that's on the table or being nibbled from the paw.

Which reminds me . . . Waiter, kindly cart away these glasses of ice water. This is going to be a *meal*, not a pipe-rusting session. ℍ

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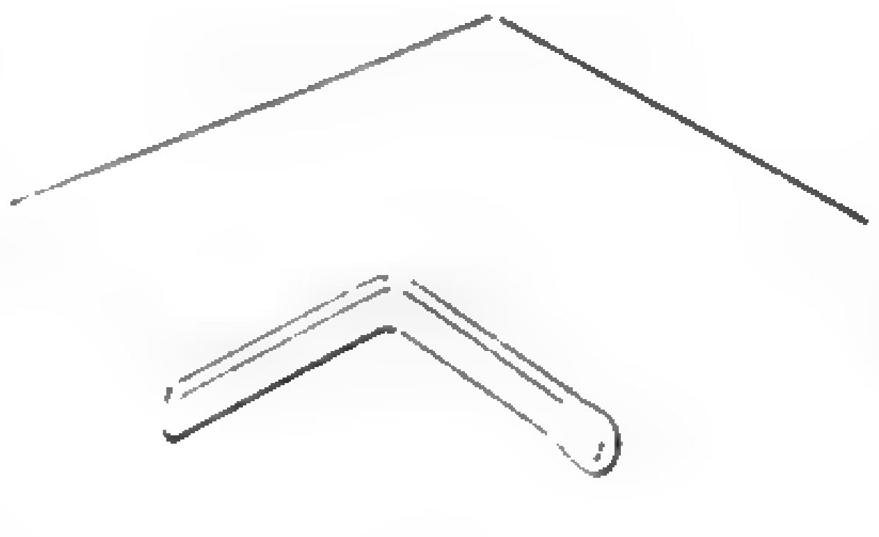
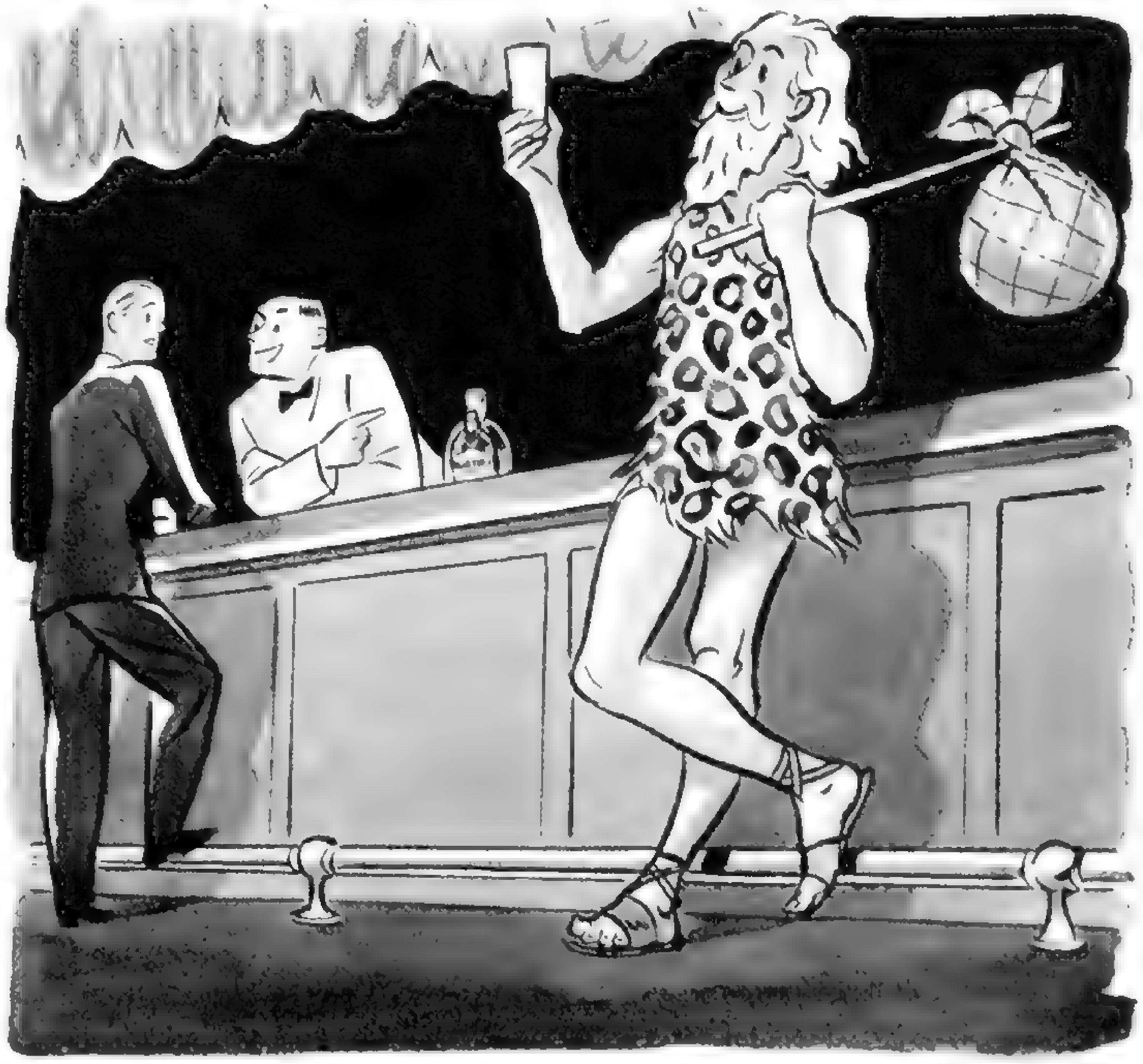


Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by H. Williamson



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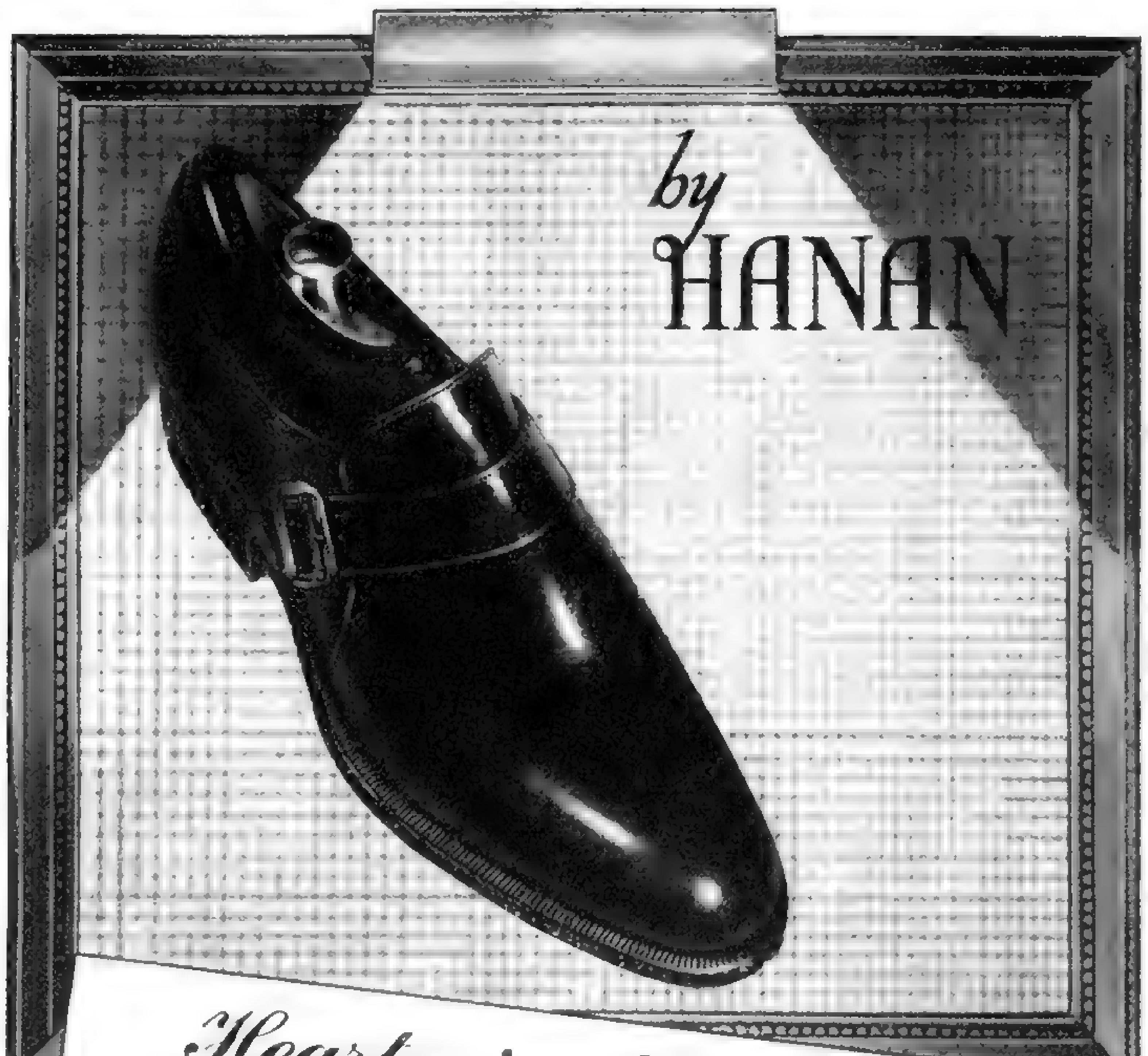

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Amen; Woody Herman. Decca 18346

Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree; Andrews Sisters. Decca 18312

This Is Worth Fighting For; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 18376

Just Plain Lonesome; Bing Crosby. Decca 18354

Mary's a Grand Old Name; Bing Crosby. Decca 18360

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Transient

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One Dozen Roses; Glen Gray. Decca 4299

Sleepy Lagoon; Dinah Shore. Victor 27875

Moonlight Cocktail; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11401

Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 11474

Tangerine; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 4123

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Mudbank Noodlin

Illegal hand-fishing is done in the nesting season, in the dark of night

by **LEE GEORGE**

• SPORTS •

"Hand-fishin' ain't always fun, Mister!"

So spoke a veteran of many an underwater battle with the kings of the small and large Missouri rivers, the catfish.

He held out his hands, as he spoke and they were marred by numerous welts from old wounds, some reaching across the entire back of his hand. The little finger on his right hand was oddly bent.

Hand-fishing is probably as old as man, coming down from the days when man had to hunt for his own food to survive. Today in Missouri and in many other states it is unlawful to hand-fish. Yet, in the dark of night, the dauntless fisherman haunts the river banks.

The man who depends on his hands to catch fish differs from the average follower of Izaak Walton in many ways. He disdains the use of pole and hook and line. He never goes after "just fish." He hunts the big ones, the kings of the mudbanks and the rocky ledges. Armed with a net, improvised hooks (similar to hay hooks), a swimming suit (generally superfluous) and nerve, natural or stimulated, he goes hand-fishin' or "noodlin." But the veteran "noodler" doesn't use a net or hooks and fishes only in the nesting season. He knows the "noodlin" holes or locates them through some friend. He has absolutely no fear of water, snakes, darkness, deep holes or other hazards.

Hand-fishing is only good during that season when the fish are termed "nesting"—in June and July—when the big ones have gone back into the holes in the mudbanks or the holes in big rocks or ledges.

The "noodler," having arrived at his fishing hole in the late evening, about 9 o'clock (old time), takes off the majority of his clothes and gets right down to work.

He goes down the banks wading, swimming and diving, stopping to reach a hand down under the water and into holes in the bank. If his arm isn't long enough to reach the back of the hole, he's apt to back up to it and stick his foot in, feeling with his bare toes. If he feels a fish in there the fun begins.

Different technique is used, of course. Generally if the fish felt in the hole is small, the "noodler" simply reaches his hand in and grabs him with fingers or hand in his mouth and drags him out. A "small" fish weighs from two to ten pounds. If the fish is a big one, a sort of hypnotism is used.

The hand is gently worked in under the fish's stomach, gently caressing that slimy portion of the body. Slowly the hand, still stroking gently, moves up over the back and to the head. If properly executed, veteran noodlers say, the big fish will open its mouth in contentment. The hand then is placed gently in the mouth and as the fish breathes is pressed slowly farther into the fish's mouth until the gills are reached. Then it's grab and pull and fight with probably the arm clear up to the elbow in the fish's mouth.

Many a fish weighing from ten to 150 pounds has been caught this way. But it is not all so easy. The fighting fish may rip the skin from the arm, can cut and scratch and bruise plenty as it fights. Some "noodlers" wear long hose on that "reaching arm" to protect it. You can always tell the "noodler" by the appearance of his hands and arms. Sometimes the fish holes are deep under water and the hand-fisherman must dive under the water several feet to the holes he wishes to explore. Maybe he grabs a big one down there and the big boy doesn't want to give. The "noodler" can't always get his hand out when he wants to and that's one occasion when sheer nerve comes in and the hand-fisherman comes out with lacerated arms and hands. Fish can bite hard, and the hand-fisherman has scars to prove it.

It's amazing to us how often an inside story is outside the realm of probability.

Fish aren't the only things that come out of those fish holes either. Snakes, turtles and other water inhabitants have been pulled to the surface by hand-fishermen. It is dangerous and unlawful and not especially profitable.

In order to sell the fish the "noodler" must cut the head (generally) to resemble the mark of a hook.

But in all cases you'll find that the hand-fisherman customarily does that particular kind of fishing because he likes the thrill of it.

They still go "noodlin" in the Ozarks but as the old hand-fisherman said, "it ain't always fun!" #

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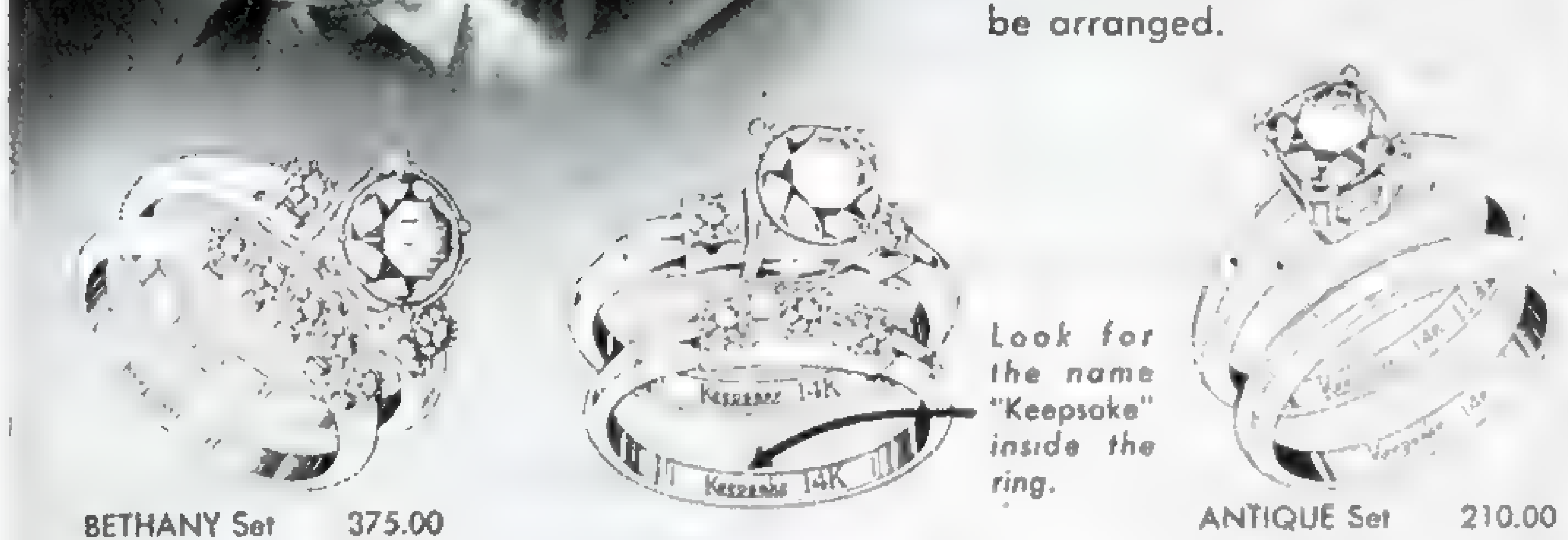

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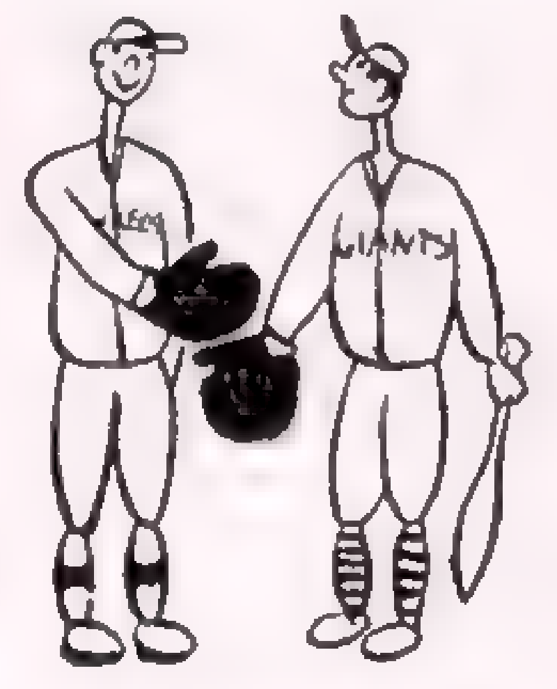
Ambidextrous Manfred Schwartz

Continued from page 70

second string professional talent.

Craftsmanship and draftsmanship, no less than music, are integral to the Schwartz family, for although Manfred's father played the flute in the Lodz symphony, he reversed the order followed by American tennis stars and became an amateur after he had rated as a "pro." For the greater part of his life the elder Schwartz made his living as an engraver. He executed many expensive and ornate gifts, usually in precious metals, for members of European royalty and engraved medals as a matter of routine. *His* father had been an illuminator and there are a number of the artist's cousinly contemporaries who are engravers.



One should travel as little as possible these days. Which is probably why the New York Yankees and the Giants are doing their patriotic best to meet in the World's Series.

War brought German and Russian shells to Lodz and young Manfred remembers being rushed to the cellar more than once upon the outbreak of bombardments. It was about this time that his father gave Manfred an unforgettable example of aesthetic serenity, for while the shells screamed, or whined, he was deep in the study of the cello, which had replaced the flute in his affections. When the end of the war gave no indication of the triumph of democracy in Lodz, the family moved its meager lock, stock and barrel to the New World.

They left the Old World late in 1920 and arrived in January, 1921, crossing on the *Berengaria* on its first voyage under English control. The Germans had yielded the ship, but had withheld its plans, so that the English were compelled to maneuver it partly by guesswork. The ship listed for most of that voyage and so dangerous a list did it develop toward the latter part of the crossing that the passengers spent at least one night in their lifebelts. The reduction of speed and the consequent prolongation of the voyage created a shortage of water.

The Schwartzes settled in Brooklyn. The senior Schwartz worked at his trade and had no trouble in obtaining commissions for his reputation had preceded him; the young hopeful, Manfred, attended public school and then high school. He was a notably good student not only in academic work, but also in drawing. Even as a high school lad he became an art student, attending all kinds of courses and lectures, sketching, giving lessons in piano and talking back at teacher whenever he thought the occasion warranted it, unmindful of consequences.

He was not much more than fourteen years of age when he began attending Bridgman's anatomy class at the Art Students League in 1924. The first time he appeared, the only student in short pants, the model refused to pose until "the child" had been put out of the class. He had to leave the room. Even today Manfred Schwartz's bright eyes shine with a candor of innocence that sophisticated youth might envy.

Throughout his art school career Schwartz made a virtue of rebellion and prided himself upon the inability of teachers to put academic harness upon him. Once he dared dispute Bridgman after that teacher had found fault with one of his drawings and Bridgman, in tribute to the young man's courage, called him The Bronco, a nickname which stuck. What else he called Schwartz is lost in the interstices of the student's selective memory. A high school graduate in 1927, Schwartz went up to Provincetown to study under that most successful of teachers, Charles Hawthorne. Of this period Schwartz remembers chiefly that Hawthorne dubbed him rebel. In the fall, returning to New York, he entered the National Academy school where he found a teaching that was false and untrue and a teacher with whom at first his work found favor.

In his clumsy, puzzled way Schwartz was struggling to be naturalized into a world which he did not know had already been born and was thriving. At the Academy, the emphasis was upon rendering surfaces and textures, not upon creating. What else could an Academy teach? He was taught to compete painfully with the camera. One teacher told him that unless he learned to paint like Sargent or Sorine he would never be able to pay his rent. But what the Academy could not or would not teach him, a walk down Fifth Avenue one bright afternoon revealed to him. This walk brought him to the windows of the Kraushaar Galleries where, for the first time, he saw prime examples of what we have now come to praise or berate as Modern Art, or the School of Paris. For the first time he saw Cézannes, Van Goghs and Gauguins. He saw Matisses and Braques and he then realized that these men were his true teachers, that these men possessed the vision toward which he was striving in the uncharted gloom of the Academy.

The following day when he returned to the Academy he began making experiments on what he had seen. At first his teacher made

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For further information about how to cut yourself a man-sized slice of laugh-ADDITION, watch this space grow in the November issue of Esquire

no comment but when Schwartz persisted in his experimentation, he was asked to explain, and he explained. For his pains he was called an anarchist. He sank more deeply into academic disgrace, with students no less than with teachers, when, upon discovering the Persian miniatures and Coptic tapestries in the Metropolitan Museum, he made copies of them and shot off his mouth about color orchestration and the relation between ancient and modern art. Called an anarchist once too often, he threw down his brushes and left the Academy, never again to darken its doors.

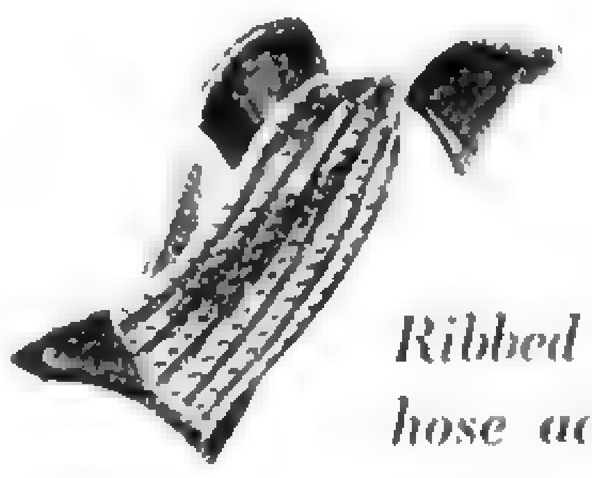
He found refuge at the Art Students League, with John Sloan, who, upon looking at several of Schwartz's Provincetown compositions remarked that if he (Sloan) could paint as well as these things were drawn, he would feel very happy. He advised Schwartz to work by himself. This was logical advice, for Schwartz seemed to have spent his student life under teachers whose instruction he could only resent. From now on Schwartz began operating on his own power. Half a day he spent in a studio class at the League—a model, but no teacher—and the rest of the time was devoted to the Metropolitan where he looked at paintings that could tell him something. His first canvases date from about this period, 1928, when he began to develop a style whose flowering may be seen in his current paintings.

In 1929 he went to Europe. In New York he had seen an exhibition of paintings by Odilon Redon and he was amazed at the spiritual values he found in them. He wanted to go to the place where such pictures could be done, to discover whether those values were in the air or only in the man who realized them. They were not in the air. In Paris he hoped to find a good artist who would teach him, but the good ones were not teaching, and the teachers were insignificant as artists. He rented a studio and painted by himself. He worked hard. At the Louvre he studied the masters. Then he went to Italy. He haunted the picture galleries of Pisa and Florence, among other places. The admission charges at the Uffizi, in Florence, almost wrecked his finances, he went so often. Between the museums by day and the sights by night, there was no time for sleep. From Nice, on a gamble, Schwartz and a painter friend travelled to Algiers, from which place they moved southward to the Sahara, living as much as possible in native settlements and avoiding the European quarters even in the larger cities. A flip of the coin decided them to take a train for Tunis. Catching the 2 o'clock train as it was starting to move out of the station, they learned later that the 8 o'clock—the only other train they could have made that day—was wrecked, and for the rest of that journey Schwartz felt that from then on, having run his risk, no possible harm could come to him.

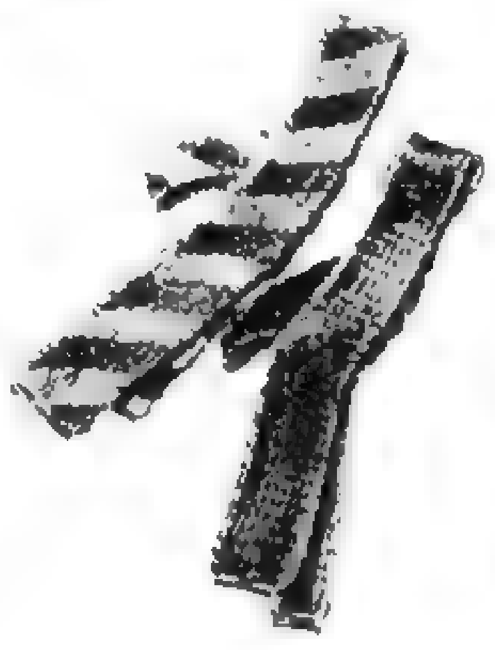
Returning to New York in the latter part of 1930, Manfred Schwartz rented a studio on 23rd Street—and painted. Then came the adventure in art dealing, upon the termination of which, in 1934, he again rented a studio—and painted.

But not until 1939 did he withdraw from his self-imposed retirement to exhibit his pictures, which have made no sensational splash in the puddle but which have won praise from the discerning. It is not Manfred Schwartz's ambition to become famous, to become known to the general public. It is his ambition to capture in his pictures some portion of that intangible quality that turns a canvas into a work of art possessing a heart beat of its own. ###

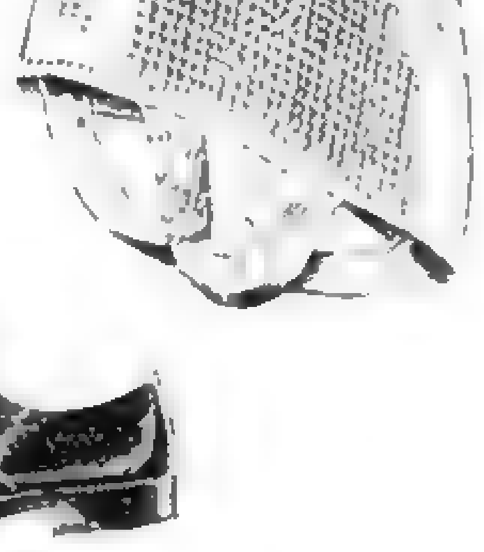
Fashion Notes



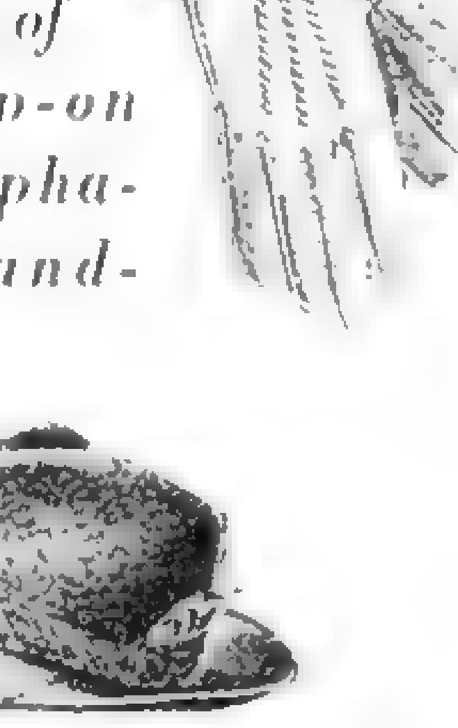
Ribbed wool half hose accent vertical lines.



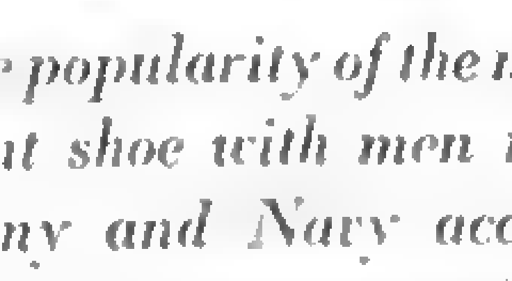
Striped and solid color crocheted ties have roughish textures related to Cheviot and tweed suit.



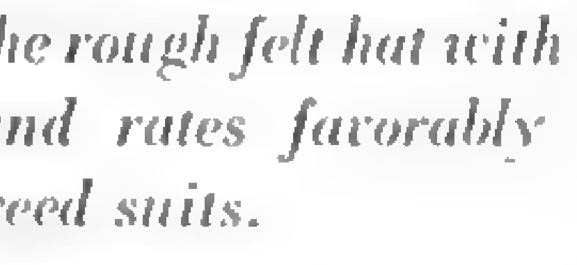
The supporter is an aid to erect posture and good grooming.



The sturdiness of pigskin slip-on gloves is emphasized by hand-stitching.



The popularity of the monk-front shoe with men in the Army and Navy accounts for its rise among civilians.



The rough felt hat with wool band rates favorably with tweed suits.

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Look under the hood...and you will insist on

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The Watch of PROTECTED Accuracy.. Famous since 1856

PROTECTED *against SHOCK*
PROTECTED *against DUST*
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Summer Over?

..not if you have a

HANOVIA ALPINE HEALTH LAMP

HANOVIA'S FIVE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

① **Hanovia** has the pure quartz tube; quartz compares to all other materials as do diamonds to glass.

② **Hanovia** has longer life; the high pressure mercury quartz tube provides an abundance of irradiations — therefore more economical.

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FOR VICTORY KEEP HEALTHY

Model illustrated $129.50 — F.O.B Factory. Other models $64.50 and $84.50. Time payments available.

BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Those happy, healthful days at the shore or at the mountains can be extended through the fall and winter just by bathing a few minutes regularly in the ultraviolet rays of your Hanovia Health Lamp. These beneficial rays tone up your system, give you more pep and energy and help build resistance against common winter ailments.

•

Ask for a demonstration of Hanovia Alpine Lamps at department stores, medical and electrical supply shops and Hanovia showrooms.

And send for this booklet— "Your Place in the Sun" an important guide to Health. Address Department Es. 9

HANOVIA Chem. & Mfg. Co. **Newark, N. J.**

World's Largest Makers of Ultraviolet Health Lamps

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LOOK RIGHT-FEEL RIGHT!

WEAR EXPANSO-THE ONLY BELT THAT GIVES

Style WITH Comfort

FULL INCH STRETCH

CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

EXPANDS AND RELAXES AS YOU BREATHE

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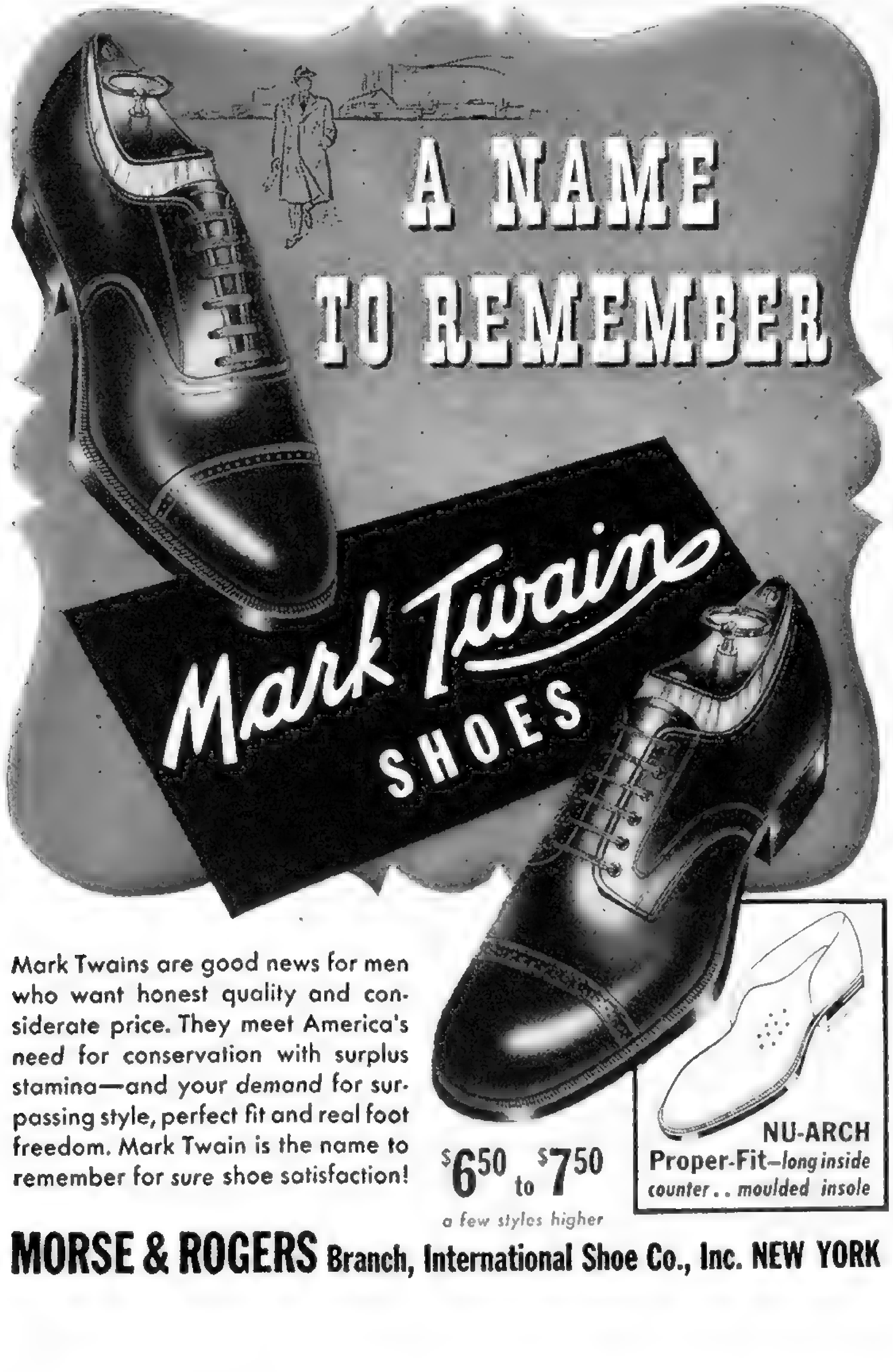

A NAME TO REMEMBER

Mark Twain SHOES

Mark Twains are good news for men who want honest quality and considerate price. They meet America's need for conservation with surplus stamina—and your *demand* for surpassing style, perfect fit and real foot freedom. Mark Twain is the name to remember for sure shoe satisfaction!

$6.50 to $7.50

a few styles higher

NU-ARCH Proper-Fit—long inside counter.. moulded insole

MORSE & ROGERS Branch, International Shoe Co., Inc. NEW YORK

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 75

the program had been operating the proportion of men in the hospital had been reduced to less than one per cent.

The program was worked out on the platform of games as relaxation and co-ordination demonstrations, and calisthenics as the essential drill. These calisthenics are not the old Indian club, dumbbell and wand drills, or even the setting up exercises the Army and Navy used to get.

They're based on the idea that after a young soldier learns to use legs the automobile had kept out of practice, he's got to have strong hands. He's got to be a self-contained unit able to shift swiftly and retain balance in a war of movement. This war not being a trench affair but calling for campaigning more on the earlier Indian-fighting order definitely determined the kind of policy of the Marine physical conditioning program conducted by Major Hanley.

As we go to press the American football hero for 1942 is still unveiled. The chances are he will be a good broken field runner, near-sighted and have three or four dependents.

Much is made of contact exercises. Wrestling back-to-back, open palm boxing in which the student Marines smack each other with vigor considerably beyond the point of formality, and races in which the lads alternate carrying each other for 200 yards, are among the details of the exercises. The obstacle course races are "must" workouts each of the six days per week, rain or shine, the physical conditioning sessions are held.

A few weeks of this and the Marines who've been in this program put on a drill that calls for muscling out a nine-pound rifle 108 times.

Their obstacle races they run with rifles slung Australian fashion across their backs, and they make the course with its eight-and-a-half foot wall, its twelve-foot ladder, its four-foot hurdles, its rings that must be dived through, its swing across a ditch, and other handicaps, in less time than other outfits make the course unarmed. The Major is concerned more with the slowest man being able to run a half mile in three minutes or less than with the time the fastest man can make this distance attired in dungarees and with field shoes.

Competition is the point stressed even in the calisthenics, which are conducted first in rhythm, then in high speed. The boys work themselves harder than Maj. Hanley and Sgt. Rippy consider necessary but it's because when there's any beefing about the routine some lad will pant and yell out "O.K., you hired out as tough guys. How do you like the sample?"

An interesting feature of the Marines' performance is the way they've taken to Judo. Experts say the lads show high promise of quickly learning to beat the Japs at their own tricky technique.

And after the Marines have gone through their physical drills in Grant Park youngsters assemble and imitate the performance.

Major Hanley, as football coach, never said before the season that he had a championship team. Now he says he has.

"All my life I have been making the main point that of looking for champions. Now the job is to get the ordinary boy and make him a champion, and it's amazing what can be done with these Marines. This war is really beginning to bring out the truth that our boys are stronger than anybody thought they might be," the Major says.

"And after this war is won by the young Americans who are training and fighting today you're going to see a higher standard of physical fitness and a greater popularity and greater proficiency in sport than ever has been seen in the world before," he forecasts. "We've not realized how good we could be."

* * *

Damon Runyon's suggestion of a national lottery seems a very sound suggestion to many ordinary citizens and to some financial experts of the government.

Runyon's idea, fundamentally, has accounted for profitable operation of many golf clubs during the past decade in application of lottery principles by slot machines. Many clubs put rubber grips on the handles of the bandits to reduce members' complaints of sore hands.

But what'll the poor bookie do if the money goes for lottery tickets? Bookies' stores handy to defense plants are said to account for a record volume of horse betting away from the tracks this year, although none of the pony curb market authorities feel qualified to make a guess as to the amount wagered by the war plant workers.

* * *

Game wardens and other state wild life conservation officials have had flattering words to say about soldier and sailor sportsmen. Considerable fishing is done by uniformed men who have fishing places handy to their camps. The boys don't buy licenses, but otherwise, the authorities observe that there's little violation of laws.

Younger Americans have learned

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COMFORT-CONTROL
LIGHTWEIGHT IN FAIR WEATHER
CRESTKNIT
the perfect topcoat for your civilian defense duties
$35

For luxurious comfort the year round...Crestknit's the coat. It's shower-resistant, wind-resistant and wrinkle-free. It's lightweight, yet warm on coldest days. It's made of 100% fine wools and luxuriously soft. Visit your favorite store and get your Crestknit today.

For name of store nearest you and free folder on "Comfort Control" write to

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FOR WOMEN, TOO
Now available . . . just like the coat for men . . . at leading women's stores everywhere. Price slightly higher.

the wisdom of wild life conservation, according to reports from state conservation departments.

* * *

Judging from hunting, trapping, and fishing license application statistics, Americans have been getting some good basic training in use of firearms and outdoor work.

In 1941 there were 7,925,000 licenses issued. The figure was 325,000 greater than that for the previous year.

* * *

A British sports goods maker has been advertising that the life of tennis balls can be lengthened if they are carefully washed in soapy water. Soapy water already used for another purpose is adequate, the manufacturer adds, as a reflection of soap rationing in Britain.

* * *

Mike Kelly, venerable head of the Minneapolis American Association baseball club, has an amazing memory. He can vaguely remember when money was made out of baseball clubs by the people paying money to click turnstiles instead of turning a radio dial.

Having a philosophical nature Mike has tried to reconcile himself to the trend toward crowds remote from the parks, but one thing continues to heat up Mike's Irish. It's when a letter of criticism comes from one who begins the complaining communique, "I haven't missed a broadcast of one of your games for five years."

Mike says there are enough of that kind of letter to get him actually wondering if baseball is a sport or a free public service.

Rainwear combination—tan processed cotton raincoat and bucket hat of the same fabric.

* * *

In the midst of vexations and uncertainties baseball magnates had such confidence in the future of their business they had reserved, by mid-May, every suite in the Nicollet Hotel at Minneapolis for the minor league annual meeting scheduled there for December 2, 3 and 4.

* * *

Golf ball shortage expected in September didn't materialize. Pros at a number of private clubs, especially in the East, found that they'd ordered in autumn a year ago for 1942 spring delivery more balls than they needed when wartime business duties, gasoline rationing and wet week-ends up to July reduced play. Probably more effective than all other factors in reducing golf ball demand was the practice of golfers playing a ball until it was so battered it necessitated renewal treatment.

* * *

The first double truck (two facing pages) of sports news appeared in the *Chicago American* in 1907 when Charles Fitzmorris, later Chicago's chief of police and now a coal magnate, was sports editor.

Fitzmorris got the space unspeckled by gents' complaints ads when he made sage use of baseball passes as inducements to permit the innovation.

* * *

There has been frequent comment about the sports pages as professional cradles of some fellows who became pretty fair writers, as though good writing of sports were a comparatively recent phenomenon.

Izaak Walton (1593-1683) established an all-time standard of artistry for sports writers. Walton also wrote some excellent biographies, among them one of John Donne, who's now remembered principally because his line: "And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee," was used by Ernest Hemingway.

Izaak wrote in *The Compleat Angler:* "But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men: and in this case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more, for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader."

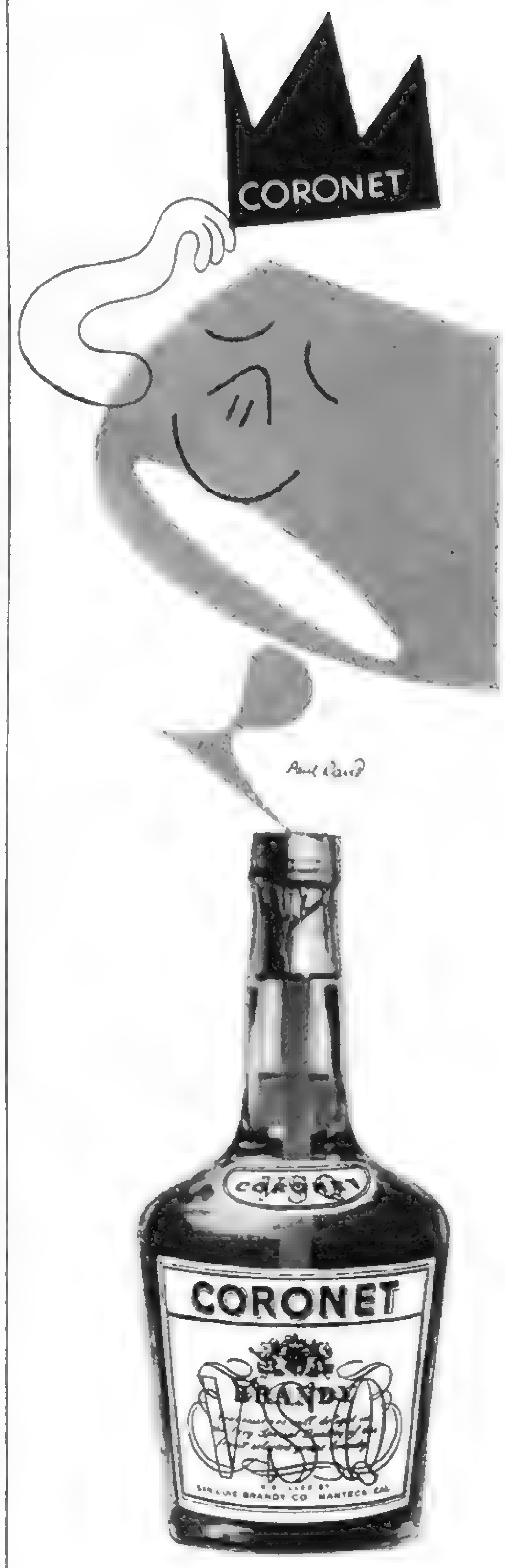
* * *

"Blondy" Black, Mississippi State left half, has knocked out more men in two years of grid play than any other man in the country. In one game, against Southwestern of Memphis, last year he blasted seven men off the field, including his own fullback, Charlie Yancey, who suffered a triple-fracture of the jaw in a collision.

* * *

Leave it to Jimmy Conzelman, football coach and orator, to clear away doubt concerning the function of sports in wartime. In his notable address on *The Young Man's Mental and Physical Approach to War* Conzelman says that experience in violence is train-

Continued on page 164



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Very Special Quality

You should keep this excellent brandy handy, because you will be proud to drink and serve it. It makes deliciously different drinks (Coronet and soda, sidecar cocktails, and served straight as a de luxe liqueur). Coronet is just as fine as our top-skilled California distillers can make it, and that's super. Plenty snooty without being plenty costly!

CORONET V. S. Q.: A dry pot-still brandy, de luxe in character.

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Get your own Coronet inhaler...one large glass 50c... Coronet offers a beautifully shaped, thin hand-blown crystal glass on the side of which the snooty little face and crown (illustrated above) are satin-etched . . . without advertising. Capacity 33 oz., 6 inches high. Order one or more. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to: Schenley Import Corp., P. O. Box 78, Dept. B, New York, N. Y. California Grape Brandy 84 Proof, Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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YOU'LL take unusual pride in the ownership of TexTan's benchmade leather goods. For down in Yoakum, near the cradle of Texas' independence, TexTan's saddle maker craftsmen tool top grain leathers into belts and billfolds that combine the hell-for-leather virility of the old West with the distinctive elegance of hand-carved ivory. Here in the heart of the cattle country the leather craft frequently is handed down from generation to generation. TexTan leather workers are artists in leather. They exert the same intricate care as a skilled goldsmith working with precious metal.

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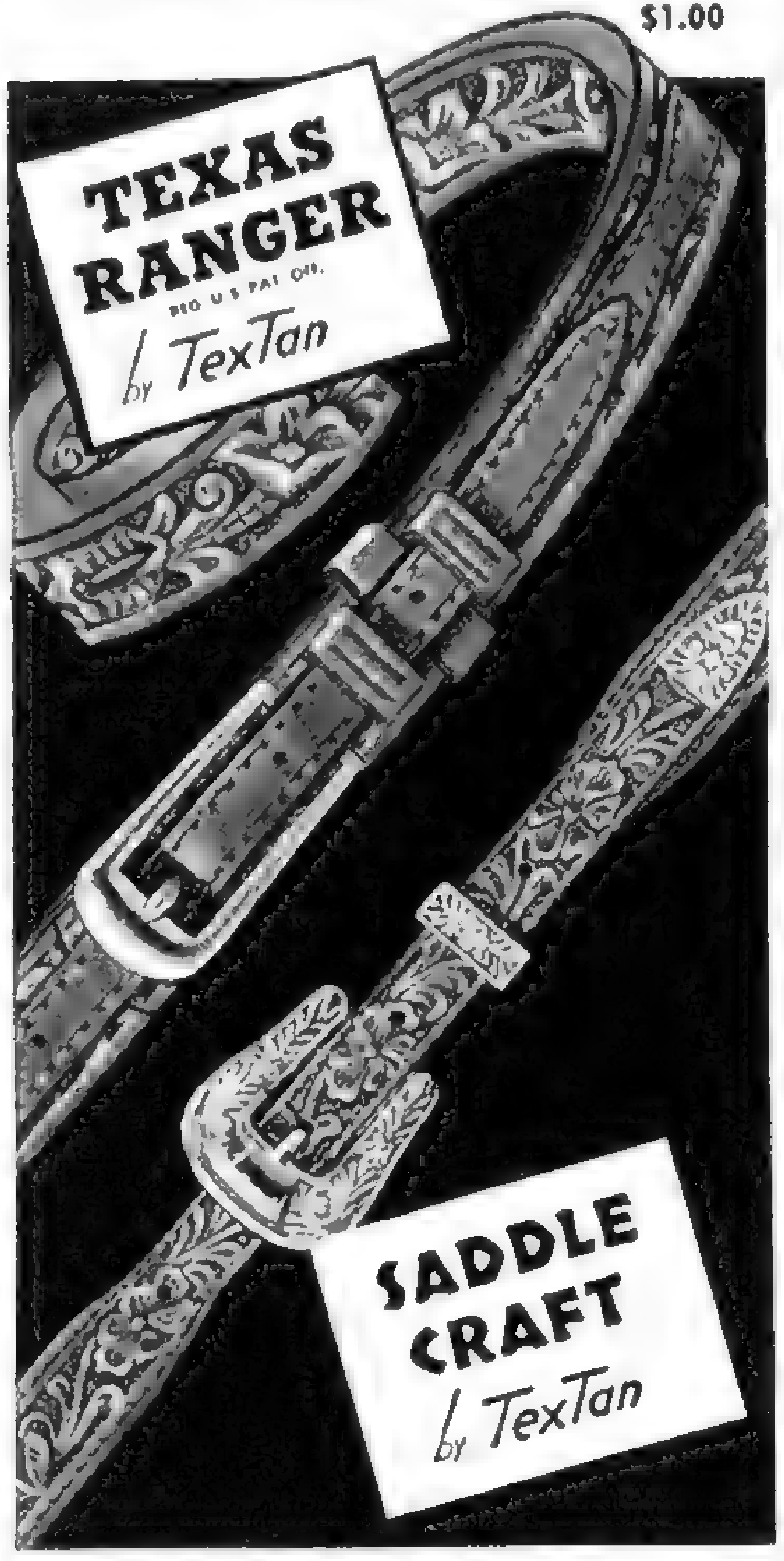
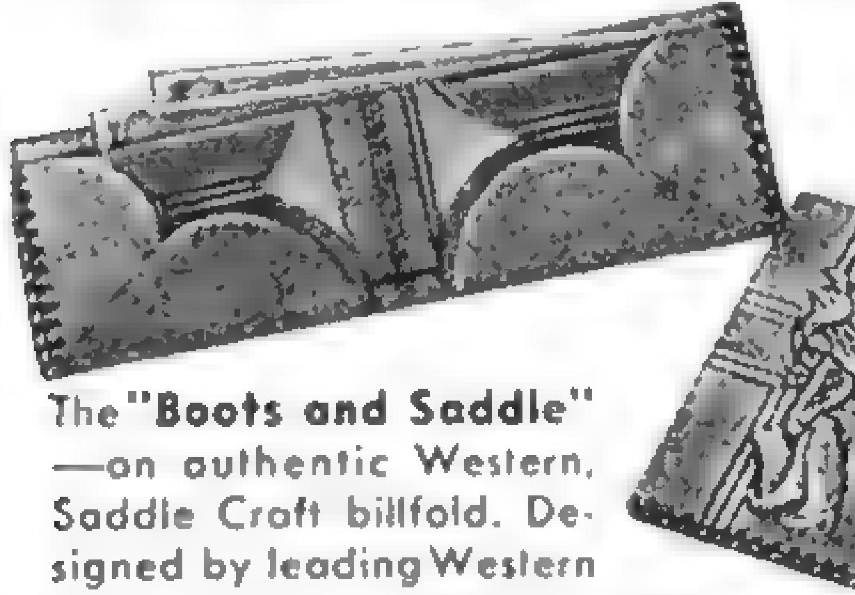
The **"Major Van Horn"**—named for the commander of "Van Horn's Long Knives," famous frontier cavalry. Full grain cowhide. Tooled Mexicali Rose design. 1" wide. A genuine Texas Ranger. Saddle Tan, Antique or Brown. **$1.00**



The **"Palomino"**—a Saddle Craft western. Genuine Russia Calf on full grain cowhide, doubled and stitched. Tooled desert rose design. ⅞" wide, tapered to ⅝".... Saddle Tan or Antique. With leather-covered buckle, **$1.50.** With Sterling Silver buckle set as illustrated, **$3.50**



The **"Boots and Saddle"**—an authentic Western, Saddle Craft billfold. Designed by leading Western artist. Genuine calfskin, richly finished in antique. Handsome brown trim on cover and front. Tooled boots and saddle design. Folded edges. Goat lacing on ends. Lined bill pocket. Secret pocket for large bills. Four card pockets. **$5.00**

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Please send belts and billfolds as checked. If not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return merchandise within 7 days for full refund.

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The "Major Van Horn" ☐
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Antique ☐ Saddle Tan ☐ Brown ☐
Send free catalog ☐ Waist measure ...... inches
My Name
Address
City State
My Favorite Dealer

The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 75-163

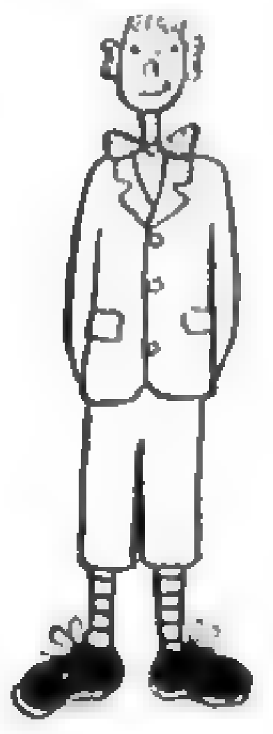
ing the warrior needs, and when he gets that from contact sports he's got a big edge on the battler lacking that conditioning.

* * *

Baseballs and footballs are being made in Puerto Rico at the branch plant of an American sport goods company.

* * *

Recent activity in patenting synthetic rubber and resin cores for baseballs indicates that the 1943 baseball season will not be one in which a new record for home runs will be made.



The cuff in American life is being abolished—both as something to put on pants and on which to put overdue accounts.

* * *

One contribution war has made to sport is the ski boot designed by the Army's Quartermaster Corps. The boot also is made for mountain climbing.

* * *

Obstacle race courses now extensively used in physical conditioning of soldiers, sailors and marines, have put a new sand lot sport in the youngsters' athletic curriculum.

Those queer-looking contraptions you now often see in the open spaces of cities are ingenious kids' versions of the obstacle courses. One of the toughest devised for military physical conditioning is said to be that designed by Wayne Purvis for Army fliers at Randolph Field, Texas.

* * *

Lou Little's early summer forecast that "the war will substantially alter the tactics and psychology of football" was borne out by discussions at the summer coaching schools and confirmed again by early practice, all the way from high school clubs to pro and navy and army teams.

High school teams are experimenting with many innovations. Part of the high school development probably is caused by teachers who have been compelled to take on football coaching as an added duty in a field strange to them and who are keen about trying something new.

Other high school technique results from the ingenuity of competent coaches who can try experiments without having Monday-morning quarterbacks howl for discharge of the coaches. One such stunt was the variation of the T system used at Fillmore (California) Union Junior-Senior High school last season, under the direction of Eugene V. Kennedy.

The quarterback was placed directly behind the center with his buttocks against the center's. The quarter stoops over, reaches through his legs and receives the ball from the center who passes the ball with one hand, keeping his other hand on the ground to steady himself against attack. This method speeds ball-handling and enables the quarterback to hide the ball from the defense.

Little predicted this fall's football would have more passing, and be keyed to bold offense.

* * *

"There will scarcely be a factory, a works, or a shop of any size, after the war, that does not run its own sports organization," Jack Hubble, British cricket star forecasts. One reason for the development, Hubble told a meeting of English businessmen, is that there is no better means of bringing the boss into intimate touch with the people who work for him than through sport.

* * *

Tommy Farr, the British heavyweight boxer, invalided out of the Royal Air Force in 1940 for eye and ear defects, went through a series of operations extending over more than a year in getting himself in condition to be accepted for fighting service.

* * *

More than 40 per cent of those on the pro major league football roster of last season now are in fighting services. Competition in the league this year is not expected to show any marked inequalities, and standard of play will be as high as heretofore, authorities are confident. Majority of the stars remaining in the league are taking a desperate tackle at the club payrolls in an endeavor to get enough to finance dependents when the provider changes uniforms at the end of this pro gridiron season.

* * *

A survey of 1941-42 sports programs of 19,284 high schools made by Stephen Epler of Southern Oregon College of Education, and inventor of six-man football, shows basketball to have a long margin over all other high school sports.

Epler's compilation revealed that basketball is played by 93.63 per cent of the schools.

Per cent of schools playing other sports:

Track	45.55
Football	41.68
Baseball	32.63
Tennis	23.69
6-man football	11.86
Softball	9.96
Golf	9.59
Volleyball	9.25
Swimming	4.54
Wrestling	4.39
Soccer	3.25
Hockey	1.63
Handball	1.10

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NEW...
Balanced Protection
LIGHT WEIGHT TOP— No Overheating INDOORS
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JONES Health UNDERWEAR

The entirely new principle behind Jones Health Underwear helps you avoid colds, assures more energy, less heart strain! A patented knitting idea gives you a light weight top, to balance heavier upper clothing... extra weight below the waist to protect your legs. NO overheating, NO chilling! In modern one-piece styling, priced from $2.00 to $3.50 at better stores. Beat the cold... try some today!

Write for booklet!
AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA, N.Y.

You Can Do Business with Litvinoff

Continued from page 41

Union. It was only after the crash of 1929, that certain people who formerly had wanted no part of the Soviet Union, now tried to get Washington to recognize that country, because they wanted to do business with it and with its 160 million inhabitants. Strangely enough, it was Henry Ford who broke the ice in 1929, by signing a concession treaty with the USSR. And in 1933, the United States finally recognized Soviet Russia.

This took place on the occasion of Maxim Litvinoff's first visit to this country.

In a way it was the crowning of many years of hard work on Litvinoff's part. He had hoped to be sent to the United States back in 1918. He had hoped that by inducing the United States to recognize the Soviet Union, his path would be easier with many European governments. Lenin was willing enough to send him, but Washington refused him a visa.

England, too, for a long time harbored a great fear of Litvinoff. When in 1920—long before the formal recognition—the first great delegations were exchanged between England and Russia, Downing Street suggested to Moscow the exchange of representatives. "The British Government will agree to anybody, except to Maxim Litvinoff," they stipulated, however.

In a way the governments of the United States and of Great Britain had paid a great compliment to the Russian diplomat. They showed that they were afraid of him.

There was reason to be afraid of him because he was very intelligent and hard-working, qualities pretty rare in diplomats nowadays.

Litvinoff spent most of his time outside of Russia. After acting as representative of the de facto government in England, he went to Scandinavia. From 1920 on, he was Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs under Tchicherin, and from 1930 up to the Hitler-Stalin rapprochement in 1939, he himself was People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs. But his days in Moscow were only transitory and intermittent. He was always in some other country.

Radio comedians, like the rest of us, are doing their patriotic best to use shaving materials sparingly. Most of their jokes have whiskers on them.

He was not trying to promote world revolution. He was a practical politician who did not want to endanger the achievements of the USSR by any risky enterprise. He wanted to get recognition and to conclude trade agreements. And he succeeded admirably.

He employed a special technique which he had worked out all by himself to gain his ends.

Let's look at how he worked, for instance, in the United States in 1933.

When he landed, public opinion was not entirely favorable to the recognition of Soviet Russia. Diplomatic experts expected him not to commit himself or President Roosevelt beforehand. Litvinoff, however, did the unexpected. At the pier he explained to the press, that the recognition would be the matter of half an hour's chat with President Roosevelt. Whereupon public opinion became incensed and demanded that Soviet Russia should be recognized only after long negotiation and investigation—if at all. Thus Litvinoff had the advantage by the very fact that negotiation was already considered as a compromise on his side.

It has always been his tactic to maneuver the opponent immediately into a defensive position by asking the impossible and then accepting a compromise which represented exactly what he had wanted in the first place. Some people remarked that Litvinoff represented in politics the kind of salesman who asks ten dollars for his merchandise to begin with, then finally takes three and still makes a good profit. Maybe he did. But he was not negotiating private business. He was negotiating business for 160 million people, and who is to blame him if he felt that the welfare of 160 million people was worth a bit of dickering.

During the twenties, the former revolutionary became the world's most feared diplomat. Outwardly he had changed considerably. He wore expensive suits, drove the best cars, lived in the finest hotels, and the receptions he and his officials gave were famous all over the world. For years he lived almost entirely in sleeping cars. He trekked from Berlin to Paris, from Copenhagen to Geneva. He appeared in the Balkans or on the Riviera or in London. His colleagues called him the traveling diplomat. He was very difficult to get at, if you wanted to drive a bargain with him. If you tried to grab him, he gave way. When you reached a final agreement, you found out that he had not really given way an inch. But you never had the feeling that he was fighting. You always had the feeling that he was waiting.

It seemed that he had any amount of time to wait until things were ripe and fell into his lap. But that only seemed so. He was fighting very hard all the time, twenty-four hours a day,

Continued on page 166

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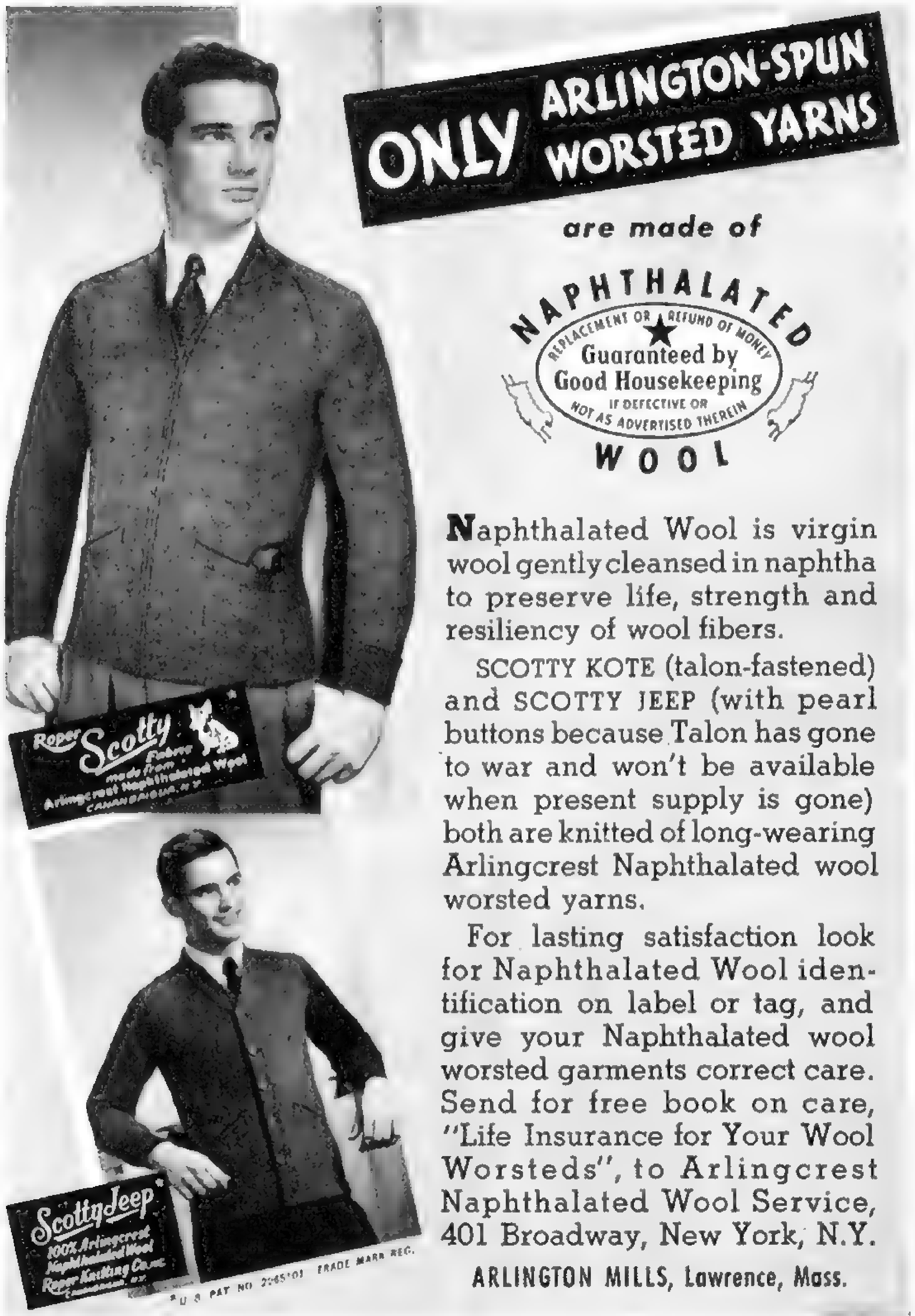

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For lasting satisfaction look for Naphthalated Wool identification on label or tag, and give your Naphthalated wool worsted garments correct care. Send for free book on care, "Life Insurance for Your Wool Worsteds", to Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 401 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

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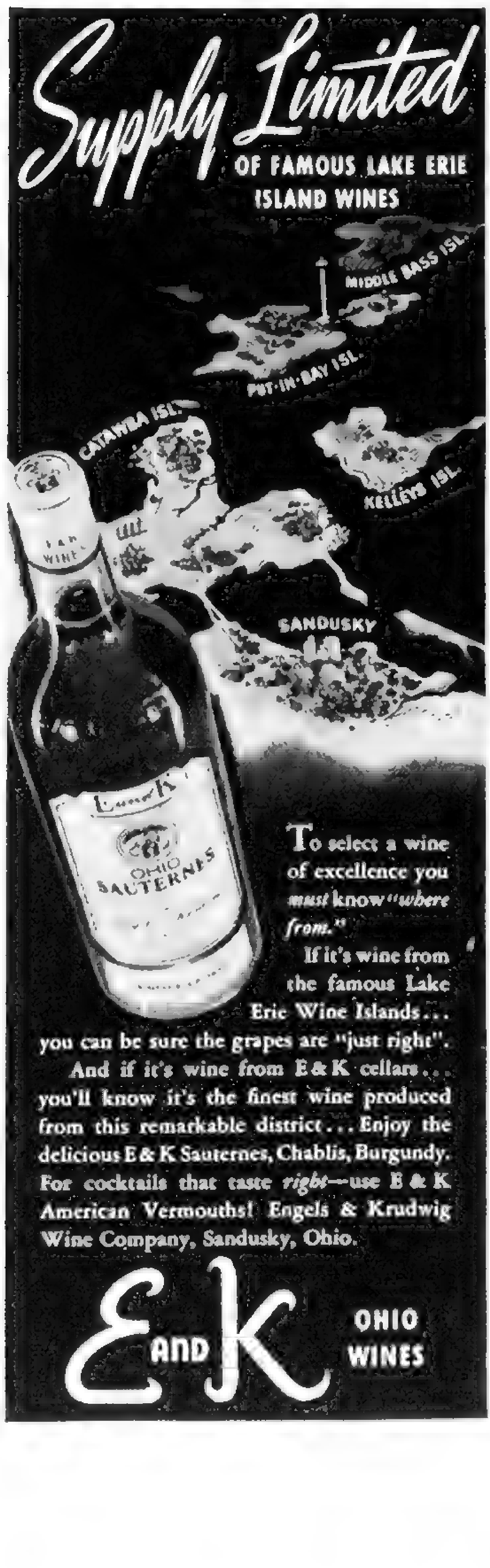

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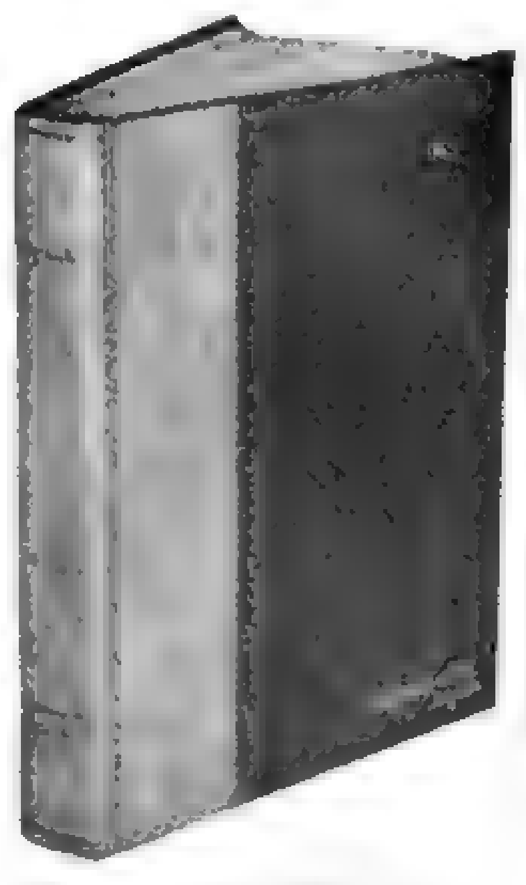
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You Can Do Business with Litvinoff

Continued from pages 41-165

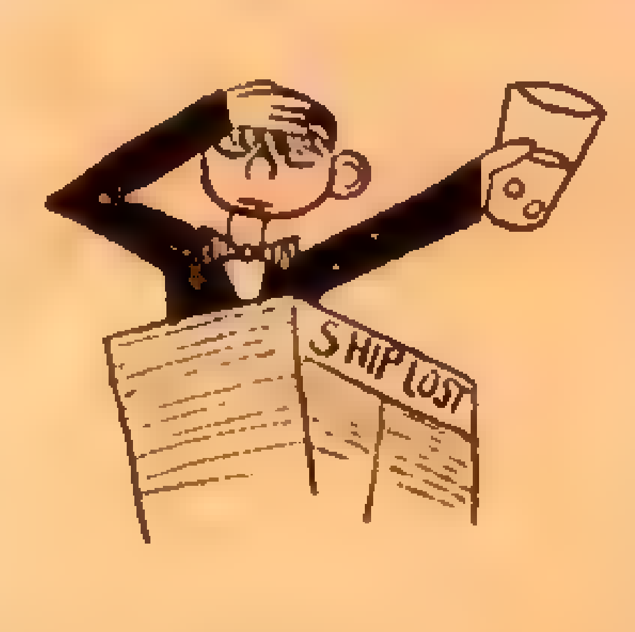
seven days a week. He was fighting in his sleeping car and at the luncheon table. He was the world's most hard-working diplomat.

Since his first and foremost thought was to protect the achievements of the Soviet Union, he needed peace. And because he needed peace, he advocated general disarmament.

He made a most important speech on November 30, 1927, during a session of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva.

"If you want to disarm," he said, "here is a proposal. The world can be disarmed in one year."

He gave a detailed description of how world disarmament could be achieved. He talked about the dissolution of all armed forces, destruction of weapons, military supplies, means of chemical warfare; of the discontinuance of military training by public or private organizations; of the destruction of fortresses... in short, of the annihilation of militarism itself.



One good thing this war has done is to teach the average citizen not to get flustered. When he makes a prediction, he remains calm and collected when it turns out sour, bravely emulating the military experts.

The delegates in Geneva were speechless. Their conferences on the subject had dragged on for years, for the simple reason that they knew very well that their governments didn't dream of disarming. Now one man had the nerve to get up and say it was as easy as all that. Worse still, they knew there were many people in their home countries who felt the way Litvinoff did. So they found themselves in a rather embarrassing situation. Finally the French representative, Paul Boncour, said that the Russian ideas were fine, but "too simple."

That was the end of Litvinoff's proposals. The European armament race continued with redoubled speed. Before leaving Geneva, Litvinoff said to friends: "There will be war. There will be a war compared to which the last one will seem as nothing."

After Hitler came into power, there was at least one other diplomat who foresaw the signs of the war. That was the Frenchman, Louis Barthou, who, by the beginning of 1934, was Foreign Minister. He immediately set out to arrange for something which has since been called collective security. He made a great number of trips all over Europe, signing treaties with Rumania, Poland, Belgium, Yugoslavia.

Barthou had difficulties with many of the governments. In Poland, in the Balkans, his partners always wanted to know what Russia was going to do. It was thus that Barthou almost automatically had to meet with Litvinoff. Barthou was a man of the right wing, a conservative who wanted no part of communism. But he was also a good diplomat and it didn't take him long to find out that where the peace and security of Europe were concerned he could do business with Litvinoff. Indeed, he very soon found out that only he and Litvinoff really understood the gravity of the situation.

It was Barthou who finally got Litvinoff to apply for Soviet Russia's entrance into the League of Nations, an enormous step because the Soviet Union had for many years fought the League of Nations and it was not easy to convince the people at home of the necessity for such a step.

Naturally, many countries objected to Russia's participation in the League of Nations, and the Nazis and Japanese—though no longer members of the League—pulled many strings and pushed many buttons to prevent Russia's entry. But Barthou fought it through, and on September 18, 1934, Russia became a member of the League of Nations. Everything seemed to be set to work out a system of collective security which would prevent Hitler from throwing Europe into war.

But less than two months later, Louis Barthou was murdered along with King Alexander of Yugoslavia by a paid henchman of the Axis in Marseille.

All by himself Litvinoff could not carry through successfully the fight for collective security. Marseille was to become the Sarajevo of World War II.

While those he wanted to save did not listen to Litvinoff, his enemies understood him only too well. The Nazis hated him with all their soul. With the possible exception of Churchill and Roosevelt, they had never attacked one man as viciously as Litvinoff. The fact that Litvinoff is a Jew did not lessen their hatred.

Their greatest triumph was his greatest defeat: Munich. Here, everything he had been working for collapsed. Here, the successors of Barthou betrayed his great conception of collective security by delivering the Czechs to the Nazis. Here, too, the French separated themselves from their Russian allies. That Litvinoff was not even asked to be present at Munich was only a symbol.

It was only natural that Stalin should decide to replace Litvinoff after his policies had failed to such a degree. Molotoff was appointed.

And then came the Russian pact with the Nazis. This pact did away with twenty years of Litvinoff's foreign policy. It did away with the last small chance for peace.

But once the war had broken out, its very cause demonstrated day by day how right Litvinoff had been and how wrong had been the people who had not wanted to listen to him. Hitler was able to occupy and destroy one country after another because there was never a united front against him. And when Hitler finally attacked Russia herself, it only proved that Molotoff had not been able to appease Hitler any better than Chamberlain had been able to do.

Rarely do diplomats survive a collapse of their policy so complete as in the case of Litvinoff. Almost never—particularly in their own lifetime—are they vindicated as completely as Litvinoff was vindicated. When Stalin decided to appoint Litvinoff Ambassador to Washington, it meant complete vindication. For it was by then already clear that Washington would be the central headquarters from which the world war against Hitler would be conducted.

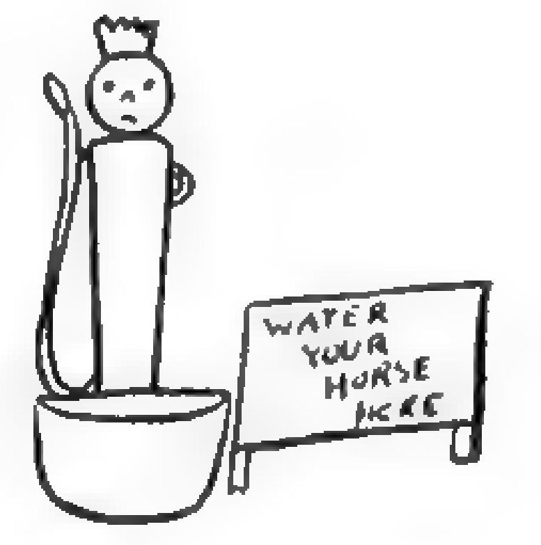
And that is how Maxim Litvinoff came to America for the second time. He had some trouble getting here; there was an incident in Iran, where the British had the tactlessness to tell the Ambassador of Soviet Russia that the plane to Cairo was full and that, therefore, there were no seats for him or his family. One can imagine how Litvinoff must have smiled. The old Tories who had once put him in prison were still around. But he had waited a long time, he could wait a day or so longer in Iran, and even a few years longer till those so-called gentlemen had finally disappeared from a world in which they hardly belonged.

Litvinoff could afford to smile. He is one of the few diplomats of our time who is not interested in building up his personal prestige. He is interested only in building up something which will help his people and people all over the world. In this, he is almost alone among modern diplomats. He is also, incidentally, almost alone in this respect among the leaders of Soviet Russia. Not many of these leaders have written so few books, have formulated so few theories as Litvinoff—who had so many other things to do.

But nobody, neither inside nor outside of Russia, neither inside nor outside of diplomatic circles, can say of himself with as much right as Litvinoff that he really never changed his basic belief and his basic policies throughout his long life. Nobody can say with as much right as he, that he has always been right. That he never for one moment forgot from which direction the danger was coming and that he never for one moment stopped fighting that danger as well as fighting it a hundred different ways and with a hundred different tricks for what we all are fighting for today: a world at peace, a world where the average man has a right to work and to earn a decent living. ###

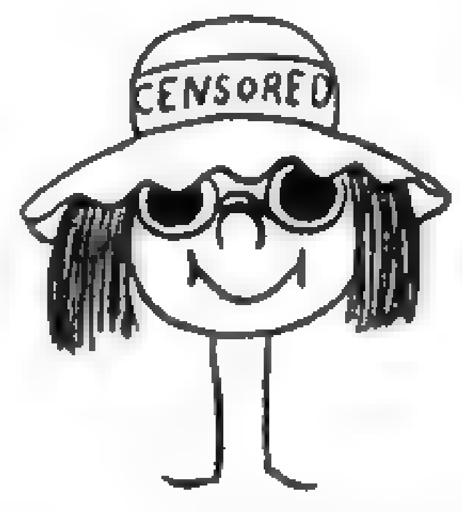
There is no price ceiling on most farm and dairy products. Eggs, for instance, are permitted to be as high as ever. Some we've had certainly smell that way.

We were shocked when Tobruk fell after a one-day siege. In our opinion the original or seven-month version was far superior, and the script should not have been tampered with in any way.



Consolation

There, little Gas Pump,
Don't you cry!
You'll be a hitching post
By and by!



Oops! Sorry!

What kind of headgear the WAAC's will adopt from time to time is, we presume, a millinery secret.

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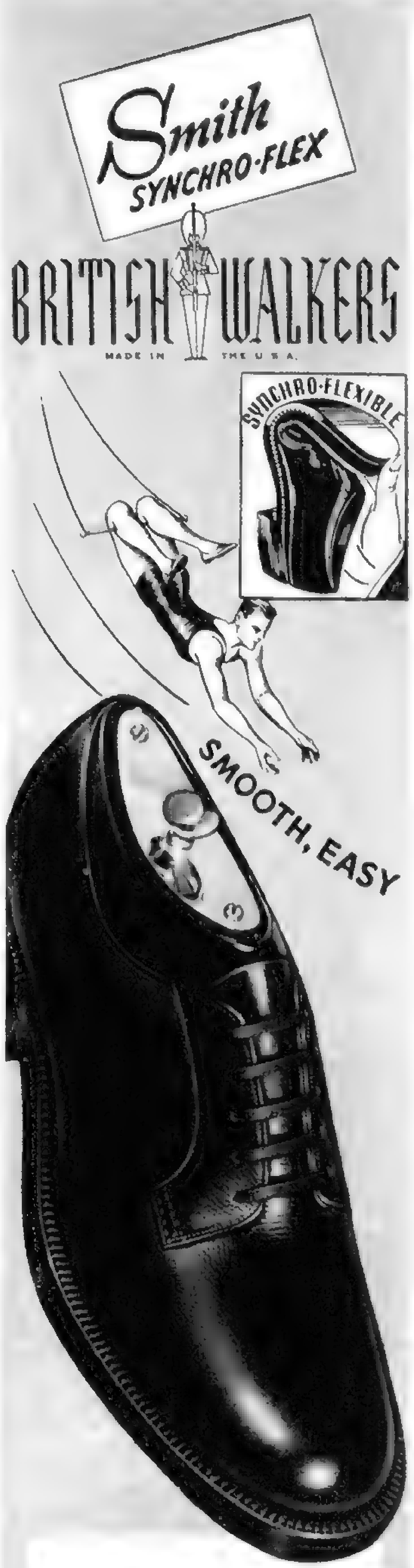

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A Champion in Chains

Continued from page 36

do not share these Colonial fidgets. The Americans are aware that the modern Palestinians have restored their old Jewish homeland to a flourishing and potent nation, that they have poured their talents, lives and money into the resurrection of a geographic Judea. They are aware that unless these Jews of Palestine are armed, not only will some 600,000 of them be extirpated in the event of a Nazi drive into their land (for there is no party the Jew can join under Nazi domination but that of the dead), but that the present African campaign is being jeopardized by keeping these brave and avid sons of the Maccabees frothing in the bleachers.

Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of the Navy Knox, Retired Rear Admiral Yarnell, Admiral Stirling, Jr., Senators Pepper and Gillette, Senators Meade and Murray, Senators Thomas and Johnson, Senators Wagner and Barkley are among the growing hundreds of American leaders who have come out to cry the need and the justice of such a Jewish Palestinian army. Its creation grows daily more vital not only to the millions of Near East Jews but to our own Near Eastern war front. The theory that prefers desperate military reverses to interrupting a political game of tiddlywinks is one which is beginning to excite the wonder and indignation of our own statesmen.

There are volumes to be written on the subject. The history of Jewish achievement in Palestine and the corollary history of British political bungling in its Colonial sectors will make amazing reading—but not in these pages. For as an honest journalist I must confess my motives.

I am no military strategist, and my American mind has no more than an academic interest in the establishing of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. I am part of no Jewish nation. I belong to a homeland called the U. S. A.

However, I write this plea for a Jewish army entirely from a personal point of view.

And here it is—here is my plea to all those American Jews who like myself are Jews more by the blundering insistence of outside forces than through any consciousness of their own.

Americans of Jewish descent are doing their share in our American armies. We are in Australia, we Jews, we are on the sea and in the air and in the hard-pressed factories. We are fighting in the uniforms of our good country and we share death and glory with all the rest of its inhabitants.

And this should be enough.

But it isn't.

It is as Jews that the Jews have been singled out. Over and beyond the treacherous attacks on many valiant peoples, there stands this separate and chimpanzee-like gibbering against the Jew.

For a long time now the word Jew in the newspaper headlines of the world has meant only one thing. It has been a synonym for fresh and unhuman disasters. Whenever the word Jew raised itself in print there blood ran, there torture signalled. No more than a whisper of the horrors that have befallen millions of Jews has been uttered by the press. And yet that whisper forever attaching itself to the black ink that spells the word Jew has been enough to tell of the nightmare into which Europe's Jews have been plunged. That nightmare has been a butchering block for millions of defenseless people. It also has been a miasma in which the faraway American Jew, however "emancipated," however "assimilated," has found it hard to breathe. Iron boots have kicked at his soul and bayonets have ripped away at his nerves.

There stands an answer to that never-ending whisper.

He stands in Palestine—the warrior Jew—the descendant of Saul's ancient legions. You've seen him in the prize rings of America often—Benny Leonard, Sid Terris, Rube Goldstein, Battling Levinsky, Barney Ross, Maxie Baer and a horde of others—pugs all, with good jaws, strong hearts and brave fists.

Today our champion stands in Palestine ready to fight and die, ready to bring new meaning into the headlined word Jew.

He is no American and no Englishman. And I, as a Jew, have heretofore regarded him as a sort of distant and eccentric cousin.

But today I look on him as my champion. He may be a large or small factor in determining the outcome of the war—I don't know this. But in bringing a healthy and glamorous sound to that world-battered word Jew, he is a factor so large that it is difficult

That's Different

When we brush off acquaintances
Who seek our approbation
We never term it snobbery
It's keen discrimination,
But when such treatment is reversed
We raise an awful fuss,
For folks are anti-social
If they don't like us!

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to conceive of Jews so blind or dreamy that they dare refuse to cheer him on.

He is—this unarmed champion calling on us for guns and a battlefield—the most important single factor in the world's anti-Semitic situation. The glory he will earn for the word Jew will remove to a great extent the wail of terror and defeat that is attached to it today.

The resolution calling for a Jewish army is before Congress. The time is growing shorter, the situation daily more desperate. Our champion is still in chains. He is chained, even as Raziel, the new Jewish national hero, was chained. Raziel was imprisoned for being the leader of a Jewish self-defense organization. And General Wavell sent for Raziel. He asked Raziel in chains, "Are you willing to give your life for your cause?" and Raziel answered, "Yes."

Raziel went with fourteen other Jewish comrades. His mission was to ambush and kill the 150 German engineers who were waiting to blow up the oil wells at the first sign of a British move into Iraq. Disguised as Arabs, the Jews ambushed the 150 Nazis, killed them all. And the British marched into Iraq without losing a single oil well. Raziel and his comrades died in this exploit.

There are 200,000 Raziels in Zion today. ⌗

What a Racket

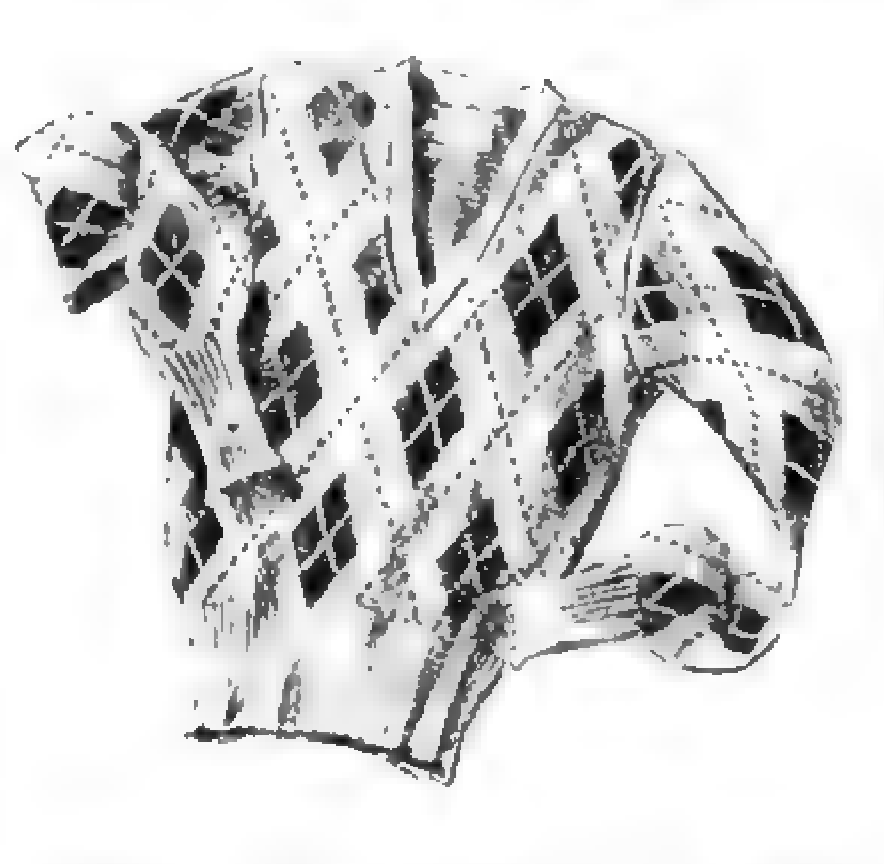
Continued from page 76

to pencil out a couple week's work.

"So what?" says you. "So he goes to work for a couple of days and loafs for the rest of the month."

Says you! But that's because you've never done time as a cartoonist. The grind only begins with the completion of the penciled continuity. The cartoonist then burns a few prayer papers, rubs his rabbit foot and hops a train to town for the syndicate editor's approval of his stuff.

It's an even chance that he arrives home from the syndicate office a broken and beaten man. A frown from the editor and the entire batch of work goes out like Monday's wash. A critical once-over at the strips and a commiserating smile at his cartoonist and the syndicate chief can render another continuity as null and void as a Nazi promise. With one horrific huff and puff he can blow down the impotent cartoonist's house of Bristol board flatter than a bad pun.


The Argyle plaid, an old favorite, returns in pullover sweaters.

It is an open secret in the profession that Walt Disney's all-time masterpiece in the animated field was conceived from a haunting dream of a Big Bad Syndicate Editor and the Three Little Cartoonists.

When the hapless cartoonist finally wins a condescending affirmative from his reluctant editor his work only begins. Turning out two separate continuities, one for daily strips and one for Sunday pages, means three-hundred-and-thirteen of the former and fifty-two of the latter per year and is a full time job for any average bean. Then there is the labor of inking in the finished drawings. And all the time the hot breath of the deadline specter is on your neck like a carbuncle. There are times, my merry men, when a padded cell would seem to be the appropriate studio for a cartoonist.

So right home to the drawing board and another night of productive effort on his stuff while business executives, lawyers, industrialists and other gainfully-employed playboys are having a good time. At least, that's the general idea until the bride announces that you're scheduled to give a chalk-talk to a father-and-son dinner and you ought to be ashamed for making remarks like that in the presence of children.

This is but one of the cartoonist's extra-curricular chores. Under this category come such unavoidable duties as serving on community committees, talks to art-student groups, special "request" drawings for his papers, articles and illustrations for school publications, posters for worthy charities, toastmaster jobs, publishers' conventions all over the country, luncheons with visiting editors, autographs for countless reader fans—God bless 'em, they pay the rent—and challenges to debate with the pick of the country's pro and con athletes.

You're a lucky cartoonist if this father-and-son affair is the only such assignment during your next few busy days. That party leaves you pretty well tuckered out and you give your work the well-known "mañana." Then with three days to turn out two weeks' work and your deadline speeding to meet you halfway, you have to hustle. So you are up next morning practically with the lark long before noon and just getting down to real work when the bride announces that this is your day to serve as community chauffeur and ride the neighborhood kids to and from school.

After that it's a safe bet there's a lawn to manicure or a rug to massage, and about the time you are ready to work at your bread and butter job the bride will be priming for a heavy session at the

Continued on page 170

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What a Racket

Continued from pages 76-169

Chewsday tea or the Monday Culture Club that meets on Thursdays, and will be inclined to sit around and chat, impervious to your gentle hints that these are office hours.

Some men have the rare good fortune to be on speaking terms with their wives most of the time. The best break a cartoonist ever gets is to be on listening terms with his. That illustrator who drew the recent hush-hush poster depicting the trio on the park bench certainly knew his stuff. But the little guy with the big ear is no Axis spy. He's a paroled cartoonist who developed that oversize auricular organ from having to sit and listen to his bitter-half.

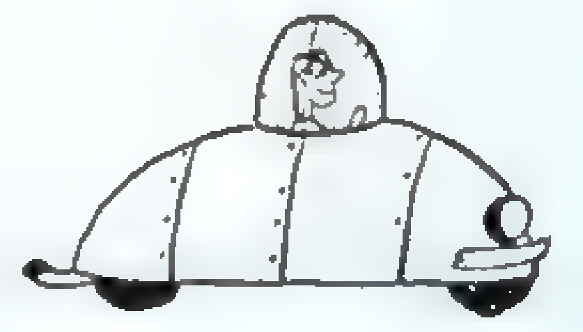
Nor are the banes of a cartoonist's existence, which eat up his working time and gnaw at the very vitals of his low-octane creativity, all of the domestic variety. They intrude themselves upon him by mail, telephone, telegram and personal contact, and they include every known species of ego-buster and time eater-upper. The mail brings the heaviest load from my twenty million bosses, all Gump readers. They all know what the score is; and how they ride me!

They are all editors at heart, and woe betide me if I slip. Uncle Bim makes a cockeyed comment on finance, and a hundred criticisms are mailed in by professors, bookies and other authorities on economics. Min perpetrates a social boner and indignant housewives bury me under a barrage of Emily Post. Andy and Chester Gump catch the wrong fish with the wrong bait in the wrong kind of water. Comes an avalanche of acrimonious admonition from the wide open spaces where men are men and women are no sissies.

Even the use of supporting characters and background is charged with high explosive reader kickback. Put too many stripes on an admiral and the Navy threatens to sink you; adorn a soldier with incorrect insignia and a thousand fugitives from K. P. are after you like a horde of roaring jeeps; draw a defective telephone and Mr. Bell's installers wrong-number you from coast to coast; depict your comic-strip farm hand loading hay with a Times Square technique and you get prodded in the posterior by the pitchforks of a perceptive peasantry.

From the syndicate's point of view all twenty million readers are members of the Gump family, and keeping up with the mail of that many relatives is a sizable job. And foolish would be the cartoonist who lacked the common courtesy to reply to all letters from his readers. They are not only his bosses, but also his customers.

Every cartoonist learns early in his career that the accepted tradition that every American mother wants her boy to become President of the United States is a fallacious one. The ultimate ambition for the average mother is to inflict another cartoonist on an unoffending world, and the nearest resident cartoonist is picked on to pave the way. Few parents and friends of aspiring young cartoonists can be convinced that success in this field calls for plenty of native ability, much preparatory training, a long apprenticeship of hard work and effort often accompanied by a little genteel starvation, and most important of all, the lucky breaks. And—put this in your pipes and puff it, you writers of success stories—all cartoonists will admit that the lucky breaks count most.



Radical Innovation

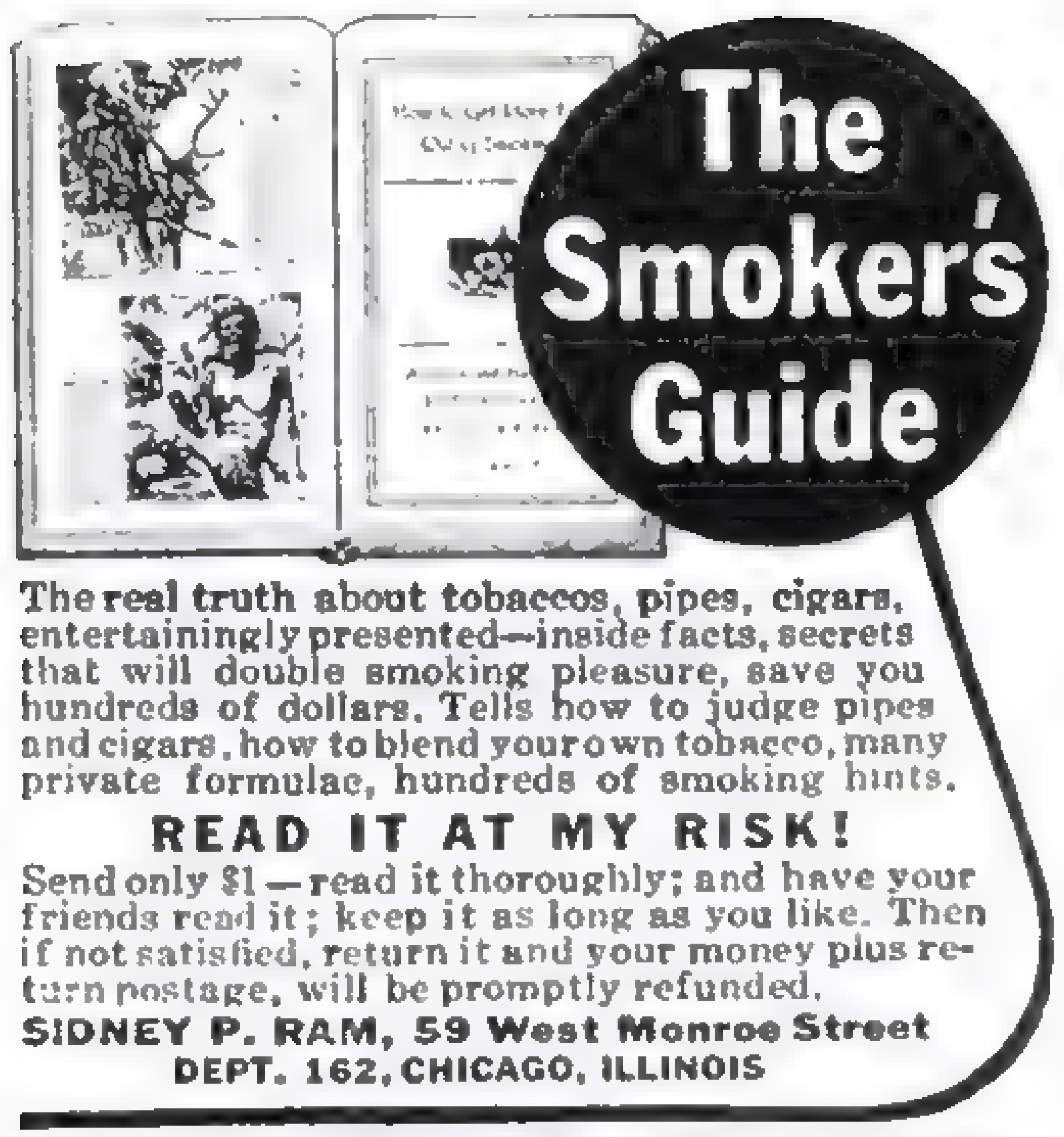
The post-war automobile, experts assure us, is going to be so drastically changed as to be practically unrecognizable. They may even come up with a model a driver can see out of when he's backing or turning.

The "draw-me-a-picture" guy is another phenomenon of reader-interest, also the lad who insists on knowing the final outcome of your current continuity, which same you may not know yourself. Easy to take by comparison is the well-disguised admiration of the Boy Scout who rewards your chalk-talk effort with the information that "Smiling Jack is the tops." There's practically no answer, either, to the delayed debutante on one of your civic committees who simpers: "I think your 'Harold Teen' is simply seay-reem-ingly funnay, Mr. Edson. I mean I actually *do!*"

This sort of hero worship is positively embarrassing.

Then there are those post-adolescent Quiz Kids you meet everywhere, who ask every conceivable question, the answer to most of which is a silly grin which makes it unanimous.

The query most frequently put to cartoonists relates to the source of their ideas. As a matter of fact the cartoonist's ideas come from practically everybody he meets and everywhere he goes. He gets them from those facetious friends and needling neighbors who like to take him over the jumps; from the bride who dishes up all the local libel; from those same Boy Scouts who flout his strip; from Nick the bootblack, Tony the barber and Sally the waitress. They bring him his indispensable background of human interest and local color. Gas-station gossip, church-club chatter, back-fence



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banter, commuter confidences, restaurant repartee and drugstore drolleries are all gratis grist for the comic-art mill. No matter where he goes or whom he may be with, the cartoonist is still the little guy with the big ear.

Many a germ of a swell idea comes in the fan mail, the harsh abuse of which often is tempered with helpful suggestion.

For instance, there was the flip lad from the Muddle West who recently greeted me with: "Dear Mr. Edson: I have long been one of your greatest admirers, but let me tell you, man to man, that your stuff is pediculous. In fact, it is odiferous on ice." (Or words to that effect.) His letter went on to make a good continuity suggestion for the editor to frown on.

Much of this local-color continuity is based on happenstance more factual than fictional. A story recounted at the father-and-son party is the basis for a continuity which finds Andy Gump in the dog-house and little Chester in the pup tent. Andy's tribulations during Min's dieting regime might have been inspired by the harrowing recollections of the time the wee wife went on a diet and I lost fifteen pounds. And when that big fellow of mine gets back home on his next furlough from peeling potatoes for Uncle Sam, he'll be a pipe for continuity material against the time when Andy Gump decides there are no priorities on patriotism and goes to war to prove it.

In other words, the cartoonist chisels many of his best ideas from the folks he derides and belittles most. And while the mirror he holds up to life may be slightly cockeyed, he rarely has to overdraw a character. It might be said, and with no intention of irreverence, that the Creator is the greatest cartoonist of all and no mere artist ever improved on the Divine handiwork. A lot of strange people may emanate from the ink bottle, but they are no funnier than the people the cartoonist meets every day of his life.

Mr. William Goadby Loew wears a black Homburg hat with a grey worsted suit as prescribed by WPB.

And when it comes to gleaning ideas, even that editorial Simon Legree whose merciless lash cuts the quivering rump of my creative genius—if any—that affable cynic who edits much of my cherished continuity into oblivion frequently squares accounts and even puts me on the credit side of the ledger with him. This is when, with an uncanny insight into human nature and reader interest, he comes through with an offhand suggestion which jells into a wow of a continuity. It also has been whispered that he has been caught red-handed in the act of smiling in a semi-detached way at a comic-strip on occasion.

All of which indicates that even the soul-searing job of cartooning is not without its compensations. But don't make the mistake of tagging it a racket or a soft touch. It's all work, me hearties! "All work and no play makes jack." That's axiomatic, and is the explanation for the comparatively lucrative side of our business. But I'll tell the astigmatized universe that a cartoonist earns every dime his wife gets.

And I doubt if there's a cartoonist alive who wouldn't trade his working hours with any banker, executive or even with any truck driver, janitor, mechanic or similar individual who works for his living. But, for no particular reason the tag, "Once a cartoonist always a galley slave" seems to be a fitting one for our profession.

Or maybe there is a reason. We were dawdling at a Gotham latespot on one of my rare nights out, and apropos of the topic of chosen vocations someone at my table asked what I would like to work at if I had my life to live over again.

I pried my appreciative gaze loose from a nearby table where a brace of Navy aviators were convoying a couple of the most delectable dishes that ever donned dirndls.

"I think I would be a Navy aviator," said I yearningly.

"Yes you would!" the bride snickered. "With that four-dimension chin and that swinging tummy of yours, you'd be a sensation."

She indicated my doodling efforts on the table cloth.

"Look at the chump, sabotaging that good linen with his silly pictures," she purred. "He can't get away from his drawing board even on his night out. If you had it all to do over again you'd be a cartoonist; that's what you'd be, my precious little tub of lard."

There was no argument. There are two people in this world who are always right, the syndicate editor and my little woman. ⌗

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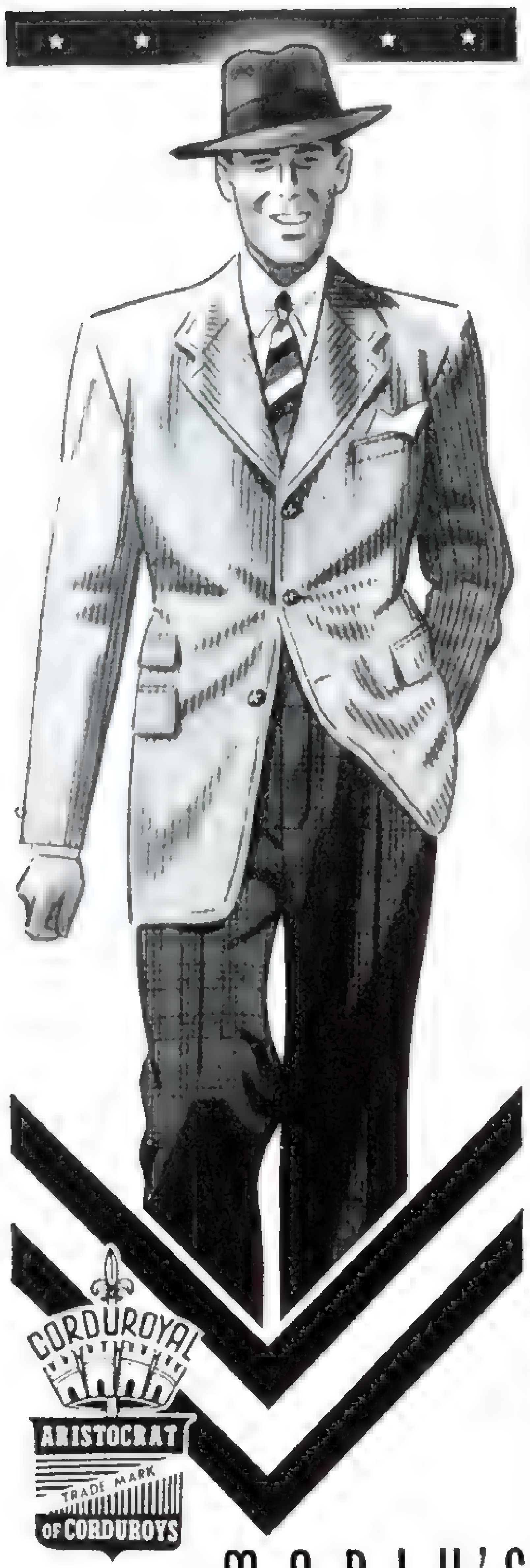

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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1942 WAR
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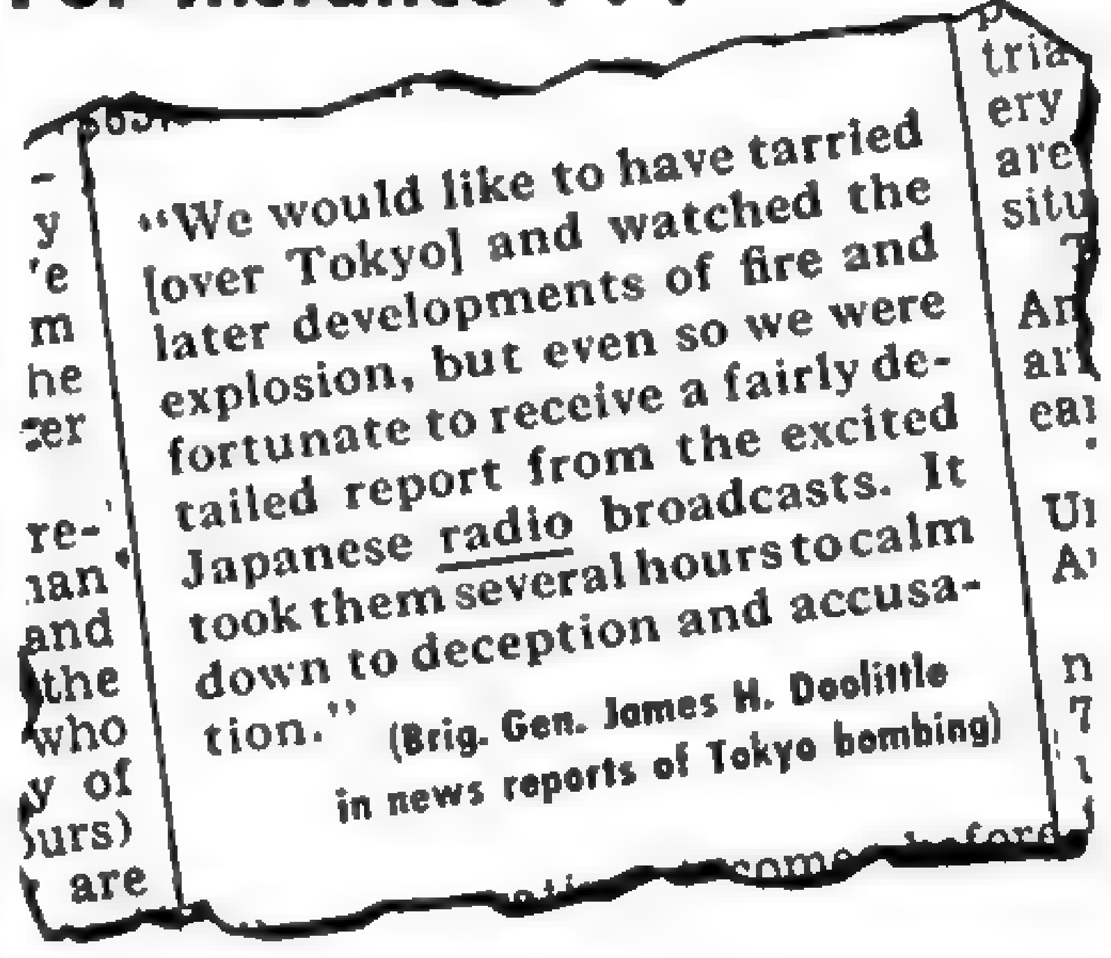
For Instance . . .



"We would like to have tarried [over Tokyo] and watched the later developments of fire and explosion, but even so we were fortunate to receive a fairly detailed report from the excited Japanese radio broadcasts. It took them several hours to calm down to deception and accusation." (Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle in news reports of Tokyo bombing)

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 82

on. It's wonderful! Not only audiences but even the sourest professional critics have never been able to resist it. And Smith and Dale, accordingly, now live on extensive and exclusive estates with stables of thoroughbred riding horses, tiled swimming pools, and jinrikishas to bear them, when occasion demands, to the noisy marts of theatrical trade.

Not less auspicious in gathering in audiences' money in return for guffaws has been the act known as *Withers' Op'ry House*, presided over for more years than one can remember by Charles Withers in the makeup of an old 'way down east Yankee. For aesthetes given to an admiration of slapstick humors, Charlie's act is what is described in the higher artistic circles as the nuts. When it comes to slapstick, Charlie has left nothing out. If a shower of flour isn't descending upon him and making him look like the entire cast of *Men In White*, it's a paper snowstorm that buries him under it, and if it isn't a paper snowstorm it's a half ton of coal or a bucket of paste or something else. The act is a one-man *Hellzapoppin* and how Charlie has outlived its rigors all these many years is one of the phenomena of the trade.

An early contemporary of Charlie's was the vaudeville zany Sam Mann. Sam had an act in which, as a professional conductor, he gravely led the orchestra for a spell, the meanwhile elaborately and loudly sucking a lozenge, and in which he then suddenly let go on all fours and drove the musicians so crazy with monkeyshines that they tumbled out of their chairs. He never failed to crowd the house with paying devotees of his art and when later on he varied his performance with an act in which everybody thought him insane but in which he suggested that he was the only one with any sense, he kept jamming them in in equal mobs.

For twenty-five years a burlesque trio composed of Watson (not the aforementioned Billy), Bickel and Wrothe delighted the nation in a number called *Me, Him and I*. Bickel was the Dutch comedian, Watson the semi-Irish, and Wrothe the tramp who stood at a distance silently admiring the twain in wide-eyed wonder. Bickel had a miniature fiddle which he would laboriously tune up for fully ten minutes and which he would then painstakingly adjust to his third chin and instruct his colleagues to give close heed to his imminent display of virtuosity. He would thereupon play one or two notes on the fiddle which, to the despair of his two friends, would again require another full ten minutes of tuning up. These were embellished with divers gratuitous prattfalls on the part of Watson and incidental loud cheers of encouragement on the part of the frowsy Wrothe, and would culminate in Bickel's playing one or two more notes and wholesale enraptured prattfalls on the part of the entire trio.

It knocked audiences, including your present historian, for a loop. And when the trio ultimately recovered their feet again and rubbed their bottoms with tragic-comic assiduity, it knocked them for a loop all over again.

There was another item in the act that similarly never failed to get an audience. Bickel, in his thick German accent filtered through pursed lips, would observe that the notes that had emanated from his fiddle were so beautiful that they were immortal and would persist in the circumambient ether through time unending. Watson would pantomimically express some skepticism, naturally including another prattfall. Whereupon Bickel, to prove his assertion, would approach the footlights, would with finical delicacy reach out with thumb and forefinger for one of the deathless notes, would put it back onto his fiddle and—to the conviction of Watson—would play it again. Whereupon Watson would be so overcome that there was nothing for him to do to indicate his entrancement but negotiate still another prattfall.

Weber and Fields' Meyer and Mike act in which Fields periodically exclaimed "My Gott, how I luff you!" and poked his finger into Weber's eye was enough to agitate audiences so immoderately that pedestrians three blocks away ran for cover under the impression that there was an earthquake in the neighborhood. But for real audience bellybusting even Weber and Fields never quite equalled the puissance of the old burlesque act called *At Monte Carlo*. For at least a quarter of a century it had the customers reduced to jocose tears and, forsooth, in its various slight paraphrases is still good going today.

A red-nosed, floppy-pants comedian, a Hebrew comedian and a straight man in the conventional excessive blue are seated at a table on the beach at Monte Carlo, customarily depicted on the backdrop as bearing a strong resemblance to Coney Island. Enter a stately bejewelled blonde, by name either Mrs. Gotrox or Mrs. Astorbilt. "Won't you join we gentlemen, madamoosl?" bows the courtly straight man and the elegant society lady promptly and naturally obliges, which so impresses the parsimonious Hebrew comedian that he "opens wine," the waiter popping the cork with the explosion of a howitzer and so scaring the red-nosed comedian that he absent-mindedly seizes the bottle and drains it.

The lady, haughtily oblivious of the Hebrew comedian who has now stood on his chair the better to peer into her décolletage, suggests a little food might be in order. "What would you prefer?"

Continued on page 174

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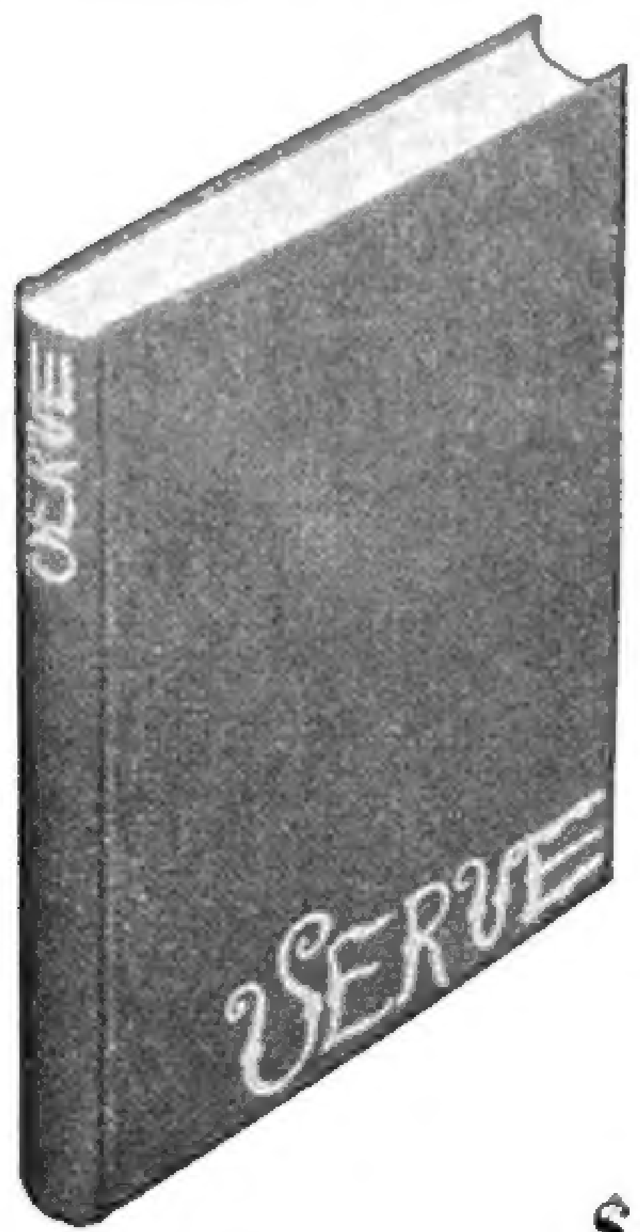

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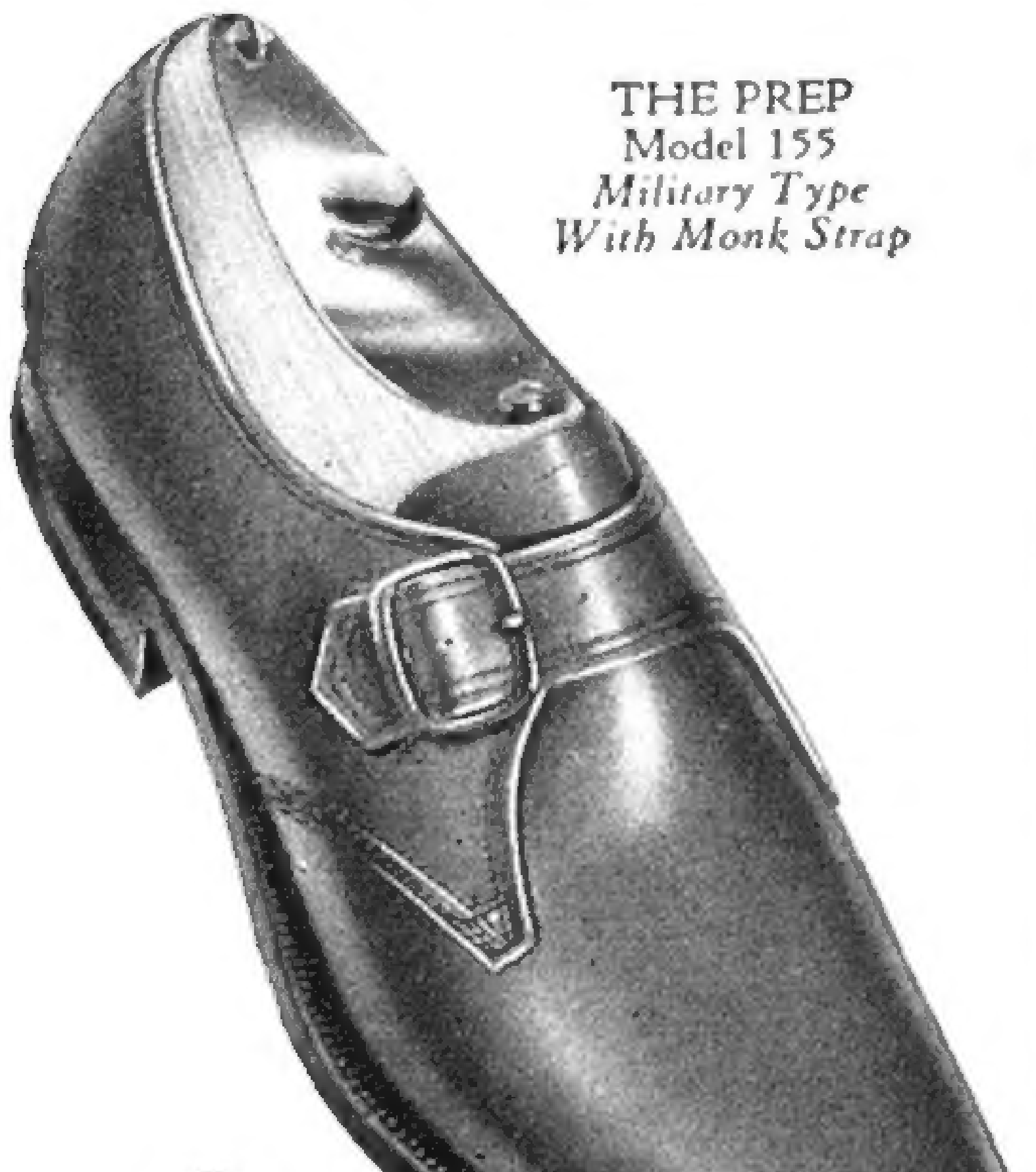

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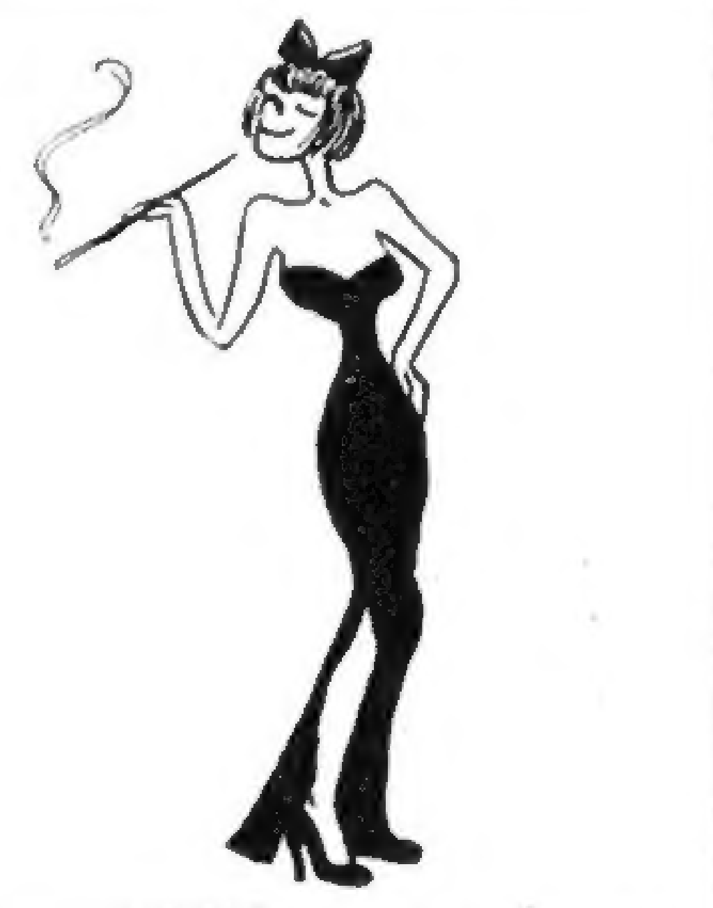
First Nights and Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 82-173

bids the courtly straight man. Mrs. Gotrox or Astorbilt allows she isn't at all hungry and "desires only a mere snack consisting of some horace dovers, a thick Porterhouse steak with onions and French fried potatoes, lobster á la Newburgh, pâté de fois gras, apple pie—and a cup of corfee." The two comedians have meanwhile crawled under the table the better to survey the lady's ankles. "Make it a bowl of noodle soup!" the erst courtly straight man instructs the waiter, and when the bowl is served—the two comiques have meantime emerged from beneath the table and have again retrieved their seats at table—the red-nosed one claps it, noodles and all, over the lady's head.

Upon the beauty's indignant exit, followed by the expostulating straight man, the two comedians are left alone. "So you are a member of the union," observes one to the other, apropos of nothing. "Don't you call me a onion!" says the other and swats him over the head with a stalk of celery. "You have grocery insulted me!" proclaims the victim.

Enters a great swell in a full swallowtail evening full dress suit and silk hat. The two comedians contemplate him in awe as he nonchalantly fingers an enormous roll of greenbacks, one of which he lets drop and which the Hebrew comedian precipitantly falls upon. "What!" shouts the swell one, "would you demean yourself for a paltry one thousand dollar bill?" The Hebrew comedian gets up, properly ashamed of himself. "I didn't know it was a poultry bill," he apologizes. "Anyway," drawls the high-toned one, "it has been contaminatered from contract with the germs on the floor"—and he hails a page boy in the person of a chorus girl with a minimum of clothes on to take the bill and deposit it in the garbage can. The two comedians dash after the girl. The nabob asks them where they are going. "If you want to find us, you can have us paged in the garbage can!" they shout over their shoulders.



What we'd like to see, for a change, is a melodrama where the female spy is not only steeped in sin but as ugly as same.

Low stuff maybe, but nevertheless there you have in essence one of the recorded greatest howl marathons in the American theatre. It has beaten by countless miles De Wolf Hopper's memorable *Casey At The Bat;* it has made more money in one form or another than *Box and Cox*, the Russell Brothers and Sidney Drew's famous skit about teeth called *Billy's Tombstones* combined; and there isn't a grown-up little boy still living who from far back doesn't delightedly remember as if it were only yesterday its passage in which a pert minx seated herself at the table, immediately asked for the menu and was appraised by the red-nosed comedian, upon his scrutiny of her shapely figure, "You said it, me 'n you!"

II.

Footnotes On Some Summer Shows.

1. *Laugh, Town, Laugh.*—An indifferent vaudeville show enlivened by the above-mentioned rare Smith and Dale, who were never in better form, and by the always hilarious Ed Wynn. As for the trapeze artists, Flamenco dancer, female blues singer, Volga Boatmen and the rest, they are yours, so far as I am concerned on the cuff.

2. *By Jupiter.*—A handsomely produced musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart, based on Julian Thompson's *The Warrior's Husband*, which repeats the joke about the effeminate male and the Amazonian female so endlessly that it becomes wearisome. Some expert hoofing by Ray Bolger and one or two tunes by Rodgers provide welcome relief.

3. *Star and Garter.*—Aside from the inevitable equilibrists, acrobatic dancers, tumbling drunk duo in evening dress and such, a lively and amusing glorified old burlesque show, aided enormously by the peerless Bobby Clark, the waggish Prof. Lamberti and his crazy xylophone, the Producer Todd's deference to License Commissioner Moss' ban on the strip-tease in bringing on the girls almost stark naked in the first place. Among the other valuable items are the celebrated literata, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, author of *The G-String Murders*, *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Pickwick Papers*, who manages slyly to work in a tease while Mr. Todd isn't looking; a cute new singer of saucy ballads named Marjorie Knapp; an almost as cute trick dog named George Jean Nathan, who is presumptuously called Georgie for short; and several ladies in the approximate altogether who execute bumps and grinds that would knock out devotee Adolf Hitler's eye, *dank' Gott*. The tunes are mostly about as sour as they come, which only adds to the affectionate memory of burlesque.

4. *Stars On Ice.*—The successor to last season's *It Happens On Ice*. I suppose that skating enthusiasts may find it stimulating. Not being one, I couldn't say. But even if I could say, I'd say it wasn't as good as the former show, which similarly left me where it found me. ⧻

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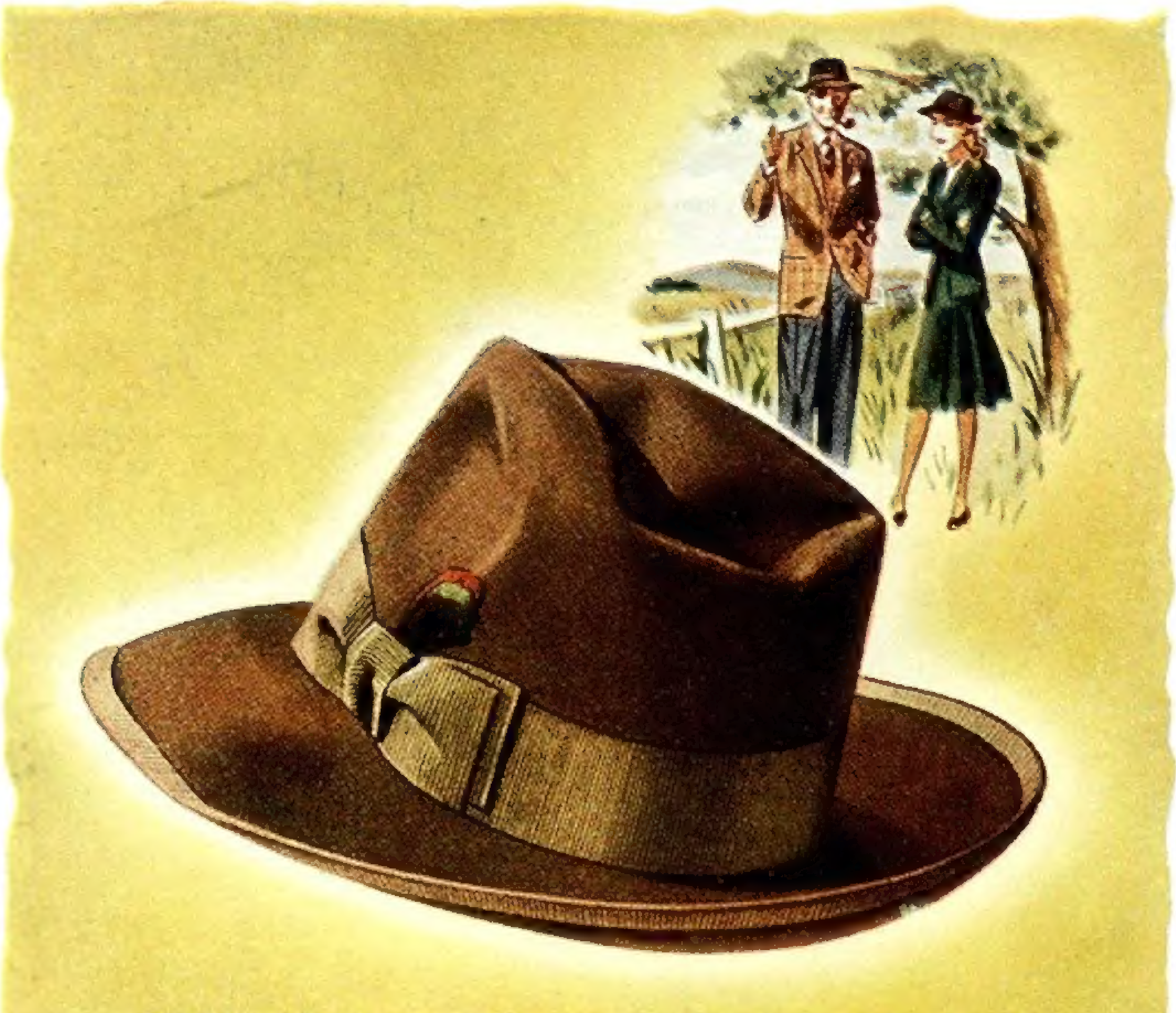
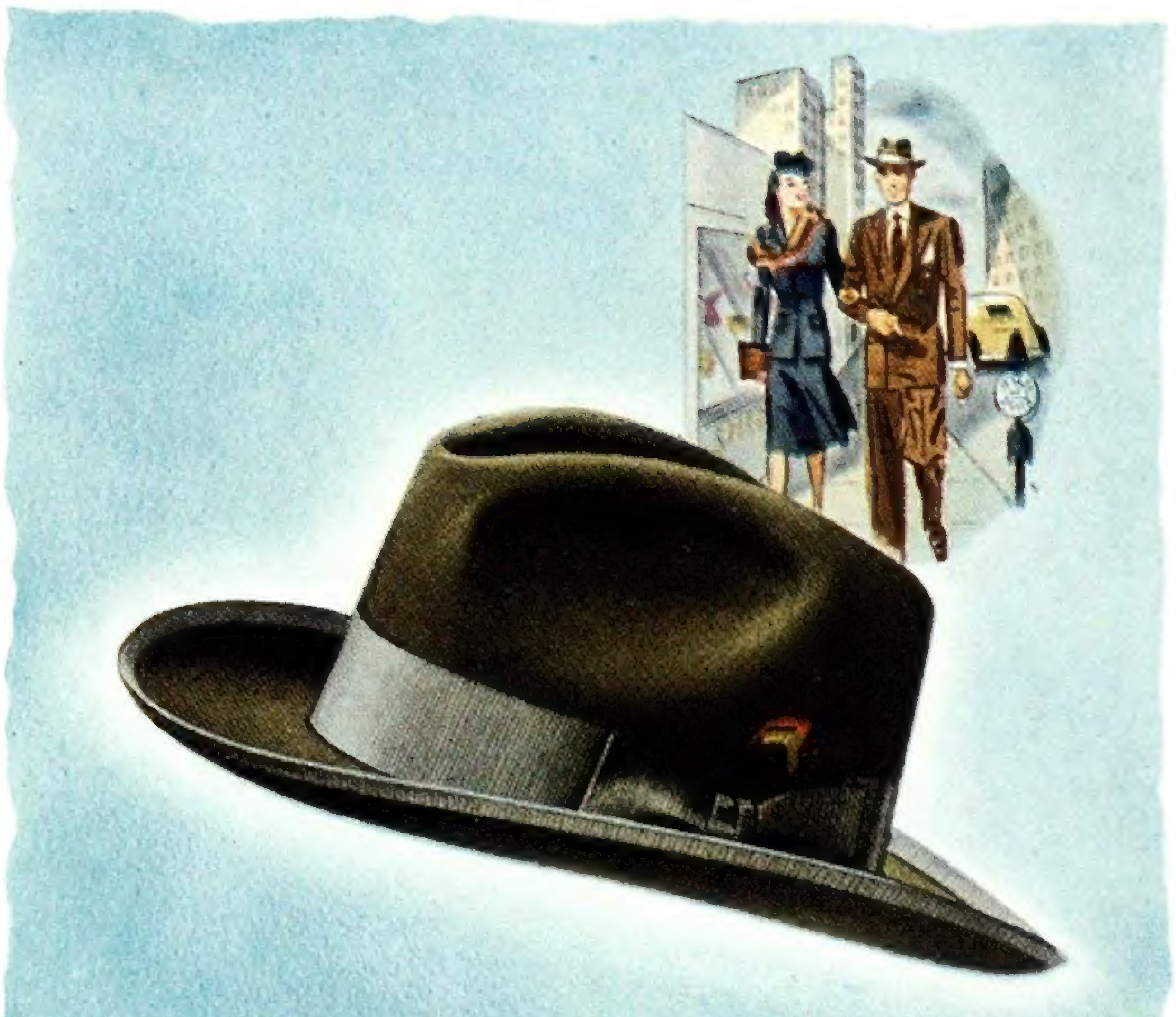
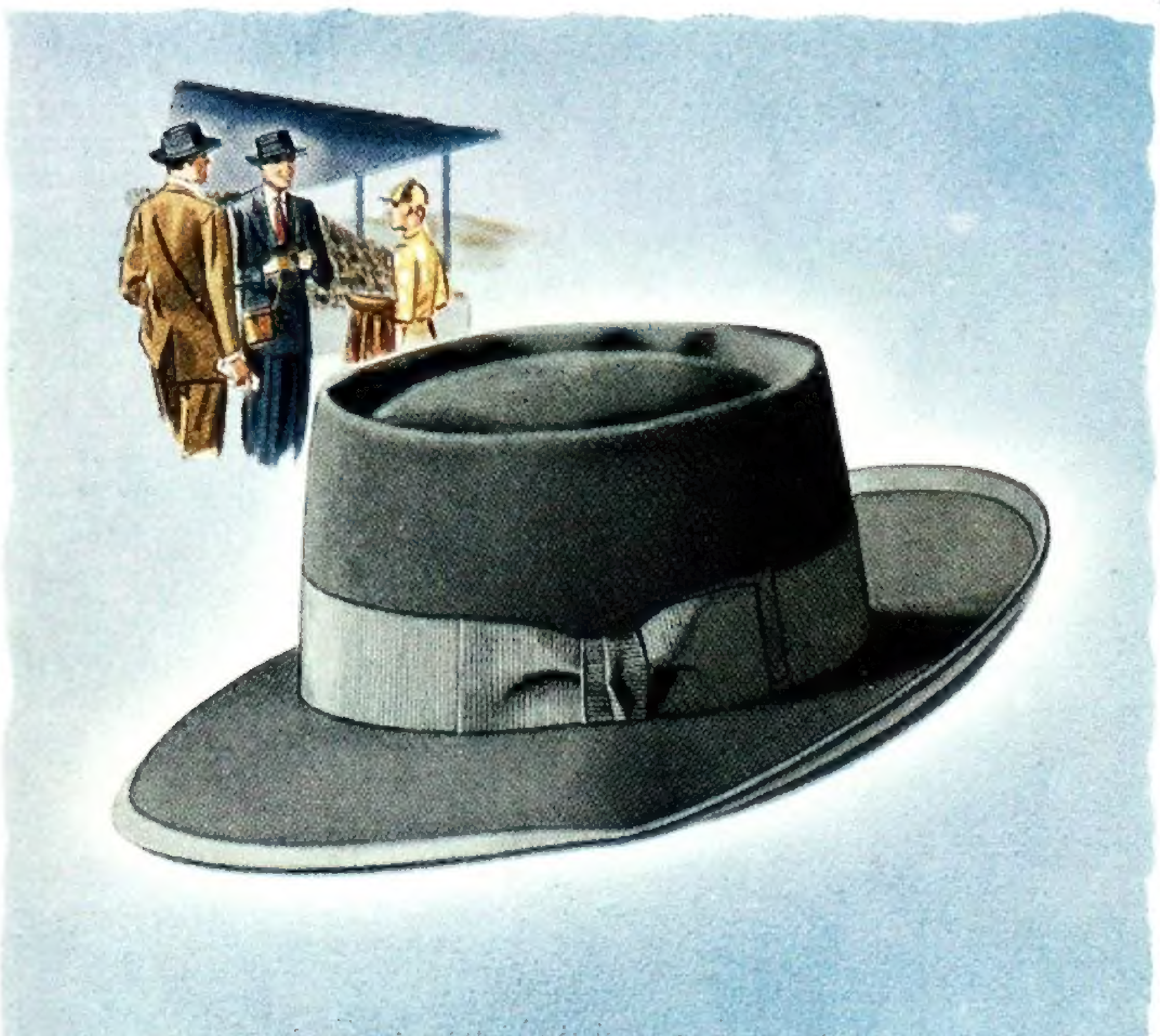


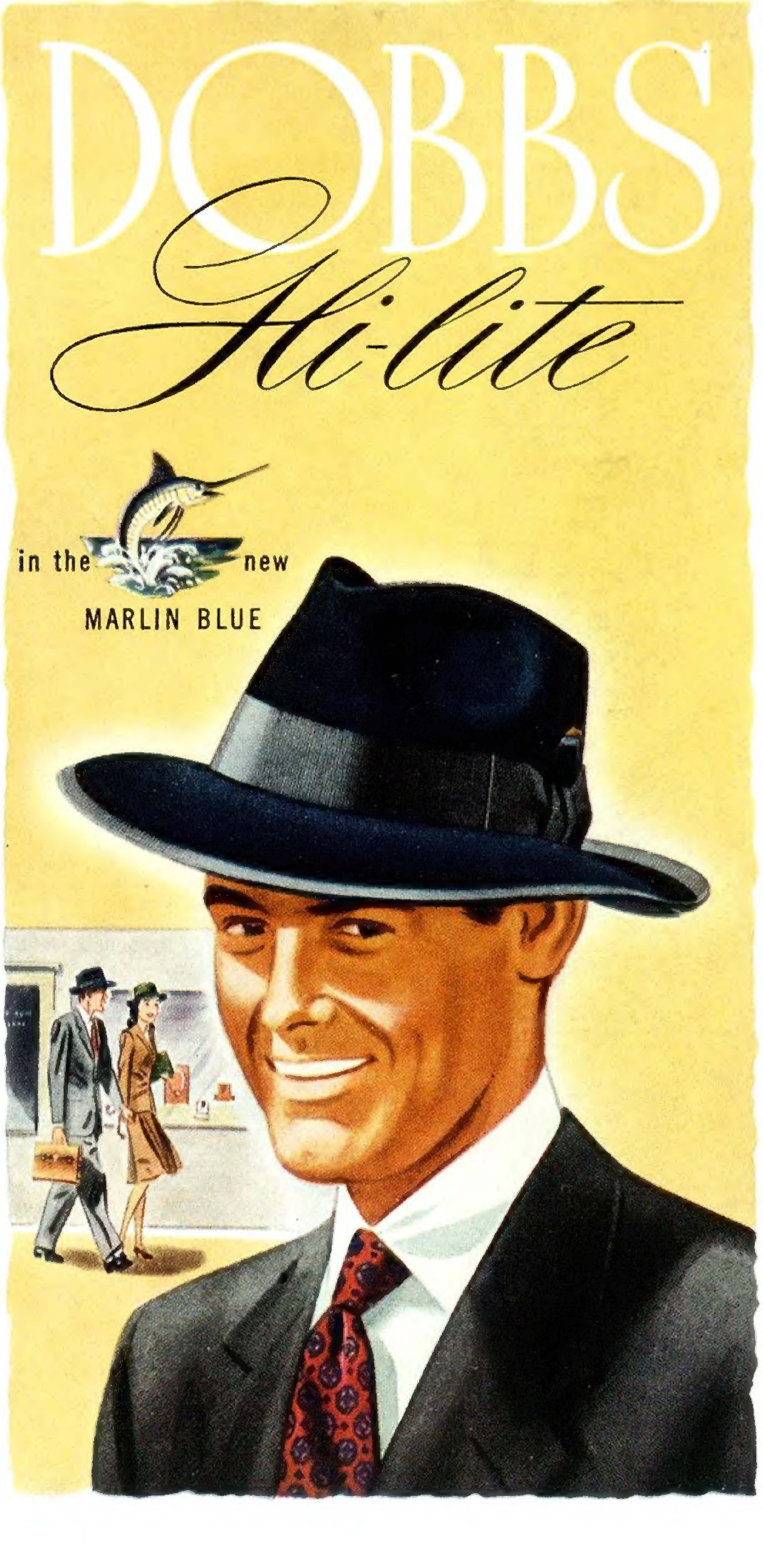
POPULAR Snap Brim in GUN STOCK BROWN



STEP-OUT Brims-Up Hat in WILLOW



FAVORED Flat Crown in CLAY GREY



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In this photo the Motor Corps of the American Women's Voluntary Services is represented. The young lady standing is dressed for duty behind the wheel. The seated driver wears her working uniform for *under* a car. The Camels are an important part of the uniform. The favorite with men in uniform, Camels click with women in uniform, too.

Wherever you find the Services you find Camels

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